LETTERS

AND

CONVERSATIONS

BETWEEN SEVERAL

YOUNG LADIES,

ON

INTERESTING AND IMPROVING SUBJECTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DUTCH OF

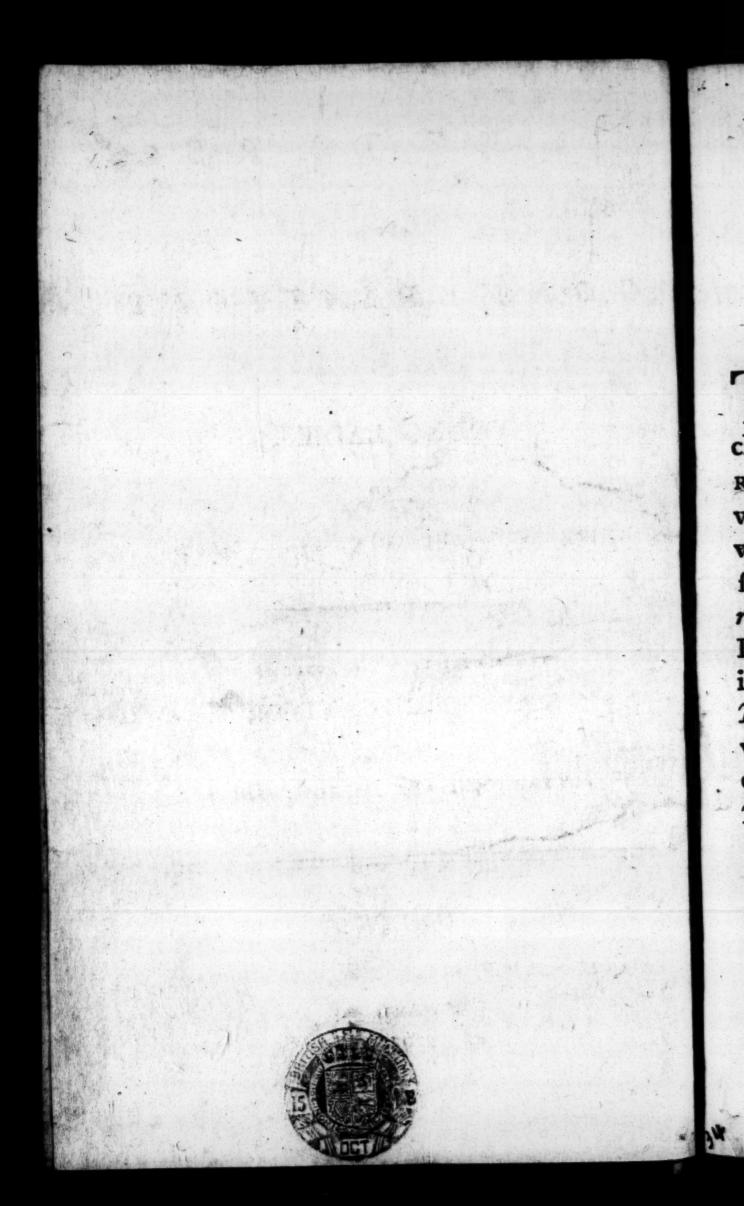
MADAME DE CAMBON,

WITH

ALTERATIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Work of Madame de CAMBON, from which the following sheets are chiefly translated, is called Young CLA-RISSA, as a former one by the same Lady was entitled Young Grandison; from whence the Reader is led to expect the histories of the Sir Charles Grandison and Clarissa Harlowe of our celebrated countryman RICHARDSON, in their early years. But as it has been objected to the translation of Young Grandison, that it does not coincide with the Work to which the title feems to connect it; and Madame de CAMBON's Young Clarissa has still less connection with Richardson's Clarissa Harlowe; the translator has thought it adviseable to alter the title and names, and vary the incidents in this free translation, so as totally to detach it from a Work with which he could not make it accord.

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LETTERS

AND

CONVERSATIONS

BETWEEN SEVERAL

YOUNG LADIES.

LETTER I.

Emily Fenshaw to ber Sister, Mrs. Lidiara.

Dear Sifter,

MY beloved friend Henrietta took her de-

parture yesterday afternoon.

You will suppose I shed a few tears—most certainly—the taking leave of those we love, makes a deep impression upon the heart. Henrietta called out farewel, three times, as the carriage drove from the door.—My heart was so full, I could not echo

back the parting word.

When I returned into the house, our good Mama took me affectionately by the hand, and conducted me into the breakfast parlour. I am almost asraid to tell you what followed. At that moment I appeared like an ideot. I cast my eye round the room with a countenance full of concern, as if I had lost something, without once thinking of Mama. How could that be possible? I love Mama certainly more than I do Henrietta.

But my perturbation of mind quickly subsided. I then flew from my chair to my dear mother, the tears falling down my cheeks, and almost stifled her with my killes. Forgive your Emily, I cried, who has so ill requited your maternal goodness—but—the departure of my friend Henrietta—

Should I not forgive you, replied Mama? Yes, most freely. It is laudable, it is virtuous, to be moved when we are taking leave of those we esteem. But we must not permit the disagreeable scenes of life to deprive us of all consolation. The dearest friends upon earth cannot be always together. The cup of intermingled grief and joy, is the portion of humanity. It shall not be long, my dear, before you return Henrietta's visit. You will then see each other with redoubled pleasure.

I shall now tell you, fister, what our dear Mama

did to comfort your Emilia.

She immediately ordered the carriage, to pay a vifit to Mrs. Davenport, at whose house, my dear Charlotte, I was witness to a much more affecting farewel, than mine. I saw young Mr. Davenport, who had lately got an appointment to go to the East Indies, take leave of his mother. This was a trial indeed! What was mine when compared with this! Who knows whether he and his mother will ever see each other again?—The good lady endeavoured to suppress her feelings, but I could easily perceive the emotion of her heart—she loves her son with the most tender affection.

The young Lieutenant himself seemed not to be much concerned, his heart is not so easily moved as mine: yet Mama speaks highly of his sedateness and composure of mind. It is, said she, a scoof of true courage and noble elevation of soul,

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when men know how to adapt themselves to their particular fituations by extraordinary exertions, where necessity requires them. Mr. Davenport's mother is not rich, though of a good family, and he hopes by going abroad to raife her to greater independence. He is a worthy young man. This visit was to me an introductive one. A fingle day's journey will carry me to Henrietta, but Lieutenant Davenport in all probability will not fee his mother again for feveral years.

Remember, my dear fister, you have promised to answer my letters, and keep up a frequent cor-

respondence with me.

Papa is just arrived, after several weeks absence, you will therefore excuse my laying my pen aside fomewhat abruptly.

Write foon, I intreat you, to your affectionate YAIMA of he politored, and many.

recombinitions.

LETTER IL

But this is not connect.

Mrs. Lidiard to ber Sifter, Mifs Emily Fenshaw.

I SHALL, my dear Fmily, with pleasure fulfil my engagement. Epistolary correspondence is both amusing and instructive.

You need not wonder, my dear fister, that Mama did not take offence at your grief for the departure of your friend, Henrietta. She is fo amiable a girl, that Mama has great pleasure in your having formed an acquaintance with her. It is happy for you that you have made fo wife a choice. Be always thus prudent, that you may

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never be ashamed of those you converse with. You can reflect with pleasure on the hours you have spent with Henrietta. Mama mentioned in her letters to me the useful employments in which you and your friend had been daily exercifing yourselves. I read these letters to several ladies of our circle, which have gained you their esteem. And what can young persons be more properly ambitious of, than the approbation and applause of their parents and friends? It gives me much concern that our brother James merits not equal esteem. He has more pleasure in play and company, than in attending to his studies. He has a good heart, but he is too cafily persuaded to conform himself to his companions, and pays but little attention to parental counsel, when it runs counter to any of his amusements. He is now fifteen years of age, the proper time for acquiring knowledge. Every one speaks highly of his politeness, and many agreeable accomplishments. But this is not enough. It is not fufficient to form a man of merit that he can fing well, or dance well, or play well upon a mufical instrument. The ornaments of the mind and virtues of the heart outweigh all thefe. But I indulge the hope, that he will fee his errors time enough to correct them. Farewel, my Emily, embrace for me our dear parents, and always love your affectionate fifter,

CHARLOTTE LIDIARD.

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LETTER III.

Henrietta Thornton, to Emily Fenshaw.

YOU cannot imagine, my dear Emily, how much my mind was agitated, when I took my leave of you. We might almost be afraid to visit our friends, when we recollect that we must soon leave them. I was a visitor at your house two months—how speedily did the time pass away!

When I lost fight of your house, every one I passed appeared to me dull and solitary. It was disagreeable weather, the clouds were black and lowering, the trees were stripped of their leaves, the fields seemed to have been pillaged of their cattle, and I had no companion but my Aunt's servant, who you know speaks but very little, and has nothing in her countenance to chear a drooping heart. A little conversation would have enlivened me.

Ann and I rode a long time without exchanging a word, looking out of the coach windows, as if afraid to view each other in the face.

At length I gave vent to a few tears, which

eafed my oppressed heart.

But I must not, by relating my own weakness, affect your spirits, that would not be consistent with true friendship. I shall therefore endeavour to write in a more chearful strain.

My good Aunt received me with a joyful countenance, which tended greatly to compose me. I could scarce speak of any thing else but you; and gave my Aunt a particular account, in what man-

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ner we spent our time.—And this conversation would probably have lasted us the whole evening, if we had not been interrupted by a great outcry before the house.

I was at the door as foon as the fervant; and there we faw a poor child, about fix years old almost naked, and heard it calling out for its mother. I asked the poor little distressed creature what was the matter. He told me his mother had gone away and left him, and he knew not where to find her.

I felt much for the unhappy child. You know how folitary a part of the country this is no

house near us and it was then past sun-fet.

What is your name my little dear? faid I. Charles, madam. O what shall I do! What shall I do! What shall I do! cried he, I shall be lost! I shall be lost! I shall be lost! I asked him whether he had a father. He said yes, but that his father had gone on board a large ship; and that his mother had no bread for him to eat.

My Aunt was looking out of the bow window, to whom I said, Oh! what will become of this poor lost child! Pray, Madam, let us take him in for this night, and James (the servant) in the morning can make enquiry for his mother.—But my Aunt, who you know is well versed in the science of frugality, did not seem to have any very great inclination to receive such a guest into her house.

What have I to do, faid she, with another person's child, and quite a stranger! I shall bring upon my-

felf a fine charge indeed!

Oh, said I, must then this innocent babe perish with cold?—See, it begins to snow—a dog could scarcely bear to sleep out of doors such a night as this. Pray, Ma'am, permit him to be brought in. I am sure

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fure you are not void of compassion. If you should hear in the morning that this poor orphan was found dead at your door—O my dear Madam, pardon my importunity, do pray let us take him to the kitchen fire. My Aunt could no longer resule me—I took the poor little fellow to the fire, and after he had eaten some boiled milk and bread, the servant was ordered to let him sleep upon some old cloaths, in an empty garret.—The poor little creature, almost heart-broken, cried for its mother, till at length sleep closed its swollen eyes, and it sunk to rest.

My bed-room is in the first story; but when I went to bed my heart was in the solitary garret, nor could I go to sleep without first stealing softly up-stairs to peep at the motherless babe.—As it was a cold night, I was afraid he might not lie warm, so I took the night lamp in one hand, and a stannel dressing gown in the other, and covering the child with the warm stannel, I lest him sound asleep.

The fight of the sleeping babe affected me greatly, for I perceived a tear lying upon its cheek, which proved that it had cried itself to rest.

Poor Charles!—I could not I assure you, Emily, leave him without a kiss. Nor am I ashamed to own it. Let those who so fondly cares dogs, blush for themselves. Henrietta, I trust, in this instance has no cause to do so. I then returned gently to my chamber, and the child being now warm and fast asleep, I sell asleep also.

I am prevented writing any more at present, but hope to finish my letter to-morrow.

Henrietta Thornton, in continuation.

AS foon as I awoke in the morning, which was rather earlier than usual, I went to visit my poor lost boy in the garret. He was not yet awake, and I thought it cruel to disturb him from his peaceful slumbers. So I went down, but I had not been many minutes in my own room, when Ann knocked gently at my door, and told me the child was awake, and crying again for its mother. I begged her to carry him down into the kitchen, and to give him some bread and butter, and milk. She told me that her compassionate fellow servant James, had been out very early to seek for the mother, but could hear no tidings of her.

What, thought I, will become of the child, when my Aunt gets up, for I am fure she will not let him remain here.

It appeared doubtful whether the mother of the child would ever return.—Perhaps she might only be a mother-in-law—what was then to be done?

I could not bear to think of the poor little creature wandering about the country, without a parent or friend.

Fortunately my purse had lately been replenished with money, by your Papa and Mama's kind presents.

I stept to the house of a widow who lived not far off, and agreed with her to take care of the child, and returned before my Aunt came down to breakfalt—I hope there was no harm in this

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But my little treasure will not be sufficient to support the child long in this situation, and the widow cannot afford to keep him at her own charge. I will tell you, Emily, what I have done besides.

You know I have often told you that I am the favourite girl of the clergyman of our parish, Doctor Clarges. I believe it is because I constantly stand up with the children of the poor to say my catechism, which those who are called young ladies, are in general averse to do.

I say not this to commend myself, for I do no

more than is my duty.

We should not be ashamed to shew our fellow christians, that we are learning the principles of religion; nor should we despite the poor, for if better instructed than we are, in what concerns their eternal welfare, they are our superiors in that respect; and if they live accordingly, they are higher in the favour of God. I wish I could prevail on fome of my young friends to go with me; perhaps I may in time, but whether I do or not, I am refolved to continue the practice, till I am fit to receive the facrament—But to return to my ftory— I went to Doctor Clarges, who I know is very attentive to the poor. He had defired me always to confider him as a father, I therefore thus addressed him-Dear Papa, will you forgive me for coming to trouble you? I have a great favour to ask,what faid he, can I refuse to my Henrietta? only fay what you wish me to do.

The favour I have to beg of you, fir, is,—that you will fave a lost child from perishing—without your benevolence, I fear for its safety. I then related to the good Divine, the whole of the

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story, by which I perceived him to be greatly moved, and I had scarce ended my narrative, before he caught me in his arms, and exclaimed, I wish the whole semale sex had as much benevolence as my Henrietta! Such sensibility as yours, added he, merits reward, and I promise you to do all that lies in my power to provide for the belples babe.

You will not, fir, take it amiss that I have used this freedom—Take it amiss, replied the Doctor. No, on the contrary, I greatly commend you. You have done a very laudable action, and heaven will bless you for it. I shall endeavour to find out the child's mother, if she is in my parish I shall soon meet with her. The boy I will recommend to our county orphan house, where he will be well taken care of, and probably fare much better than with such an unnatural mother; and what a satisfaction will it be to you, my dear daughter Henny, to be able to say, some years hence, "That is the man whom I saved in his infancy."

O Emily, when the good man smiled upon my request, my heart beat quick with joy. I kissed his hand, and bathed it with my tears. Immediately returning home, I communicated the whole affair to my Aunt, who was exceedingly pleased at what I had done, and rejoiced at my success.

The young foundling was now provided for. My sleep the next night was sound and refreshing. So true is it, that the mind is always most at ease, when we have done our duty. And from hence I perceive that we may do much good, though we are not rich; and I find what my poor Mama often told me to be very true, that there are always means

means to be found of being in some degree or other ferviceable to our fellow creatures.

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Present my sincere thanks to your worthy parents, for the many proofs of friendship they have so kindly given me, and kiss their hand in the absence, and for the sake of your

P. S. Favour me with a place in your remembrance, and forget not your engagement to correspond with me.

LETTER IV.

Emily Fenshaw to Henrietta Thornton.

THANKS to my Henrietta for the letter she has been so obliging as to send me. I read it to Mama, and am glad I did, for it has encreased her love and esteem for my dear friend. Your Aunt, I think, is not overburthened with fenfibility. But it is not becoming in young people to censure the conduct of those in years. I therefore check myself .- This I may be permitted to fay, that Henrietta bears away the greatest share of the merit. Without your importunate interpolition I think the child would not have been received that night into your Aunt's house. I can't think of him without shuddering—what would have become of the poor babe, if you had not heard his diffreffing cry, and had not relieved him. He might have perished in the night with cold and hunger.

'Tis a favour to be the instrument of heaven in doing

doing good. How great is the pleasure which naturally arises from such an act of humanity. You feel yourself, I doubt not, already amply rewarded for your benevolence.—On the other hand, what an unseeling heart must the child's mother have, to leave him thus destitute to the wide world. Nature is shocked at the idea—her distress surely must have been unmeasurably great to have suppressed maternal affection. I hope she may be found, and brought to a sense of her guilt.

Will you consent, Henrietta, that I should participate in this act of charity? Accept from me half a guinea, to be laid out for the child as you judge proper. My Mama has given me some money to purchase a new hat—but I will make my old hats serve me sometime longer—perhaps I can modernize one of them; at least I shall attempt it: and by this means diminish my expences, that I may have more to spare to give bread to the

hungry, and clothes to the naked.

How many poor people might be made happy, only by our curtailing some part of our superfluous attire?

At the end of your last letter, you remind me of my promise. It was not necessary. I find too much pleasure in writing to Henrietta ever to neglect it, unless in case of illness and total incapacity. I think the same of you, my friend, and therefore I shall not give you back your gentle hint.

I am most fincerely yours,

EMILY.

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Henrietta Thornton to Emily Fensbaw.

O EMILY, what uneafiness have I experienced, what painful occurrences are continually arising in the world!——You may readily suppose, I did not neglect to visit the widow to see after my little foundling. My Aunt would have me take some biscuits in my pocket to eat by the way. Yes, thought I, that I will do—and the unfortunate Charles shall have a good share of them.

I found the child much better than I expected. The moment he saw me he slew to my arms, to ask me if I had found his mother. He eat the biscuits with such a relish, that I had much more pleasure in seeing him enjoy them, than I could have had in eating them myself.

I had charged the good widow to get the child a change of linen, and better clothes. These she had procured him; so that I scarce knew my little Charly again.

When she had taken off his ragged clothes, she found, on putting her hand into one of the pockets, a paper greatly soiled, in which were written the following words:

" To those who shall find this paper."

I pray you good people who find this child, to take care of him through compassion. I have no more bread for him, and have wearied the rich with my begging

begging—To see my child perish with hunger, is more than I can bear. I would sooner die, than behold so dreadful a sight—Heaven can preserve him, and will I hope so order it, that some humane heart may take pity on the dear helpless lamb, and raise up for him a guardian and protector, for whom with my latest breath I will implore the choicest blessings of the Al-

mighty.

I could not restrain my tears on reading these lines—and I lifted up my foul in thankfulness to Heaven, who had made me the humble instrument of faving this deferted child. I cast my eye upon him with my heart full of grief, for there was now fome reason to fear, that he would never see his mother any more. How, thought I, could they that have wealth, refuse a mother a small boon for her child? Have riches a tendency to harden the human heart, and suppress the finest feelings of our nature. If that is the case I shall never covet affluence.—Besides, God who hath provided of his goodness for the poor, hath left it in charge with the rich, to take care that the poor do not perish. They who shut up their bowels of compassion to the poor, my clerical Papa fays, have neither gratitude to God, nor love to man.

It was to this pattern of piety and benevolence that I now went with the paper. But how great a shock did my tender frame undergo, when I was informed by Doctor Clarges, that a woman had been just taken out of the river, and that he would immediately send for the child to see if pos-

fibly it might not be its mother.

On, my good Papa! exclaimed I, do not I beg of you, if it should prove to be his mother, the poor boy may die with grief.—But the Doctor said it

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was quite necessary to ascertain who she was, and where she had lived. And that he would answer for its not being fatal to the child.

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I submitted.—The boy was brought to see the woman who had been taken out of the water.—I was willing to hope it was not the mother of Charles.—But Oh!——it was but too true.——The trembling boy no sooner saw her clothes, than he called out, O my mother! my mother!——it is she indeed—He fell down upon the corpse, kissed it several times, and cried, as if his poor heart would have burst. "O my dear mother why did not you stay with your Charly."——It was too much for me—my tears flowed apace.—

We took the child from its mother by violence, and fent the servant with him to the old widow, ordering her to give him something warm for his supper before he was put to bed. I have been informed by Doctor Clarges, that the directors of the orphan house (on account of their having at present as many as the house will hold) have made an agreement with the widow to let the child remain with her for two years. This is just as I could have wished it to be.

I thank you, my dear friend, for your present of the half guinea for my little foundling. You are very good, I shall give you an account of the expenditure of it.

Farewel, my dear Emily, and think of your

HENRIETTA.

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Emily Fenshaw to Henrietta Thornton.

you for your tenderness and compassion. My dear Mama had tears in her eyes, when I read her your last letter. God will certainly reward your friend, said she—exercised benevolence has its peculiar blessing. That God who commands us to love our fellow creatures, must certainly be pleased with our compliance to his will.

We shall take a drive to-morrow morning to my sister Lidiard's, but shall make no stay—we are to return the same evening. I am quite delighted. I have now not much time to write, for I wish

to finish the purse I am netting for her.

With this I send you a letter from our dear Julia. She, you know, next to my Henrietta, is my best little friend. You will now have something to read—what will you think of Catharine? O what a difference betwixt her, and a friend of mine whom I could name!

For this once, I shall not weary you with the

length of my letter.

Good night, says your friend

EMILY.

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I PROMISED to make you a visit, my dear Emily, but Papa would not permit me to go out to-day. My Mama-in-law, was, I know, the occasion of this prohibition; for I heard her say, "She took an airing yesterday with Catharine Belmount, she must therefore stay at home to-day, it is not good for a young girl to be continually gadding."

O, my dear Emily, you know not what I suffer through her unkindness; however, I must bear it as patiently as I can. A child ought not to dispute the will of a father, and I shall sulfil my duty to the utmost of my power. My writing-master (who also is teaching me accounts) was no sooner gone, than I was called into the back parlour to go forward with my work. With this I was not at all displeased, for as I had before almost sinished my task, it gave me the opportunity of writing to Emily, and by this means to make myself amends in some measure for my disappointment. If Catharine had not called upon me yesterday, I should have been with you to-day, but it

was at the defire of my Mother-in-law that I ever made a companion of that disagreeable girl.

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Not much pleasure had I with her, I assure you. We went to dine with her Uncle, who is a Justice of the Peace. There was a large party; but the conversation at table was little more than common thit chat, and unmeaning compliments. After dinner, Catharine's Uncle desired her to play upon the harpsichord, but she refused him, alledging in excuse, that she had hurt her singer, which she afterwards told me was only a pretence.

I wondered the more at her refusal, because she plays with taste and judgment; but I was highly offended at her having recourse to a salsehood to excuse herself. Besides, politeness teaches us to give as much pleasure as we can to our visitors, or

any party we are in company with.

About five o'clock we returned. When we were about half way home, we faw some people collected together. Catharine ordered the postillion to stop, and ask what was the matter; they told him an old man had fallen down dead they believed. Poor man, we faw him lie motionless on the groundmy heart was all in a flutter. He gave not the least figns of life, yet some assured us he was not dead. A little boy, who was kiffing the old man's cheek, cried most bitterly, O my grandfather, help my grandfather-bring him home, or he will die. I asked the child where his grandfather lived, and how it happened that he had fallen down. The boy told us that his grandfather was blind, and that he had led him to that place to beg alms; that the little house they lived in was two or three miles off, and that while he was running after a gentleman who had given him fixpence, his grandfather had

had tumbled over the stump of a tree, to which some idle boys had led him, and then ran away. The poor creature revived, but was fadly bruised and unable to walk. Are there none, thought I, who will carry the old man home?

I immediately ran to Catharine, who stood at a little distance, and desired her to make an offer of money to any person who would take care of the old man. But would you believe it, Emily, she was not very willing?—Do as you please, said

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I knew not then what was to be done, for my purse was very low; to confess the truth, I seldom know what it is to have fixpence in my pocket, but in the moment of my perplexity, casting my eyes round about, I faw two well-dreffed men approaching us. Without much reflection, I called out, For Heaven's fake, gentlemen, have pity upon this poor blind man; no one feems disposed to remove him to any house. These humane gentlemen immediately went to the croud, and foon after I had the pleasure of seeing four people carry the blind man away. I thanked the gentlemen for their kind attention to him, and had I not thought it would appear too free to perfect strangers, I could have kissed their hands in acknowledgment of their humanity.

The gentlemen were pleased to say, my benevolent seelings did me honour, and that they were glad of the opportunity of relieving the poor unhappy man; but I ought not perhaps to have related this part of the story. Let those of my own sex censure me, to whom the commendation of others gives no pleasing sensation. If this is a weakness, it is not one of the most culpable; and

where

where approbation is given, not wholly unmerited, it is an auxiliary to virtue. We may receive the praise of our fellow creatures when deservedly given, though we may not, says our sacred oracle, seek for the praise of men more than the praise of God. But I hope I can truly say, that the desire of human applause had not the least share in this action. It had nothing in it so very meritorious.

Catharine and I then rode homewards. I should not have resumed the subject, but she again introduced it, which gave rise to the following conver-

fation:

Catharine.—You appear Julia to have censured my conduct in this occurrence. I perceive it plainly, you condemn me because I have not squandered away a handful of money upon the blind man; but was I obliged to do that?

Julia.—We are always obliged, I think, to help our fellow creatures to the utmost of our power,

especially the blind.

Catharine.—My Papa gave me last week a guinea on his birth day, and besides that, I had saved another out of my week's allowance, for I am always careful not to spend my money.

Julia.—You are rich—I have not so many

pence as you have crowns, I do affure you.

Catharine.—But if I had given those lazy fellows money enough to have induced them to take the blind man home, I might have given them the half of what I was worth.

Julia.—So much was not necessary. A tenth part would have been sufficient to have rewarded them for their trouble. And you would have had the satisfaction of having procured the poor old

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man a reception in some house, and perhaps by

this means might have faved his life.

Catharine. — I can quickly make it appear to you, that I could not spare a sixpence—and the at I shall even now be short of what I have occasion for. First of all, I must absolutely buy me a new fan. Mama thinks my present one might do very well, but Miss Anderson bought a new one last week, and she sits in the next pew to me at church; besides that, I must go to the next play, it is for the benefit of my favourite actress, Mrs.——. And as I cannot with any propriety go alone, I must pay also for my coulin to accompany me.

Julia.—Would you not, my friend, have had much more fatisfaction in helping this unhappy blind man, than in the purchase of a fan, or going to the playhouse? Your favourite actress is not

poor.

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Catharine. O, but you know I am fo fond of a

to delcend on the evil as

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Julia.—But you can go to a play every week throughout the Winter. What is the pleasure of going to a play, compared with that of having saved the life of a fellow creature, by a small gratuity?—Befides will not our hearts reproach us, when we have wherewithal to do good, and do it not?

Catherine.—You are preaching now, Julia. But I don't mind preaching; I had rather hear a play, than a dull, tedious, moral sermon.—But, Julia, I have not told you all my wants yet. My little sweet lap-dog must have a little bed to lie upon, as Mrs. B—'s has. Hers has red damask curtains, and looks so smart. It is a bed fit for a king.

Julia.

Julia.—And would you rather give a warm lodging to a beaft, than to a man? Your dcg has a good bed already, and lies warmer than many a poor child, and fares better every day. A bed fit for a king provided for a beaft! O fie, Catharine!

Do you think that God will approve of such a disposition, to love your dog more than you do a human being? But you now indeed excite an emotion I could wish to suppress.

Catharine. That old fellow might be a bad man,

and my dog is a good fond creature.

Julia.—Forgive me, my friend; but suppose he is bad (which yet we know nothing of) even a bad man deserves more compassion, when in distress, than the best dog in the world.

Does not God cause his sun to shine, and his rain

to descend on the evil as well as the good?

Catharine .- I think bad men don't merit our

charity.

Julia.—Suppose we had nothing but, what we merited. Is not our heavenly Father daily doing us good, though we are undutiful? Bad men must not be left to perish: the kindness we shew them may help to change their hearts.

Catharine.—Let us talk upon some other subject. Now the man is relieved, you may surely be easy.

Julia.—Only let me say one word more. Put yourself into the situation of the old man we have just seen. Suppose no one of the gazing multitude seemed inclined to help you, would you not pronounce them cruel and inhuman?

Catharine gave no further answer, and began to fing a new air; as soon as she got home she

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went to the harpsichord, not recollecting that she had but just before refused to play to her uncle.

How much more worthy of esteem is your benevolent Henrietta, tho' she has not so much mo-

ney at command as Catharine!

Will you give me reason to expect a visit from you this week? You know how happy it would make me; and the more so as I have but a small portion of happiness with my mother-in-law. But I will not trouble you with my complaints. I know you would not encourage or countenance them. I have great need indeed of the friendly counsel you have given me to patience and submission. Heaven grant that I may fulfil my duty!

Beloved Emily, farewel. I am

named to the agent was the

Your affectionate referre than to the unade of any, row

is lu-shoog and positive raiging to ar JULIA.

LETTER_VIII.

poor woman, this of the deal entired

dringing, called be induced their own placture

man ebac the grat coten to themsocky makes cot Henrietta Thornton to Emily Fenshaw.

MY little Charles grows a lovely boy. He now goes to school every day, and his master commends his diligence and good behaviour.

I asked Charles yesterday if he had pleasure in learning his book? "Yes," said he, "Ma'm, that " I have; I would rather learn to read than play.

" My mother taught me a little, but when my

" father went away, it was all over with my read-

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" and then we had no more money, and my mo-"ther cried all day, and could not teach me."

Unhappy woman! who knows what the has fuf-

fered!

I fear that she threw herself into the water I hope, my dear Emily, our merciful, compassionate Redeemer will forgive her—but I would not dwell upon so dreadful a subject.

How unmerciful are many of the human species! When possessed of a little independency, how pride rises in the heart of man! To take even their bed from under the unfortunate, is cruel indeed!

I hope, if I am rich, my heart will not lose any of its sensibility; I hope I shall always seel for the missortunes of my sellow creatures, and endeavour to relieve them to the utmost of my power. Such sort of people as seized the goods of that poor woman, think of little else but eating and drinking, and minding their own pleasure. I would not think and act as they do for all the world. They live only for themselves, and make others unhappy.

I have not yet quite lost fight of the poor old man that the gentlemen so humanely relieved. I could scarce sleep the whole night. When I go

that way I shall certainly enquire about him.

But I shall now change the subject of this letter. My good Papa, Doctor Clarges, has offered to give me a little instruction in geography. I remember to have heard him say, that as a Christian ought to have his conversation in heaven, so an inhabitant of this earth ought to know something of the world he lives in; that ignorance on this subject is a great desect in the education of a female.

female. I am exceedingly glad to embrace such an opportunity of growing wiser: for how it puts one to the blush when in company we know not where a city or country lies, which is the subject of conversation; how far distant, or what are its climate and particular productions: and above all, its religion, and form of government. I have also a great desire to know something of astronomy, as that science has, I am told, an immediate tendency to give us exalted ideas of the wisdom, power, and goodness of the Creator.

I have repeatedly requested of my Aunt to let me have a master to teach me geography and astronomy; and have told her I would deny myself any indulgence rather than be an ignorant girl.

I shall endeavour to redeem my lost time. My kind instructor has already lent me some books

upon these subjects.

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e on of a male. Now for a word or two concerning a young lady with whom I yesterday formed a new acquaintance, and for whom I have already much esteem: her name is Sophia Pemberton. She is not only agreeable, but very sensible, and has a countenance and deportment that preposses one in her favour at first fight.

Miss Clarges tells me Sophia is not rich; but pleasing endowments and obliging manners are far preferable. Without these, riches only make people more conspicuous objects of ridicule and contempt.

Sophia lives with a fick mother, who appears in a lingering confumption. They have no fervant, but a little girl, who does the dirty work and runs of errands. Sophia's father, a man of good family, had a confiderable place under government, the income

of which ceased at his death, and he had saved nothing for the provision of his widow and daughter.

Sophia dreffes neat, but very plain; and it is easy to discern that she has had a genteel and li-

beral education.

I am happy in having commenced an acquaintance with fo promifing a girl. You know, Emily, that I always had a particular attachment to virtuous characters, who are in some degree unfortunate, which you are pleased to say is a sign of a good heart. Sophia has desired me to pay her a visit: she seldom goes out, not being willing to leave her mother alone. How greatly does she deserve to be commended for this unremitted attention to her mama. We never can do too much for our dear parents; and in their latter years, when the infirmities of old age press them down, they have a peculiar demand upon us, in their turn, for our most affiduous attention and tenderness.

I hope to see this new acquaintance again tomorrow, when I shall write you further particulars.

But whatever new friendships I form, they shall not diminish the regard which I at present feel for my dear Emily.

HENRIETTA.

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LETTER IX.

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From the Same to the Same.

I HAVE been, my dear Emily, with my new acquaintance, Sophia, and have as yet feen no reason to change my opinion. I had much pleasure in my visit, but you are not to suppose it consisted in finging, or cards, or dancing. I found with Sophia a tranquil chearfulness more agreeable than can be met with at routs and balls. She received me with unaffected manners, in which shone forth the uprightness of a good heart, free from those unmeaning compliments which are so much the mode in the polite world.

Many adverse events have contributed to bring this unfortunate mother and daughter into their prefent fituation. They once lived in a very genteel ftile, had a number of fervants, and while in prosperity were much esteemed; but now they appear forfaken by all their former acquaintance. Such is too much the way of the world. I hope I shall never fall into it. I respect this family the more on account of their misfortunes. I will be their

true friend, and vifit them often.

I saw in the room a spinning-wheel. What would Catharine have faid? A spinning, wheel! O vulgar! that would have been her expression; tho' perhaps the may have heard that it is become the fashion for ladies to spin: Sophia's mother, how-

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ever, does not employ herself at her wheel because she has been told it is genteel to spin, but from the higher motives of real industry and srugality. Upon a small table there were some instruments for draw-

ing, and the mount of a fan half finished.

I did not presume to ask any questions; but the mother of Sophia observing me casting an eye that way, took hold of my hand, and said, that is the work of my daughter, Miss Henrietta. Yes, interrupted Sophia, my dear Papa and Mama were so good as to let me have a drawing-master: and I now am glad that I was not inattentive to the ac-

quirement of so useful an accomplishment.

I assure you, Emily, she draws admirably well; but the honour she acquires is not her only reward: she makes her genius subserve a better purpose, even the support of a sick mother and herself. When you read our following conversation, it will excite your esteem for this new friend of mine. Sophia shewed me her various performances, amongst which were two beautiful landscapes in water-colours; for these she told me she was to receive four guineas. I had not been long there before her mother bid Sophia make us a dish of tea.

TEA CONVERSATION:

Mrs. Pemberton. You appear to be an admirer

of drawing, Miss Henrietta.

Henrietta. Yes, Ma'am, and it gives me much concern that I have never been instructed in so pleasing an art. My parents died when I was very young, and my Aunt, who has been so kind to superintend my education, judged that learning to draw was not necessary.

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Mrs. Pemberton. It is not absolutely necessary, to be sure; but the knowledge and use of the sine arts is very desirable for young ladies. To the affluent they serve as an agreeable amusement, and prevent them from continually having recourse to dissipation, in order to pass away their time; and if any unexpected change of circumstances should take place, such knowledge may be applied in an honourable manner for requisite subsistence; which is certainly more comfortable than being obliged to submit to inferior employments. My daughter, Miss Henrietta, is an example of this. She gains not only her own support by her pencil, but she also helps a sick and infirm mother, for my little annuity would be insufficient of itself.

Henrietta. O, Ma'am, Miss Sophia merits great

commendation.

Mis. Pemberton. I cannot but fay (and indeed I am proud to fay) that Sophia is a very dutiful, affectionate daughter. She is all attention to me in my sickness, and never leaves me, but when business calls her.

Sophia. O Mama, you think too highly of my poor services. You are too good. I deserve not so much commendation. What care must you have taken of me in my infancy; and what incessant attention did you give me for many years. A child can never repay a parent's anxiety and indulgence. I do no more than duty and gratitude command.

Mrs. Pemberton. They who fulfil their duty

merit approbation.

Sophia. Pray, Mama, let us talk upon some

other subject.

Mrs. Pemberton. You know I am not pleased when you interrupt me on this subject, Sophia.

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Pardon me, Miss Henrietta, but if I had not that girl, I should not be long an inhabitant of this world. I have passed through many trying scenes, and she is my only comfort. Sophia is always

chearful, and keeps up my drooping spirits.

The day scarcely dawns but my daughter is up at her work; while our little maid prepares the breakfast. Sophia leaves me in peaceful slumbers till all is ready, and then awakes me with her kisses. At noon she helps to get ready our homely meal; after which she sometimes reads to me, and at other times the hours pass agreeably away by her lively conversation. She has but little pleasure in going out to visit any of her neighbours, as I am not able to accompany her.

Sophia. Where can I be better than with my dear Mama, Miss Henrietta? Can there be any more agreeable company than that of the persons we most love upon earth? I have besides a friend whom I sometimes visit, her name is Clarissa Glanville. O, she is a charming girl! If you please, I will introduce you to her. I am sure you will

be delighted with her company.

Mrs. Pemberton. Clariffa is a favourite of mine. You must be acquainted with her, Miss Thornton: she is a girl of much knowledge and understanding, she has read a great deal, and above all, she has a

good heart.

Sophia. Shall I tell you how agreeably we pass our time? Clarissa has a choice collection of books, and when we are together we read in turns. Yesterday we began Martinet's Catechism of Nature, the larger work I mean in four 8vo. volumes, which is entertaining and instructive, and leads the atten-

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tive reader infenfibly to admire, adore, and love the great, the wife Author of Nature's works.

Besides these books, Clarissa has a microscope, which is an inexhaustible source of amusement and instruction to us; and to add to our variety, and enliven our little tête-à-tête, though we have no dancing, yet we have music. Clarissa plays extremely

well on the forte piano.

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Henrietta. Your manner of spending your time is a very agreeable one indeed. I should wish to make one amongst you. How much more pleasing and profitable do your hours pass, and how much more conducive to health are your amusements, than a constant round of routs, balls, and masquerades, which do not begin till almost midnight, and end only when the day breaks in upon the assembly.

Sometime ago Doctor Clarges shewed me the wing of a butterfly with the microscope; and how surprized was I to find that the apparent mealy dust upon it consisted of small feathers,

like those of birds.

Sophia. That is really for I have feen them myself. If my good Mama will give her permission, we will meet together one afternoon every week, for the purpose of reading and amusement.

Mrs. Pemberton. Very willingly, my dear, I give my consent. To-morrow we shall go to see Clarissa, and acquaint her with your design. I have not the least doubt of her ready acquiescence.

Sophia. Mama you are very good in complying with my wishes. I am sure my proposal will be acceptable to Clarissa; for the has heard Doctor Clarges speak so much in favour of Henrietta, that the wishes much to see her.

Sophia

Sophia had scarcely spoken these words when somebody knocked at the door. And who was it,

think you? Clarissa herself.

After particular enquiries concerning Mrs. Pemberton's health, and asking also when she might hope for the pleasure of a visit from her friend, she was going immediately away, when Sophia ran to her. "You must not leave us so soon," said she, this young lady and I have not a thought we wish to conceal from you. You feem afraid of interrupting us. On the contrary, so far from viewing you in the light of an intruder, we were forming a plan to visit you, in order to conclude a triple alliance of friendship. If so, said Clarissa (with great modesty) you meet my wishes. For I have, you know, Sophia, often spoke to you of Miss Thornton, whom I presume I have now the pleasure of seeing. Yes, said Sophia, I have the honour to present her to your acquaintance.

This was followed by a very pressing invitation to me from Clarissa, who politely said to Sophia, I esteem myself doubly fortunate in coming this evening to surprize you, as by this means I have the

pleasure of being introduced to Henrietta.

Are you well enough, Ma'am, addressing herself to Sophia's mother, to permit me to enjoy the
savour of your Sophia's company to-morrow, with
her friend? There is scarcely any inconvenience,
Miss Clarissa, replied Mrs. Pemberton, to which I
would not submit, to give my Sophia such a
pleasure. But I shall suffer none, I hope, tomorrow, if Sophia spends the asternoon at your
house, as I feel myself much better. I am very
sensible of the honour you do my daughter.

O, Ma'am, interrupted Clarissa, not a word of

that, I befeech you—and faying only " Remember to-morrow," away she went without further compliment.

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LETTER X.

Emily Fenshaw to Henrietta Thornton.

AMIABLE Sophia! I exclaimed, on reading your letter, I wish I was with you, Henrietta, to form an acquaintance with so good a daughter. How commendable is it to respect and honour our parents! Those who do so must certainly be the objects of God's favour, for to dutiful children he has given a special promise. Your plan of amusement and instruction united I am prodigiously delighted with. Every afternoon you and your friends spend together, will forward your improvement.

How much have those to be thankful for, who are blessed with good parents! Compare the case of such with poor Julia. Oh, Henrietta, that dear girl has suffered beyond measure. Her sather is a very passionate man. She can scarcely get a kind word from him; and her mother-in-law is much worse, giving her daily the most cruel treatment. I could tell you instances of her unkindness that

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would

of at,

would shock you greatly, but Julia has absolutely forbid my mentioning them. I own to you, Henrietta, I could not help the other day advising her to exert a little spirit, and not to submit as she does, but this was the dear girl's answer, "That I can never think of doing, Emily; Heaven will support me to bear my sufferings. I owe honour and obedience to my father; his severe treatment does not dissolve my obligation to duty. And as to my mother-in-law, since I must acknowledge her to be the wife of my father, I ought to respect her as such."

I could not sufficiently commend the virtuous Julia. Yet it is no small trial for oppressed innocence to bear; when a father has no feeling for a dutiful child—a father who ought to be the best

friend a child has in the world.

What a great happiness do I enjoy! May all children learn from such examples as that of our

Julia, to honour and obey their parents.

I hope I shall never have a mother-in-law, and yet I am persuaded, that where there is one like Julia's, there are twenty good ones; and there would be many more, But that girls are apt to fet themselves against a father's second wife, instead of trying to gain her affections, which is certainly very foolish, as well as wicked. You and I know an instance of this kind, my dear. A young lady, whom I need not name, who behaves very ill to a lady who is inclined to act a real parent's part by her: but instead of making a dutiful return, this filly girl undervalues her mother-in-law's kindness, and fhuns her company for the fake of indulging herfelf in chatter with an artful maid; who urges her on to insolence and disobedience. Those who have

have had the misfortune to lofe a real mother, should gladly accept of even the shadow of maternal kindness.

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Write to me, if you please, of your friends Sophia and Clarissa. The improving subjects of your conversation and reading, will be quite a treat to your affectionate

FMILY:

LETTER XI.

Henrietta Thornton to Emily Fensbaw. -

HOW much do I lament the fituation of Julia, with a father so harsh, and a mother-inlaw fo cruel and fevere. She has certainly great trials. You say with justice that we should learn from fuch an amiable pattern how to value parental goodness. But how great a loss have I sustained in having no parents to whom I might give proofs of my gratitude and filial affection. I have an Aunt, it is true, who takes good care of me, but she is not a mother. There is something delightfully pleafing in the name. A good mother, to our fex especially, is the first and best of all earthly bleffings. I felt this when I was with Sophia. To receive and to return the embraces of a parent, can any thing in this world equal that happinels? Tears were often in my eyes when I faw the affiduous attention which that dear girl paid to her her mother. I would have done just the same, thought I, if it had pleased God to have spared my parents.

Pardon me, Emily, though I am an orphan, I could dwell upon this subject through the whole of

my letter.

But to give you a little variety. I yesterday paid a visit to Clarissa. In the asternoon Sophia took me by surprize, calling upon me in a coach (which they had sent for her) to pay a visit to that amiable girl.

Mr. Glanville's house is in a most charming situation, in St. James's Place, one of the most agreeable and pleasant in London. It has a fine view of the Park, is a noble building, and elegantly sur-

nished; every thing in excellent taste.

Clarissa has just entered her sixteenth year. She has two sisters, the eldest nineteen, and the youngest not more than ten; the first is named Caroline, the other Maria.

Caroline has in her countenance the appearance of ill-nature, but perhaps I may be mistaken. One should not judge rashly, nor always at first sight: but I own she has not prejudiced me in her favour at the first interview.

We had not been in the house many minutes, when Miss Glanville entered the room into which we had been shewn by one of the servants; it was

Maria's little apartment.

The lovely Maria no sooner saw her eldest sister, than she was going to reach her a chair, to which engaging attention Caroline answered with an air of disdain, You not give yourself that trouble, child, you know I must not lose my time here. Perhaps she thought it beneath her to remain long

in the company of such young people as we are, though she herself is not yet a woman. She went out of the room immediately, and I fancy only came in through mere curiosity.

We were soon after shewn into another apartment, which was Clarissa's, we sound her just returned from a walk in the garden, where she had been reading one of her favourite authors, not ex-

pecting us to arrive fo foon.

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She flew to meet us—the tea things were set ready, and we each took our needle-work till the servant brought in the tea-kettle. I found it to be their custom not to be long idle. Our growing acquaintance and growing pleasure keep pace with each other.

Our time was paffing imperceptibly away, when

we heard a noise in an adjoining room.

Clarissa, as her parents were both from home, rose to see what was the matter. She had no sooner opened the door, than she heard the young ladies' maid cry out, "I will not stay a day longer in this house."

The moment we saw Clarissa, O Miss, said she you are so good to us servants, pray be so obliging to make the best excuse you can to your Mama, but I am determined to leave my place. I have been long enough ill-treated by your elder sister, who is so difficult to please. Step with me Molly, nto this room, answered Clarissa, it may be only a misunderstanding. You know my sister is a little hasty; but she might not mean what she said.

No, I thank you, Miss Clarissa, please to excuse me. I have served your Mama faithfully, and it grieves me to leave you too, I assure you; but a

fervant

fervant that is honest ought not to receive such

usage as I have met with...

These young ladies may know it all. They very possibly may hear, that Miss Glanville has charged me with thest, and therefore I will tell

you what has happened.

Miss Glanville, ladies, had been sitting in the hall reading in that soolish book which my mistress had taken away from her more than once, but she knew where to find it again. She called me to bring her handkerchief, which she had lest in her room. Unluckily I brought her the wrong one; upon this she slew into a passion, and went upstairs herself to look for it.

In a moment she called out so loud, that the whole house might have heard her, What have

you done with my bracelet?

I answered, that I had not seen it. But this signissed little; she accused me of having stolen it, calling me a thief, and adding, that nobody had been in her room but me.

But behold when the bracelet was fought for, it appeared that her little dog which she is so fond of (more so than of any human being) had taken it away, and pulled it in pieces under the bed. This is now the second time Miss Glanville has accused me of stealing, but I shall take care of the third.

The amiable Clarissa, with great apparent concern, took the servant by the hand, and said, Molly, you must once more pass by this hasty charge of my sister; I will endeavour to prevent the same in suture. Go with me; you will find, I think, that my sister will be sorry for what she has said. I shall set this matter right. Papa and Mama must not hear of it. I beg you will say

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nothing to them. Molly then went with Clariffa. We heard not a fingle word more; and foon after Clariffa returned with a chearful countenance, and the following conversation passed between the two fifters.

Maria. Sifter, does Molly go away?

Clarissa. No, my dear, she will stay; the af-

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Maria. You are very good, fifter; you always try to promote peace, and you generally succeed. When the servants quarrel with one another, they are sure to come to you. They say, let us go to Miss Clarissa.

I am glad Molly does not leave us, Mama likes her fo much. But the might well be angry; for

who would like to be called a thief?

Clariffa. True; Molly had fome reason to be displeased: a servant's character is her livelihood; who would take a maid into their house that was guilty of thieving. But your sister suspected not that the dog had taken away the bracelet, though no doubt she knew he often played such tricks. We should be very cautious how we pass such charges upon servants. If they are innocent, and their innocence is proved, how must we blush for ourselves in such a case?

Maria. Poor Molly! It was very hard. I am fo glad that the stays with us. I will give her one of my fans, if Mama will give me leave, for

I have three.

Clarissa. You are right to fay, "if Mama gives you leave." We should never, while we are so young at least, give any thing to the servants without our Mama's knowledge; nor would a good servant receive a present from us without Mama's being

being first acquainted with it. It shows you have a good heart, my dear little fister; but say nothing of your design till Mama comes home; nor a word of

this unhappy quarrel, for your fifter's fake.

Maria. Not for the world; Mama would be fo angry. I was thinking what poor Molly would have done, if she had left us, and could not get another service, and how unhappy my fister must then have been.

Clarissa. Such an accusation, if it had been spread abroad, might have deprived the poor girl of

her bread.

Maria. My fifter Caroline has much to thank

you for, Clariffa, and Molly too.

Clariffa. The pleasure of restoring peace in a family is reward enough. I seek not their thanks.—But, my dear, we engross all the conversation to ourselves. Let Miss Thornton see your tambour work, Maria.

At her fifter's defire, she immediately fetched the fire-screen, which, for a child of eight years old, was neatly done. I could not with-hold my

approbation. She curtfied, and faid,

I am glad, Ma'am, it pleases you: my sister Clarissa taught me all: she takes a great deal of trouble to instruct me, and I love her for it; and will learn all I can.—Yes, yes, sister, I perceive your signs, and I understand them very well: you would not have me say any thing; but I should think myself ungrateful, if I told nobody how good you are to me.—Miss Sophia knows it as well as I do. Is it not true now?

Sophia. I do know it, my dear, and you deferve it, for you are a very attentive scholar, and

always follow your fifter's instructions.

Maria.

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Maria. You will make me proud if you fay much more.

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Maria.

Sophia. It is laudable to be ambitious of deserving the good opinion of your friends; and when you merit it, it is no culpable pride to feel a pleafure arising from their approbation.

Maria. But my fifter Caroline does not teach me any thing; nay, the does fome things which I would not do.

Clarissa (interrutting ber.) Henrietta was not speaking of your sister Caroline, my dear. Will you put your work by, love? It would be pity to have it soiled; you must always be careful to keep what you have finished quite clean.

Maria. Pardon me, sister Caroline is also good

to me fometimes, but not so good as you.

Maria then clapped her finger upon her mouth, and was out of the room in a moment, to observe her sister's order. She soon returned with some other work unfinished, and was as diligent as any of us: she is a docile little creature.

As we seemed mutually pleased with each other, Sophia proposed our projected scheme of a visiting day once a week, if her Mama's health permitted it, to which Clarissa instantly acceded, with a countenance expressive of its being her wish as much as ours.

Greatly pleased with our visit, Sophia and I returned home about eight o'clock, rather sooner than usual, on account of her Mama's indisposition. We could not avoid speaking of Clarissa in our way home, nor was little Maria forgotten. But her sister Clarissa was our principal theme.—She is esteemed and beloved by all, and especially by the poor, to whom she gives the greatest share

of her weekly allowance for her own pocket money. The servants also are very much attached to Clarissa, and would do any thing for her; but not so willingly for Caroline; they are not perfectly satisfied with her treatment of them; she is easily provoked, and difficult to be pleased; of a fretful, angry temper, and minds nothing but her dog. She treats her parents with but little respect, and has often been confined hours together for her disobedience. Mr. and Mrs. Glanville are frequently from home, paying visits to their numerous friends, besides going frequently to their country seat; then Clarissa generally superintends and keeps all in order; for the housekeeper is at the beck of Carolina, and not very attentive to her business.

How happy am I with such amiable friends! which friendship I hope will continue as long as we live in this world, and again be renewed in

Heaven.

HENRIETTA.

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LETTER XII.

Emily Fenshaw to Henrietta Thornton.

I WISH much to see your new friends. I should embrace them most cordially. Your description of them prejudices me greatly in their favour. I scarcely know which of them to rank first.

The

The good Sophia, I think, gains most upon the heart. Do you know why? It is, I believe, because the is not rich; and that Clariffa possesses every thing the can with for. To have a fick mother, and in reduced circumstances, must put the heart to a severe trial. I feel much for Sophia whenever I think of her. She procures by her own industrious hands subsistence for her infirm mother and for herself. Of what importance is Sophia's life and health to her dear Mama! It is painful to people of good family, when reduced to make known their wants, and to ask the affistance of the benevolent. Why is it that many virtuous good families are in diffress, and those in which there is no religion at all are rich, and fare fumptuoufly every day? I shall ask Doctor Clarges; he will resolve me this question.

While I was writing the last line, I heard Mama coming, and laid down my pen; she has read this

scrawl of mine.

Well, I shall never hide any thing from Mama. I hope I shall never write what I should be ashamed she should see. A child, especially during its minority, should have no secrets which its parents may not know. I will never do any thing of consequence without consulting mine. They are my best counsellors.

I am not forry that Mama surprized me, as it

gave rife to the following conversation:

Mama. Do you think, then, Emily, that it is a misfortune not to be rich, or that without riches

we cannot be happy !-

Emily. I do not think that we cannot be happy, Mama, without riches; for I know some in our neighbourhood that are not rich; and yet I believe

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when persons who were once in genteel life are obliged to procure their bread by their daily labour.

Mama. And why so? Labour is not burdensome to those who are diligent. You yourself.

love to be employed.

Emily. That is true, Mama. I do not love to be idle. In my opinion, idleness is itself the greatest burden. When time is not well employed, we feel a heavy weight upon our spirits. They who have their daily employments, are much happier I think than those who have nothing to do, but to run the same round in the circle of fashionable pleasure.

Mama. Your sentiments rejoice my heart. But, tell me then, my dear Emily, what is there so disagreable in being employed to gain a liveli-

hood?

Emily, When I work, Mama, I am not forced to it.

Mama. You certainly are, only from a different motive. The love of honour and a good name force you to be diligent, or you would have the character of an idle gad-about.

Don't you say yourself, that it is shameful to,

waste your time without doing any thing?

Emily. Very true, Mama. But I know that

was I to do nothing, I should be in no want.

Mama. No want of bread, I allow, because God has been pleased to place you above the fear of want. But, Emily, you would feel the loss of many things which you now possess by your own diligence, and which you value more than any you can buy. Your watch, for instance.

Emily. That you had the goodness to give me,

as you faid, for making Papa a dozen shirts.

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Mana. And the guinea which Papa gave you to buy a hat.

Emily. True, that my Papa gave me for having

embroidered a work-bag for you, Mama.

Mama. These were then the fruits of your labour: And do not you value the watch and the guinea the more as being the rewards of your diligence, and marks of your parents' approbation? You see then you are forced to work to increase your own happiness, and to make your time pass away in the most agreeable manner.

But, my dear, I have never feen the new hat which your Papa gave you the money to purchase.

Emily. Dear Mama, will you forgive me. I have devoted the guinea quite to another purpose, and I hope you will think, to a better.

Mama. But have you not faid that you kept no

fecrets from Mama.

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Emily. Except in instances like this; and you have told me that deeds of charity should be done in secret.

Mama. I am ready to forgive you, for part of the money I know how you have disposed of, and you are to be commended for it. You sent it to Henrietta for the poor foundling. I doubt not but your father will be as well pleased as if you had bought the hat.

Emily. Will you plead for me with Papa?

Mama. There is no need of my intercession, your Papa has a benevolent heart.

Emily. But Papa give it me for a new hat.

Mama. Your Papa gave you the money for your pleasure. And if it was more pleasure to you to give it for the relief of a poor motherless child, it makes

makes no difference to Papa; except that, I think, his pleasure will be encreased by it.

Emily. You are very good, Mama. But I wish

you would first mention it to Papa.

Mama. I will, my dear. But to return to our first subject, but it is our duty to be continually employed, and that the being so adds to our own felicity. You have, as the reward of your diligence, contributed to the support of a lost child, which I doubt not gives you great satisfaction. And can you not then easily suppose that Sophia finds still greater satisfaction in her diligence for the support of her mother?

Emily. Dear Mama, you have convinced me

of my mistake. I acknowledge I was wrong.

Mama. Hear me further, my dear. To work is never irksome to a virtuous person, whenever they can be useful. Every drawing that Sophia finishes,

gives her a new pleasure.

Believe me, Emily, that Sophia is richer in her reduced state than many who are in possession of affluence. She has the honour of receiving her support from her own industry and skill, she is virtuous, she is healthful,—honour, virtue, and health, are our greatest earthly treasures. What are riches if we have not these? And above all, think of the high pleasure she enjoys in being able to contribute to her mother's happiness.

Emily. Mama, I am quite satisfied, for I now am well assured that Sophia is not the object of pity I before thought her; on the contrary, many I now think may envy her. God will certainly bless her for the tender care she takes of her mother. And they who have God for their friend are rich

indeed.

Mama.

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Mama. To hear you speak thus is a very great satisfaction to your Mother. I have yet something more to say to you, that is, to desire you to write to Henrietta, and beg her to ask Sophia to paint three san-mounts for me, according to her own taste. Do not forget it, and give my respects to both your friends.

Emily. Do you think, Mama, that I can forget fuch a circumstance as this? You give Sophia an opportunity to profit by her genius and application.

I could not refrain from kiffing my Mama's hand. Her kind attention to Sophia gave me great pleasure, and you may be sure I shall not lose a moment in communicating it.

EMILY.

LETTER XIII.

Henrietta Thornton, to Emily Fensharo.

THAT you delight in communicating happiness, I am confident. It is a pleasure to Emily to give pleasure to others, and

especially to her intimate friends.

Yesterday being the time fixed to visit Sophia with Clarissa, I did not fail to keep your Mama's commission in remembrance. Sophia received the message with an air of grateful acknowledgment, and gave her mother, I saw, a hint of it by her countenance.

Clariffa,

Clarissa, though fond of books, is not inattentive to her dress. She was in neat, modest apparel, which became her exceedingly. Our friend never goes to the extremity of the fashion, nor follows the mode at all, unless it is conformable to her own taste.

She makes her own caps and all the ornamental part of her dress, and appropriates the money saved by this means to the purchase of winter clothing for the poor. She excels in all kinds of fine needle work, but does not think it beneath her to give her affistance in making, or repairing the household linen, whenever her Mama desires it.

Sometime ago Clarissa had a short conversation with her sister Caroline, when Sophia was present, which she related to me, word for word, as fol-

lows.

Caroline came one day full dreffed into her fifter's chamber, just going out to a concert, and found her busy in making some table linen.

How is this, faid she, I thought, Clarissa, you were going with me to the concert? Mama gave

you leave.

Clarissa. Yes, fister, but I have requested Mama to permit me to stay at home, as there is a great deal of work to do, and poor Jenny is not very well. I was out yesterday, you know, and I think it is not so proper to be visiting every day. The habit may so grow upon me that I shall not be able to stay at home with pleasure.

Caroline. You have a wonderful tafte, child. And must a young lady of family and fortune give up seeing company, and going to concerts and plays, and always be confined at home? A fine figure you will make, if you know nothing of the world.

Clariffa.

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Clariffa.

Chrissa. If what you call a knowledge of the world, my dear, creates a dislike of home, I would rather be without that knowledge. I hope I shall never think it a confinement to be with Mama, To be "confined" (as you are pleased to term it) at home is better than to run gadding about, as if one had nothing to do. Rank, or birth, or fortune, do not excuse idleness. Mama says not one was born to be indolent.

Caroline. I work sometimes as well as you, and sometimes I divert myself. We can't be always at work, nor always reading. The time for pleasure is while we are young.

Clarissa. True. But pleasure should not make us forget our duty, and neglect our work. I confess to you I have more pleasure in doing this work, because I know it eases a poor sick servant, and gives pleasure to Mama, than you can have at your concert. Though I have some little taste for music as well as you, Caroline, yet I have a greater satisfaction and pleasure in being useful, when my affistance is wanted.

Caroline. I wish you much pleasure, child, in your work. But I think such work as that might be left till Jenny gets well, if she has too much to do, let her go away. A young lady making household linen! very low indeed!

Clarissa. I cannot bear the thoughts of poor Jenny's losing her place, it would break her heart:

the cannot afford to maintain herself, and wild nire her while she is so weak? I would ever the a servant, to allow her time to do a little for nerself. The more serviceable we are, sister, the better. And even this kind of work, which you much despise, might be a better recommendation

dation for a wife than going so much to plays and

Caroline. A wife indeed! I declare I can't help laughing. I don't want to be a wife yet, I'll affure you. No, no. I would have a little more plea-fure and liberty. How came such a thought into

your head, child?

Glarissa. You will forgive me, fifter, but I must tell you of Miss Charlotte, the daughter of Lord D- I have often heard that young lady fay, that we can neither make good wives, nor good house-keepers, if we have no knowledge of domestic duties. And how shall this knowledge be acquired, if we do not learn to do these things when we are young?

I remember to have heard Mama observe that music, dancing, and such like exercises, are of much less value to married ladies than they appear to be to the young. When the care of children commences (faid Mama) and other domestic concerns, then dancing and music are but little attended to.

Caroline. But all married people have not children; and where they have, parents of rank and fashion don't trouble their heads much about them. They fend them into the nursery. If no married people were to go to plays and balls, our playhouses and affembly-rooms might foon be flut up. you think, if I had children, I would stay at home to nurse them? No, indeed. But good bye, fifter, we are fine folks to talk about children. Concerts and balls for me !

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Caroline hearing that the coach was at was out of the room in a moment, scarcely ing herfelf time to step to Mama, to say that the

was going.

IN CONTINUATION.

BUT to return to our yesterday's visit to Sophia. Clarissa had, as she had promised, brought with her Martinet's Catechism of Nature. And as soon as Sophia had removed the tea things, we began to attend to the Professor's lectures. We had read three volumes of them before. They are both pleasing and instructive. How much are young people indebted to the Doctor for this very useful performance; and even persons arrived at maturity, may read it with improvement.

What exalted ideas does it give us of the great Creator, of his wisdom, power, and goodness. It has opened my eyes to quite a new scene; far ex-

ceeding all the beauties of art.

How often have I trampled an infect with contempt under my feet, totally ignorant of its curious structure and beauty, before I viewed one through a microscope? And when we restect that there are, as philosophers tell us, more than four hundred thousand forts of living creatures, different in their nature and form, exclusive of the millions of small infects which are invisible to the naked eye, must not our minds be filled with astonishment at the almight power and wisdom of God, who has not only created all these, but who supports and provides for all. Who can count the number of each particular species?

While we were amusing ourselves with the microscope, little Maria, who had given great attention to our conversation upon these subjects, suddenly rose from her chair, calling out, a spider! a

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spider! running upon my frock! We sought for it, but it escaped our search. She looked very pale, and every limb trembled; she clung close to her sister, without having the courage to go to her chair again. This incident gave rise to the following conversation.

Maria. Oh, dear fifter, be so good to look again

if the spider is not upon my clothes.

Clarissa. No, my dear, it has already run away. Spiders never stay long near us, for they are more afraid of us, than we are of them.

Maria. (locating about). Where can it have run

to fo quickly?

Clarissa. Spiders run very speedily, and they know how to find out a place of safety, when they perceive any bustle. According to naturalists their sensations of sight and hearing are very acute.

Maria. I thought you had told me fome time ago, that there were fome spiders almost totally

blind.

Clarissa. So there are, my dear. But they are a different species from that you saw upon your frock, they are called the wandering spiders. Their motions are much slower, for they appear rather to creep than to run. It is a great weakness in us to be afraid of these insects. They really do no harm.

Sophia. To be fure they do not, and yet most people, women and children at least, have a dread of spiders; I must confess that I am by no means

free from it myfelf.

Clarissa. It was once the case with me, but my dear Mama quite reconciled me to spiders, by telling me what tender parents they are. She says she has read in a book of natural history, of a kind

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of spider, which carries her eggs about with her in a filk bag of her own fpinning, fixed to her back,

and will fooner fuffer death than part with it.

One of these insects was observed by a naturalist to have fallen unfortunately into the funnel of a lion-pismire, which immediately seized upon its bag of eggs, and endeavoured to drag it under the fand. The spider, from the love of its young, which were about to leave the eggs, allowed its own body to be carried along with the bag; but the flender filk, by which it was fixed to her broke, and a feparation took place. The poor spider inflantly seized the bag with her pincers, and tried to regain the objects of her affection, but all in vain; the cruel pismire sunk the bag deeper and deeper in the fand.

The fond parent, however, rather than quit her hold, fuffered herself to be buried alive. The gentleman who observed the contest, removed the fand, and took her out, for the pismire had not touched her, but so strong was her attachment to her eggs, that though frequently touched with a twig, she would not leave the place which con-

tained them.

Maria. Who could have thought such a nasty creature could have so much tenderness in its nature! I will try not to be afraid of spiders any more. Who knows but that the creature we have been looking for, is going in fearch of her bag of cggs ?

Clarissa. Very likely, my dear; at least it is very plain, from the haste she made to get away, that she had no hostile design against us. I beg, my love, you will leave off this foolish trick of screaming out at the fight of an insect. If you were a fly, indeed,

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you might be afraid of a spider, but I never in my life saw or heard of a little girl's being entangled in a spider's web and devoured; on the contrary, I have seen many a poor spider crushed to death.

Maria. I never will kill one, Clarissa, for fear I should hinder it from taking care of its eggs. What a sad thing would it be for a parcel of little creatures to have no mother to take care of them! Perhaps spiders want a parent to nourish them, as a hen does her chickens.

Sophia. I do not fay that I will never kill a spi-

der, but I shall strive to destroy the eggs also.

Clarissa. Why should you ever kill one at all, Sophia, when you may easily put it into a place where it can do no harm. What signifies a few cobwebs in an old out-house? Or suppose you content yourself with pulling down the webs, I will engage to say the spiders will soon quit your habitation. Sophia. I shall follow your advice, Clarissa.

Henrietta. What appears to me strange is, that some people are asraid of these insects, and others can touch them, without having the least disagree-

able fenfation.

Clarissa. Perhaps the reason may be, that one person has been frightened with them in their infancy more than another. That fear with which we are impressed in our early years seldom leaves us. But it is certain, that a gnat torments us much worse than a spider, and yet we are more afraid of the latter.

Maria. I am very glad that spiders don't fly

about as the gnats do, however.

Clarissa. But, my dear, don't you know that there are many spiders which sly at certain periods, when they vary their form as the silk-worms do, which

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you often see are changed into butterslies or moths, and these are the night spiders which range about in a summer evening.

Maria. Of what use, fifter, are these spiders?

Clarissa. Philosophers themselves cannot comprehend the usefulness of all insects, but God is too wise to create any thing that is not serviceable. All that God has created must be good, though we know not for what particular purposes they were designed.

Maria. What! Serpents, and scorpions, and other reptiles, which have stings, and swarm, as I

have been told, in foreign countries!

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Clarissa. Stings are given to many creatures as weapons of defence against those of superior strength, to the bee for instance, and the injury they do is not great. They seldom sting without provocation. Those of the reptile tribe you have just mentioned are made use of, I have heard, by physicians and surgeons in curing many disorders, healing of wounds, &c.

Maria. Then spiders may be of some use, though

we think they had better be killed.

Clarissa. We know they are of some use. Have you never seen in our garden what a fine net they spread over the fruit, especially the grapes, nectarines, apricots, peaches, cherries, &c. which preserves them from insects.

Maria. I have seen their webs in the garden, but I did not think of their preserving any fruit. I think I shall not now be so much averse to spiders as I was. But would it be wrong in me to kill a spider? Would God be angry with me?

Clarissa. The killing a spider in the way you would do it, would not be a sin; for God has

given

given the lives of all creatures into the hands of man, and we may put them to death for our own ease, safety, and support; but I do think it is a sin to take life away wantonly or cruelly, as is too often done. Life is a great bleffing, and very dear to every creature; remember, Sophia, that you cannot give life.

Maria. Are the butchers cruel, and those who

kill fowls and fish?

Clarissa' I am apt to think, my dear, that the generality of them have not much tenderness of heart; but it is happy for the rest of mankind that there are such people, or how could we have the necessaries of life? I only wish they would be persuaded to avoid putting them to unnecessary pain, and then perhaps the poor creatures might suffer less by being dispached with a knife, or a hard blow or two, than they would by a natural dissolution: very old animals appear, in general, to be wretched creatures.

Maria. See, fifter, there is a moth, which has burnt its wings in the candle; poor infect, it can fly no more. It is in pain, I think; nor could it, I should suppose, now find its proper food.

Clarissa. It is better to kill it then, as it can never get its wings again. And it must certainly

fuffer a great deal.

Maria. Do you kill it then, fister; for I don't like, after what you have said, to put any insect to death.

Sophia's mother at this instant came into the room. I am come to sit with you, young ladies, if I don't interrupt you in your amusements. O Mama! said Sophia, how can your presence ever interrupt us. I hope we never are engaged in any amuse-

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ments at which you might not be present. You do us honour, Mama, to make one of our party. My dear, you need not cease your employments because I make one amongst you. I love to see young people happy; pursue what you were doing when I came in.

From this little anecdote, you may see the chearful, amicable disposition of this lady. What a good mother! How happy is her daughter! I was going to say, oh, that my mother was living! but I check myself, Heaven's will should be ours. My Aunt is good to me, but an aunt is not a mother.

LETTER XIV.

Henrietta Thornton, to Emily Fenshaw.

I HAVE an incident to relate,

which tends much to the praise of Clarissa.

The three young ladies, Sophia and I, yesterday made a little excursion to a country seat of theirs a sew miles from London. It was Clarissa's birth-day, and the weather savoured our good wishes. Maria had requested Sophia the preceding evening to send her privately a nosegay, with which she intended to surprise her sister Clarissa. The happy morning no sooner arrived, than Maria, with great politeness, presented it to Clarissa, and sixed it in her bosom, accompanied with her often repeated

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happiness.

Clarissa had written word to the tenants who occupy the farm house, that we should take a dinner with them. The fare though it was plain and homely, was neatly cooked, and I never eat with a better appetite, nor ever made a more agreeable repast. John and his wife, who had both been servants in the family, were quite delighted with the honour of attending upon the young ladies.

When we had dined we formed a little dancing party, to which John played on a fiddle; we afterwards invited the tenant's and gardener's daughters, who stood by to see us dance, and who are very well behaved children, to play with us at hide and seek, and other innocent amusements, which made them very happy, nor were we less so ourselves; and while enjoying this pleasure, I said to Sophia, I would not leave this agreeable party to go to a ball. Nor I, answered she, I only wish my dear mother was here to see us. Even Caroline herself was tempted to lay aside her pride and formality, such charms have rural diversions!

Being in the country, and wishing to have all the variety we could, we went to see Mrs. Jones's eldest daughter milk the cows, which pleased Maria prodigiously. Valuable, good creatures, said she, how still they stand to let Polly take their milk. What would poor children do without milk? And what would the rich do without butter, and without cream to their tea? How good is our heavenly Father thus liberally to provide for us. Yes, said Clarissa, cows are the most useful? said Maria. Horses are very serviceable to men, no doubt, replied

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plied Clariss; but we could better do without the latter than the former, for milk ranks next to bread, as one of the necessary supports of life. I have till now, faid Maria, always liked horses best, because they are swifter than cows, and to my little resection appear better formed; but now I shall value cows more than horses.

When we returned to the farm, we found the teathings fet all in great order by Mrs. Jones, who would not fuffer us to return till we had drank tea, faying that there was a full moon, and the roads were very good.

We all agreed to stay, provided John would send his boy to St. James's Place to let the family know we staid for a dish of tea, that we might give pleasure to Susan, who had been an excellent servant in the family.

And John said, Madam, I will ride after the coach myself, if you won't go too sast for poor old Ball.

No, no, John, said Clarissa, we won't give you that trouble, we are not afraid of highwaymen. The only thing we are apprehensive of, is making Mama uneasy; especially as Papa is not at home. John replied, Susan has sent Harry, he is out of sight already.

Susan made a world of apologies for her tea and coarse sugar.

We don't stay for your tea, Mrs. Jones, said Clarissa, but to partake of your rural felicity. You seem very happy with your family. Yes Madam, thank Heaven, said the good woman, we are as happy as the day is long.

As foon as we had finished our repast, Mrs. ones said, Now you have had tea sadies, I won't

ask

ask you to stay a moment longer, for Madam's sake. Come, John, saddle old Ball, and put on your great coat.

But my Aunt calls me. And I think I hear my Papa, Dr. Clarges; he will not stay long, so you

will excuse me a few minutes.

IN CONTINUATION.

TO resume my subject—We had not proceeded far before we heard John call out, Get off there, get off.

Notwithstanding our former boast of having no fear, we began to be in some degree alarmed, but

in a moment we heard the voice of a boy.

We pulled the string for the coachman to stop, and asked John what was the matter? Only a rude boy madam, would ride behind the coach. O John, if that is all, let the boy ride, perhaps he may be much tired, said Clarissa. If it was day light, sister, we should cut a fine figure with a ragged boy for our footman, replied Caroline; she then gave orders to Thomas the coachman to whip him from behind.

Clarissa. O fister, how can you desire the coachman to do so? The poor boy may have come a great way, and be very tired, and he may yet have far to go, farther than we have. He does us no harm sister, and it will help him on his way.

Caroline. But the horses have enough to draw,

without his additional weight.

Clarissa. You did not think of the horses, sister, when you were angry that the servant did not go with

with us. The boy only occupies the place of a

man, three times as heavy as himfelf.

Caroline. The servant! That is quite another thing. What people of fashion travel without a sootman? not merely to shew they are persons of distinction, but to have them at hand when they want them. But of what service can that boy be to us? He only makes it worse for the horses.

Clarissa. The horses can scarcely perceive any

additional weight, I should think.

Caroline. That does not fignify; but what right

has that boy to fit upon our carriage?

Clarissa. Without wishing to enter into a dispute about his particular right, I must say I am of opinion, that all children have a peculiar right to our humanity, especially when they do us no injury.

Caroline. But we suffer disgrace by it. Would not any one laugh at us who met us upon the

road.

Clarissa. And would you be laughed out of an act of humanity? Suppose now this poor boy was too tired to reach his home, and for want of this little help, was forced to set himself down by the road side, that he fell asseep, and should be found in the morning almost dead with cold. And let us suppose further, that he should be heard to say, I did get up behind a coach, but the ladies had so little pity, that they ordered the coachman to whip me off, though I was so tired I could scarce walk. Would not that be more to our shame?

Maria. O sister Caroline, do pray let the poor

boy ride.

Caroline. He must get down then before we come to town.

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fter, go Maria. That I dare say he will do very readily, if you will but permit him to ride as far. Perhaps

the poor boy has no money in his pocket.

Clarissa called to James Jones to tell the boy he might ride behind, and desired him to ask him if he was without money. As soon as he was mounted, we drove on. He said he did not want

any money.

Just before we were in fight of London Caroline, putting her head out of the coach to fee if the boy was still behind, lost her hat. The coachman stopt, and was going to alight from his box; but the lad was more alert than he, and ran after the hat, which the wind drove before him, till at length it fell into a ditch, and reaching too far the boy fell in also, and was in great danger of being suffocated in the mud. Farmer Jones was at some distance behind, nor was there a house very near. Caroline infifted upon getting out of the coach before the would permit. Thomas to leave the horses; though he faid he was afraid he could not get the boy out of the ditch foon enough to fave his life. By this time the Farmer happily overtook us; without his affistance the boy must have perished.

While we all exprelled our fears for the boy, Caroline appeared concerned for nothing but her hat, which was given over as irrecoverably loft.

When the boy was taken out of the mud, we at first thought he was dead, and observed that he had received a wound, for his head was bloody on one side. Clarissa gave Thomas her hand-kerchief to bind it up, and ordered him to bring a cushion out of the coach for the boy to rest his head upon. And pray who will sit upon that cushion afterwards? said Caroline, I will sit with-

out a cushion, replied Clarissa, rather than the poor boy's head shall lie upon the hard ground. I am sure Mama will with great pleasure buy a new cushion for the coach, when she is told to what good and necessary purpose we have applied this.

The coachman was going to put a cloth upon the horses to prevent them from catching cold. O, Thomas, said Clarissa, rather put it over the poor boy, to keep him warm till we can procure

further help.

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But the horses, you see, are very hot, sister, replied Caroline, and if they should catch cold, Papa may lose them. But, sister, replied Clarissa, what is the life of a horse compared with the life of a human being? Rather let I homas walk the horses about, and then they will be in no danger.

Caroline. But believe me, fister, the boy is dead. Clariffa. I hope not, for his sake, and for yours too.

Caroline. For mine!

Clarissa. Yes, for yours; for if he is dead, he has lost his life in attempting to save your hat. And would the reslection be a very pleasing one, that you had resused that boy a place behind the coach, who lost his life to serve you? And would you not be sorry that he should have risked his life for such a trisse?

Caroline. And do you call the hat but a trifle, fifter? Why it cost, with the feathers, more than two guineas.

Clarissa. And if it cost a hundred, do you think Mama would not be forry that the poor boy should

have lost his life for it?

Coachman. But, Ladies, I think the boy is not dead.

Clariffa.

Clarissa. Do you think so, Thomas? Then beg of Farmer Jones to rub his temples with a little of this lavender water, and put some to his nose: you can walk your horses about in the mean while, as there is room to turn.

Caroline. And would you have us wait here? Don't you think Mama will be uneasy?

Clarissa. After the message we sent, I dare say she will not.

Coachman. When I was upon the box, ladies, I saw a light not far off; suppose, Madam, you send the Farmer for assistance, as I can't leave my horses.

As foon as the Farmer had done what Clariffa defired, he set off towards the light, and presently returned, bringing two men with him, one of whom had the precaution to take a chair, into which they put the poor boy, to convey him to their house.

But how great was our surprise, when one of

the men proved to be the lad's father.

As we saw the boy was recovering, and in very good hands, we made the best of our way to town, followed by the good wishes and prayers of the sather for our attention to his child. Here we would have disnissed Farmer Jones, but no, home he would go with us, or what would my wife Susan say? added he. So he continued trotting behind us upon old Ball; till we arrived safe, and without having caused any uneasiness to the family by our moonlight expedition.

Clarissa sent early in the morning, to enquire after the boy, and the servant informed her, on his return, that he was pretty well, and milking the

cows with his father.

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Take your revenge upon me, my dear Emily, for the length of this letter, by fending one much longer, to your affectionate

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LETTER XV.

Henrietta Thornton to Emily Fenshaw.

YOUR letter,* received this morning, my dear friend, afforded me much pleafure.

You have great reason indeed to esteem Clarissa; and as you desire to form an acquaintance with her, you have only to ask leave of your Mama, to visit here for some days. But I have now another incident to relate to you.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, Clarissa sent a servant to desire my company. I was soon ready, and quickly with Clarissa. Little Maria was not well. She was severish, and kept her bed. Her eldest sister Caroline was the occasion of this, by a very soolish trick. She dressed herself in a sheet, and placed herself in the alcove where the bed stands; the child having unfortunately heard stories of apparitions from the servants, took Caroline for one, and was so excessively terrified, that she

^{*} The letter here referred to, is not inferted.

she has not slept all night, though Clarissa said and did every thing in her power to quiet her mind, and convince her of the unreasonableness of such fears.

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Caroline finding her trick discovered, came out of the alcove, and was very much displeased; but Clarissa said to her,

You must not be angry with me, sister, but really, I cannot help saying, you act very imprudently. Such tricks as these have frequently frightened persons into sits; and you do not know what harm you might do.

Am I to be reproved by you? replied she. I, who am so much older? Do you pretend to give me lessons, as you do your sister Maria?

Amongst brothers and sisters, said Clarissa, it may surely be permitted to speak what they think, with modesty and good nature. I can learn something even from Maria, young as she is; you are older than either of us, Caroline, and consequently should be wifer.

Why, furely there is no harm, faid Caroline, in playing a trick merely for diversion.

Not when it is innocent and harmless, said Clarissa, but this might have been attended with satal consequences.

Little Maria foon after had a very high fever, and we began to be alarmed for her fafety. Clariffa fat up with her last night. To-day the dear child is much better; but not yet fully restored to her former tranquillity. The powdered face, and white sheet of the pretended ghost, present themselves before her continually.

Clariffa remarked how weak it is to believe in apparitions, and faid, if stories of ghosts and haunted haunted houses were minutely enquired into, they would all be found as groundless as the report which this trick might have given rise to would have been. If fifter Caroline had succeeded in her plan, and kept it a secret, the room would probably have been called the haunted chamber ever after.

Those who believe in ghosts, no sooner hear any uncommon noise, especially if it be in the night, than they immediately think it must be a spirit. Some have been frightened at the shadow of a tree by moonlight; and a horse grazing amongst the weeds, has been thought to be a horse without a head. Whenever we see or hear any thing unusual, it is better to examine what it is, for our own satisfaction, and to convince ourselves of the folly of believing in such idle stories as are often related by the common people, when they sit round their evening sire,

I must now write a word or two of my little

foundling, whom I left with the poor widow.

Some days had passed since I had seen him, and I seldom went to the widow's house, but I put

lomething in my pocket.

One day he defired the good woman to conduct him to me. I have not feen the good young lady fo long, faid he, I want to fee her very much, for I love her dearly.

The companionate widow brought him to our house; the dear child flew to my arms the mo-

ment he faw me.

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I kissed him heartily; and why should I not? Was there any thing in this that I ought to be ashamed of? Why should I think it beneath me to kiss

kiss a child because he is poor, or because he is

an orphan?

All the good must dwell together in heaven as one family, whether in this world they were rich or poor, lords, or peasants. And who ever took more notice of young children, and strangers too, than our compassionate Redeemer. I shall never forget how affectionately Dr. Clarges pleaded the cause of the poor, from a text in St. Matthew, where our benevolent Saviour declares, that what we do to them, he considers, as if, when he was poor, we had done it immediately to him; what a good friend to children was Jesus Christ! He took them up in his arms and blessed them.

I hope I shall never be ashamed to be a friend

to poor children and poor widows.

When I offered to give my little boy some money to buy what he pleased with it: "No, Ma'am, I thank you, said he, not now, for then you might think I came only for what I could get. I wanted to know how you did. I was afraid you were not well."

Many children of better education have not fuch noble sentiments as this poor foundling. Shall I tell you what he said to the poor widow, the other day? She was saying that she hoped they would not take him away from her. "That I hope too, added the boy, for when I am a man I will work for you, and take care of you, as I should have done of my poor mother, if she had lived."

Oh Emily, you cannot think what pleasure, the having been an instrument in the hand of Heaven of saving this child, gives to your faithful

HENRIETTA.

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LETTER XVI.

Emily Fenshaw to Henrietta Thornton.

ONE constant subject of your letters, my dear Henrietta, is, that you have no mother living. The loss of a mother, undoubtedly, for us females, is the greatest we can sustain. good mother, while we are in our younger years, is fuch a rich treasure, as no affluence could recompence for the want of. It brings the tears into my eyes, when the idea presents itself to my imagination of parting with mine; and yet part we must, though God only knows which of us will go first. But it is more unhappy to have a step-mother, fuch as Julia has. Poor Julia would rather be without fuch a mother.

Next to the misfortune of lofing a real parent, is that of having a bad mother-in-law, but of this I need not live in apprehension, as my dear Papa, I am fure, were he to lose Mama, would not marry again, at least to a person that would treat me with unkindness. It is the thought of poor Julia that puts mothers-in-law in my head. She suffers a great deal from her father's fecond wife, but I am inclined to hope her case is an uncommon one; for furely most tempers are to be wrought into kindness by that respectful attention which it is every child's duty to pay to the person their surviving

parent makes choice of, to supply the place of the departed one. I am afraid that even poor Julia is too apt to make complaints to the servant, who though she cannot prevail on her to behave with impertinence, moans over her, and makes the worst of every thing, and by this means keeps up the uneasiness, which the soothings of a more discreet and well chosen friend would alleviate. I am sorry to see that poor Julia's health declines very much. The constant irritation of her mind wears out her body. She appears to me to be in a consumption, and I fear I shall soon lose my sweet friend. Where shall I find such another Julia?

There are few or none so amiable, except your Clarissa and Sophia. With most others one has only the common chit chat of the day; the generality of young persons would only laugh to hear us talk of reading, or having any rational conversa-

tion.

I have lately had a present made me of three little volumes, which I think are very pretty; they contain a great deal about mothers-in-law, but not quite suitable to poor Julia, and therefore I shall not send them to her; but I think all young ladies should read this work as soon as they leave school, or before. It is called Dramatic Pieces, calculated to exemplify the mode of conduct that will render young ladies amiable and happy, when their school education is finished *.

Adieu, my dear friend, and believe me affection-

ately yours,

EMILY.

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Sold at Mr. Marshall's, Queen-Street, Cheapside.

LETTER XVII.

Henrietta Thornton to Emily Fenshaw.

MRS. GLANVILLE returned from Bath yesterday; I was present with Sophia, when she arrived. Clarissa and Maria were quite overjoyed. And who would not rejoice to see a dear Mama again after many weeks absence? especially as she went to Bath on account of ill health. Caroline was then at a dancing party, though her Mama was expected. A servant went to let her know of her arrival, but it was a long time before Caroline came home. And when she came up the stairs, I heard her say to the housekeeper, "Now all my pleasure is over."

The amusements and pleasures of that daughter must certainly be very improper and reprehensible, which can make the return of a good mother mat-

ter of grief and concern.

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Mrs. Glanville is a very amiable character. She faw a book which we had been reading, lying upon the table, and asked what it was. When Clarissa informed her, that it was Mrs. Chapone's Letters, she said, you merit commendation, young ladies, for employing yourselves so properly, that is an excellent work; I wish such books were read, instead of the trash which, in this reading age, is so eagerly sought by the gay part of the world.

Next

Next to living examples, there is no better method of becoming wife and virtuous, than converf-

ing with the best authors.

Clarissa then went out of the room to order something for her Mama's refreshment after her fatiguing journey, and quickly returned, bringing

in a plate of biscuits and wine.

Caroline, as she was coming along the passage, seeing her sister thus employed, said, where is the servant, that you must do that? O said Clarissa, I can surely take pleasure in waiting on Mama, how often has she waited upon us? We can never do too much for Mama.

Caroline seemed a little ashamed, and began to

play, with her favourite lap-dog.

Clarissa and Maria asked after Papa, but their Mama answered, that she had not seen him for some days, but expected a letter by the next post.

She also mentioned some friends in the country who had given her daughter Clarissa the most pressing invitation to spend a few weeks with them the

enfuing Summer.

While the young ladies were enjoying the company of their Mama, they were alarmed all on a fudden with a great noise, as if some earthen ware was broken in pieces, and at the same time they heard the kitchen maid cry out, Heavens! where am I?

Caroline laughed and faid, aye, there the fat

maid is very busy.

But Clarissa said, sister, why do you laugh, when you don't know what mischief may be done? I will go and see. She immediately left the room, found the poor kitchen maid upon the floor, having cut her head very much with the broken pieces of a thick

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a thick earthen jar, in which were some preserved quinces.

We all followed immediately, and found Clariffa attempting to raise her up. She took her fine white handkerchief out of her pocket to bind the maid's head, which was bleeding very fast, and poor

Maria cried bitterly.

Caroline lamented nothing but the loss of the sweet-meats. Fie, Fie, said Mama, how little you pity the unfortunate servant! How has this happened, said the good lady? I don't know, Madam, said the girl, what I have fallen over, but there was something left upon the stairs, which has thrown me down.

And what do you think it was? dear Emily. Caroline, who laughed at the poor maid, had left upon the uppermost step a little trunk, over which any one must fall who did not perceive it, which might easily be, as the stair-case was dark in that part.

Caroline's heart felt the stroke, and as if in haste

to fetch fomething, she left the room abruptly.

Her Mama followed her, and set before her in a proper light her imprudence and thoughtlessness, and her injustice and injury to the maid. Very great misfortunes, said Mrs. Glanville, often arise from those childish tricks which many young people are fond of playing. They should call to mind the sable of the boys and the frogs, and reslect that what is sport to themselves, may not only cause great pain, but even death to others.

Clarissa requested her Mama's permission for the maid to go to bed, saying that she would assist the other maid in taking care of her. What an amiable girl! I wish, for her Mama's sake and for

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don'y in amountains with her sister's, and indeed for her own sake, that Miss Caroline was like her. Clariffa repeatedly went to the maid's chamber, to fee how the was, nor could the be easy without asking her Mama permission for Susan to sit up the first part of the night, and to give her leave to rife early in the morning, that Sulan might get some rest.

Caroline, on the other hand, never once asked how the poor girl did, but behaved as if nothing had happened. Nay, she even reproached Clariffa for descending so low as to be the servant of a senvant. Clarissa afterwards told me the conversation they had, which was to the following

purport,

reavest sains upy ob seem that Caroline. It becomes you excessively, fifter, to be parading into the fervant's chamber, in order to

fee what her ladyship wants.

Clariffa. And why should I not do so, fifter? Caroline. You can learn no good from fervants,

Clariffa. Supposing I can learn nothing good from them, I perhaps may not only teach them a little good, but do them some also. But according to my opinion, servants do us a great deal of good every day. Would you like to make your own bed, or dress your own victuals? And would you chuse to buy, and to bring home your own pins and powder? Or to come from your concert parties without a servant? If servants are so useful to us, that we could not in short, enjoy our affluence without them, is there not fome care and attention due to them, especially at such times as they are incapable of waiting upon us?

Caroline. Let fervants wait upon one another,

that is more proper, I think.

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Clariffa. But other fervants have their own work to do; and befides they must have rest and sleep, as well as we. And how would you do, if you had only one fervant? Must she, when ill, be left quite alone, to perish perhaps?

Caroline. But I hope I shall always have more than one fervant. My condition in life entitles me furely to expect to keep feveral fervants?

Clariffa. I ut no degree of affluence can entitle us to be uncharitable and inattentive to the unfortunate, not even to ftrangers, much less to our own domestics. A fervant is a human being, and as fuch upon an equality with us.

Caroline. Upon an equality with us! And has

her fupport from our parents!

Clariffa. For that support she gives us her services. You must not be offended that I take the liberty of dictating to you, fifter, but really I cannot help faying you ought to pay as much attention as myself to the kitchen maid, nay more, because you were the author of her misfortune. It was by your fault that she broke the jar, and hurt herself.

Caroline. I don't believe the is much hurt. Let

Susan wait on her.

Clariffa. Will you then do Sufan's work?

Caroline. I can't but laugh now. I do her work truly! No, no. If I do my own work, that is

enough for me.

Clariffa. Don't you remember hearing Mama read, last Sunday evening an account of the condescension of our compassionate Redeemer in washing the feet of his disciples. The Son of God, compared with whom we are no more than the worm that crawls upon the ground! And was not that great example given to teach us humility?

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Caroline. None of your preaching here, Clarissa, let me see you wash your Lady Betty's feet, and

then perhaps I may do fo too.

Clarissa. Our Saviour rode, you know, upon an ass, but we don't think on that account that we are obliged to ride upon asses. They were the beasts mostly in use in that country.

Washing of the feet was also the prevailing cus-

tom of eastern climates.

Whatever necessary service we perform to our inferiors, is an imitation of our Saviour's example. So I remember the clergyman to have told us from the pulpit, but I think you was not at church the morning he preached upon that subject.

Caroline. If I go to church once a day, I hear as

much as I can remember.

Chariffa. But pray, fifter, who must pay the surgeon? Surely you won't let the poor girl be at that expence?

Caroline. I shall not pay him, I assure you.

Clarissa. If Mama will give me leave, I will pay

him out of my own pocket money.

Caroline. That you may do, if you please, but I think Mama would be angry at our paying servants bills.

The coach was foon after at the door, to take

me and Sophia home.

Mrs. Glanville has invited me to come often, without ceremony, to visit her daughter Clarissa. She is exceedingly polite and friendly, but I thought I could perceive in her countenance some traits of grief. At intervals she was very grave and pensive, and I observed her eyes sometimes dim with tears.

As we were riding home, Sophia told me, but defired me not to speak of it publickly, that Clarif-

fa's Father was supposed to live beyond his income, his remittances from abroad having fallen off very much in the last few years.

I have this day received a letter from Mrs. Bedford, a former friend of my dear mother's, who kindly invited me to spend a few weeks with her.

My Aunt has given her consent.

The thought of this visit delights me, for I am curious to see Bristol, especially as I shall be with an aquaintance of my mother's. O how much I shall have to say to her, and to ask about.

my dear deceased parent!

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Our reading party will now, for a time at least, be broken up, and I shall feel the absence of Clarissa and Sophia. But what earthly pleasures are not liable to be interrupted? Those I am going to quit will I hope soon be renewed, and a sew weeks of absence will but endear us the more to each other when we meet again.

HENRIETTA.

LETTER XVIII.

Henrietta Thornton, to Emily Fenshaw.

I HAVE lately had little else to write upon but disagreeable subjects, and now I have no better news to communicate.

Caroline has caught the small-pox, and instead of going, as I intended, to Bristol directly, I shall remain here some days, in order to keep Clarissa company, though I proposed to have taken my leave yesterday.

Poor

Poor Maria, (who as well as Clarissa has not had the small pox), went in the coach this evening to Sophia. But Clarissa has prevailed upon her Mama to let her remain at home. She is not in the least asraid, and says, she may catch the small pox abroad, as well as in their own house. For we know not where we are safe, or when we shall have that distemper. Every member of a samily has it not at the same time. We are all in the hands of our Creator. We came into the world when he pleased, and when he pleases we must leave it. I will give you the conversation upon this subject.

Maria. Who would have thought, Mama, that fifter Caroline would have been taken ill so suddenly? Last week the was with her concert party.

Mrs. Glanville. You see, my dear girl, how precarious health is; but I must tell you more than this, some who have been well in the morning have died before night.

Maria. But, Mama, will those who die so sud-

denly go to heaven?

Mrs. Glanville. Why not, my dear?

Maria. Because they have no time to pray, and

to prepare for heaven.

Mrs. Glanville. For this reason it is necessary to be babitually prepared, that is to walk in the fear of God every day, to pray daily for his bleffing, and to live according to his commandments. And they who are thus habitually pious and virtuous, though they have no time to pray in their last moments, will go to heaven, on account of their settled prevailing disposition. A good man cannot be every moment praying; because there are other duties to sulfil, as well as the duty of prayer, which it would be equally criminal to neglect.

While we are the inhabitants of the neglect. earth, this world must necessarily have a share of men's attention, in proportion to their wants Bad men have reason to be afraid of sudden death, since it cuts off all their flattering delufive hopes of future amendment. But I can fee no just ground of dread and terror in it to good people; nay, in some respects, I think a sudd in death is rather desireable to a fincere christian. But with respect, both to the time when, and the manner how we must depart out of life, we must leave it to unerring wisdom and goodness; and in this, and all other events fay, "Father, thy will be done."

Maria. I thank you my dear Mama, I will endeavour to be good, that God may love me, and then I need not be afraid to die, for you have told me, that all good children, when they die, go to Columnia I cu are deer to d

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Clarissa. I must thank you too, my dear Mama, for being so good to give us fuch useful lessons. If we live as you do, Mama, I think we need not be afraid to die. But I hope my fifter is not in any danger? " and and to and to and

Mrs. Glanville. I hope so too, my dear; the small pox fometimes proves fatal to perfons whose blood is in a bad state; but those who have lived regular lives, and are manageable under the difeafe, generally get through it very well. God has no occasion to make use of any one diftemper in particular to put and end to the life of his creatures; fuch as he pleases to preserve are carried safe through every danger, and those whom he sees fit to remove from this world, no efforts of human art can cure; but we are not on this account to tempt Providence by running ourselves unnecessarily into danger. The **fmall**

finall pox is an infectious disease, and therefore those who have not had it should avoid going where they are likely to catch it, if their attendance can be dispensed with; on this account, I think to send you, Clarissa and Maria, into the country,

till Caroline is well again.

Clarissa. (Suddenly rising up, and embracing her Mama). I see, and seel your goodness for us, my dear Mama; but forgive me, if I ask permission to stay with you. I could not be easy to leave you; I should be always thinking of you and my lister Caroline. Besides, Mama, I think it is my duty to attend upon my sister.

Maria. I know why Mama wishes us to go away, it is for fear we thould catch the small pox.

But I am not afraid.

Mrs. Glanville. You are dear good children, but every thing is ready for your departure, and I

think it is best to adhere to my plan.

Here Mrs. Glanville stept out of the room for a few moments, that she might give vent to the fulness of her heart, which was greatly agitated; and Maria immediately sollowed her, saying, I shall persuade Mama to consent to our staying here.

I was no sooner alone with Clarissa, than she entreated me to intercede for her. How, added she, can I leave Mama at this time in particular? If sister Caroline should die, I should never for-

give myself for deferting her.

Henrietta, Your Mama's defire, Clarissa, arises from prudence. Suppose I stay, and supply your place, wait upon your fister, and relieve your Mama? I have had the small pox, you have not. Why should you put yourself in danger?

Cariff1.

CAM-A-R RECEIVE

Clarissa. What danger? I may not die, if I catch the small pox; and suppose I was to die of that distemper, if it is the will of God that so it should be; my running away, like a foolish girl, would not lengthen out my life beyond its period.

If I do not die by the small pox, I must die by some other disease or accident; or is it the disfiguring my countenance, that I should be afraid of? Believe me, my dear Henrietta, I have no painful anxiety on that head. I hope I shall never neglect my duty from motives of vanity.

Henrietta. What you fay is very commendable,

my dear friend.

Clarissa. Let Maria go to Mrs. Pemberton's, I know she is a little afraid of the small pox. Such fear in a child of ten years of age is pardonable. Young as she is, she can here be of no service, and would but add to our anxiety. Sophia will with pleasure take charge of her. But if you will stay with us, your chearful company will be a real comfort that will be very acceptable indeed.

Henrietta. I shall be happy to render my best

fervices.

Maria now entered the chamber with a forrowful countenance, and faid, fifter, Mama will not consent that I shall stay, she has already ordered the coach.

Clarissa. You have always, my dear, been dutiful to your Mama, and I am sure you will now readily comply with her determination.

Maria. Yes, and fo will you, Clariffa, won't

you ?

Clarissa. I shall do whatever Mama finally re-

Maria.

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Maria. It grieves me, that I may not see poor Caroline before I go. Could not you contrive, sis-

ter, that I should peep at her?

Clarifa. What, against the will of Mama! It is through Mama's care for your health that she defires you not to see your fister. Would you make such an ungrateful return to her goodness, as to deceive her, and disobey her injunctions?

Maria. No, I will not do it. My Mama knows best what is proper for me. I would do every thing which Mama pleases. Deceive Mama! I did not think of such a thing—No, that I will ne-

ver do.

When I am from home, I will pray for my fifter Caroline.

Clariffa. You are a good girl, be always dutiful

and pious, and God will love you.

Maria. O here comes Mama. Pray, fister, don't tell what I asked you to do.

Clar fa. No, no, you may depend upon me, if

I promise any thing.

Maria. I am going to fetch my cloak and my gloves.

Clariffa. (to her Mother). My dear Mama, may

I remain at home?

Mother. I leave you to your own choice. Cla-

riffa, but-

Clarissa. From tenderness to me, you advised me to leave the house, Mama, but I feel it my duty to stay with you; and I think God will not love me, if I neglect my duty. How did Caroline catch the small pox at first? It is possible that I may have it in the country, as well as here.

You have told me often, Mama, that God is prefent with us in all places; to his will I submit,

and trust in his providence.

If

If all who are in health were to leave the fick whenever they have contagious disorders, what would become of them? Somebody must attend them, and who can do it so well as those who have an affection for them? Persons who are hired, may be neglectful; besides, what a consolation is it to those in great affliction, to have their friends around them, giving hourly proofs of their tenderness and love!

Mother. It gives me unspeakable pleasure to hear you talk in this manner. My dear child, it is very true that we know not where we are safe. The path of duty we should never sorsake, and while we walk in it, we may chearfully rely upon the providence of God. As you think it your duty to stay, and imagine you could not be happy from home, on account of your sister's illness, and my fatigue, you have my consent to please yourself: you do not presumptuously seek danger, but to sly from your duty through apprehension of it, appears to you to be blameable

Clarissa. I am sure, Mama, if you were ill, I would never leave you to the care of servants or hired attendants. Here Clarissa embraced her dear Mama; adding, I can never do too much for my good Mama.

Henrietta. Is it with your approbation, Madam, that I remain your visitor till Miss Caroline recovers?

Mrs. Glanville. Your company will give us great pleasure, my dear.

The amiable matron at this moment left the room to go to her fick daughter.

I wrote to my Aunt, who very readily consented that I should stay as long as I could be useful.

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When the coach came to the door Maria departed, but not till she had bathed us all with her tears.

Really, Emily, Caroline is not worthy of two fuch fifters. She is exceedingly impatient in her illness, and nobody can do any thing to please her. I cannot help here recollecting her words at her Mama's return home, "now, all my pleasure is over." She thought that she could not go out visiting so much, nor so often to concerts, and that she must be more diligent at home. But she little thought that she should so soon have occasion for her Mama's tender care.

Clarissa and I sit almost continually with our work in Caroline's room. My only wish now is, that Clarissa may escape, but she is perfectly

easy about it.

turn to sit up, that Clarissa and her Mama may have a good night's rest. The maid is also working for hersels, as the good lady of the house would not go to bed, unless I consented that she should watch with me.

Caroline is very feverish, and talks a good deal,

but of little elfe than caps and concerts.

Clarissa has not been five hours in bed, but she is rising again to let the maid have some sleep; she cannot rest poor girl. How attentive she is even to the servants! what a good mistress will she make! Her servants will almost adore her.

The clock strikes four. I will add a few lines,

just before the post fets out.

Nine o'clock.

IN CONTINUATION.

CLARISSA told me, that she dreamt all last night about deaths and burials, and that was the reason why she could continue no longer in bed.

I asked her, if she believed in dreams? No, she answered; I have been told by very sensible people, that dreams generally arise from our preceding thoughts; and so it was with me. I was thinking of my sister's danger, and we are apt to look on the dark side; this I can easily imagine occasioned my uneasy dream. We seldom dream when we have very found sleep.

Caroline is very irritable, and difficult to be

pleased.

Her Mama has sent her Papa word of his daughter's illness, but has received no answer, which makes her very uneasy. And sometimes, when Clarissa has been with her Mama, I have perceived that she has been crying. If her Father also should be ill; that would be a very heavy affliction. But let us not anticipate evils.

Adieu,

HENRIETTA.

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LETTER XIX.

From the Same to the Same.

pearances, Caroline will recover; but the physician who attends her says she will be sadly marked. She has already ordered a muslin veil to put over her head when she goes out, even before she is certain whether she shall ever be able to go out at all. She asks twenty times a day about her dog, whether it is taken proper care of, and who has the charge of it? but thinks little of her Mama, who is now much indisposed.

Dear Clarissa continues at present very well: and yesterday a letter was received from Mr. Glanville, which gives them reason to expect him

in a few days.

We both of us fat up last night with Caroline. Clariffa would not let Susan watch two nights together, nor would she trust her sister entirely to the nurse. She also often went softly to her Mama's chamber door, to listen whether all was still.

She stept once into the adjoining room, and drawing the window curtain accidentally aside, perceived it was a fine moon-light night, which gave rise to the following convertation.

Clarissa. Come to the window, Henrietta behold

what a beautiful evening!

Henrietta. Beautiful indeed! is the moon now at full?

Clarissa. Yes, you see it is round.

Henrietta.

Henrietta. Why is the moon sometimes only half round, and sometimes like an inverted C?

Ciariffa. That is owing to its motion round our earth; when it is betwixt the fun and our earth, then we cannot fee it at all, it being a dark body. of itself, and its unenlightened half being then towards us. As it advances in its orbit, we begin about the 3d day of what is called its change, to see a small portion of its enlightened half, which appears, as you observe, like an inverted C, or thus o. Then in a few days more you fee one half of the enlightened part, and in fourteen days from its change you fee the whole of the enlightened fide of the room, which astronomers call the full moon. Then if you was to be up very early in the morning a few days hence, you would perceive it diminishing again in the same proportion, and with the same appearances, only instead of the inverted of it would appear as the real C, because then the other fide of the moon will be towards the fun.

Henrietta. Well! what progress you have already made in astronomy!

Clariffa. The reason why I remember this so well, is because it was my very last lesson.

Henrietta. And who teaches you?

Clarissa. Our Curate, who is a philosopher as well as a divine. He says astronomy ought to make a part of semale education in all boarding-schools. It has such a tendency to enlarge our ideas of the works of God, and consequently of the perfections of the Creator himself. An excellent book he has put into my hands to read at leisure. I have it here by me: it is called the Young Gentleman and Lady's Astronomy, and was written by that very

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very ingenious man, James Ferguson, who was once a poor shepherd. I will lend it you, if you chuse to read it.

Henrietta. I am afraid, my dear, it will be too

difficult a fludy for me.

Clarissa. Not at all; we will read it together, and with the affistance of my good tutor, who will explain to us some things which we may at first be puzzled with. I do not doubt but we shall comprehend it very well.

Henrietta. You have raised my curiosity. Per-

haps you can tell me something of the stars?

Clarissa. That is to be my next lesson; when I have had it, I will tell you more than I am able to do at present.

Henristta. The night has its beauties to present

us with, as well as the day.

Clarissa. Certainly. The night is equally useful and necessary as the day. How would it be if there was no night? We should then lose the view of the heavenly bodies, and ignorantly think there was no world but our own.

The stars would not be visible to us, nor should

we then enjoy this beautiful moonlight scene.

If we had no night, we should have no regular time for going to bed, and some would wake while others slept. Some would perhaps be visiting you when you was going to bed; others working and making a noise, when you would wish them to be at rest; every thing would be in consuston. But by this division of night and day, there is one general fule for us all. What a silence now reigns in this great city! The labouring part of the world are gone to rest themselves and recruit their strength, for the renewal of their employments.

Henrietta.

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Henrietta. I perceive the night is favourable to man, as well as the day; and that even darkness befriends us, for we can rest and sleep sounder in it than the light. Those people are not wise then, who invert this order of nature, in respect to themselves, and turn day into night, and night into day; who spend those hours which should be devoted to rest in routs and balls, and waste their morning hours in sleep.

Clarissa. It greatly injures their health, and adds nothing to their reputation; and midnight diffi-

pation has wasted many an ample fortune.

In this manner we entertained ourselves during a great part of the night, while we sat up with Caroline. But Clarissa did not omit frequently going to her sister, and gave her with her own hand her medicines and refreshments. At sive o'clock Susan got up, and Clarissa and I went to bed for a few hours. Thus we have been turning night into day, but for a purpose far different from the custom of the gay world.

IN CONTINUATION.

CAROLINE is much better than yesterday. The small pox is quite turned. And her Mama too, who has been a good deal indisposed, is as well as usual.

We had the pleasure this morning of breakfasting with the good Mother; and truly she well

deserves that epithet.

We saw with astonishment that the ground was covered with snow, as though it was in the midst

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This unexpected scene gave rise to of Winter. the following conversation.

Clariffa. Look, Henrietta, at that beautiful white, and how curiously the trees are loaded with hoar

frost: they look as if they were in blossom.

Henrietta. Beautiful indeed! What is whiter than snow? How grey our whitest linen appears, when we compare it with the winter carpet of Nature? But could not we do without frost and snow? This cold weather is not very agreeable.

Mrs. Glanville. If not agreeable, it is wholesome, I affure you, and is serviceable to us in its feafon, as the warmth of the Spring and the heat of

Summer.

If the earth was not fruitful, what would become of us? Now all who are acquainted with husbandry tell us, that both frost and snow are highly beneficial. The Farmer views his ground at this time as covered with a rich manure. The fnow containing faline particles, which when thawed by the fun, nourith the plants, and make them shoot forth.

Snow preserves the plants, corn, and trees, (efpecially fruit trees) from a too great intenseness of frost. Nay frost itself is useful. It is said to mellow and lighten the foil, and it certainly destroys many hurtful infects. It also purifies the air. And without pure air we should have fevers and pestilences amongst us. So that frost and filow are

necessary both for our health and support.

Henrietta. I am much obliged to you, Madam, for your useful lesson. You have convinced me that we have reason to be thankful for the Winter's fnow, as well as the Summer's rain. God's goodness is discernible in both. प्रकार में ने गर्भी के निवस

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Clarissa. I think, Mama, I can form some idea, how frow (though fo cold) can keep the corn warm in Winter. When I was at school, one of the young ladies had her hands and feet much swelled in the winter months, and was advised to rub them with Inow. She did fo, and faid they afterwards glowed with heat.

Mrs. Glanville. I make no doubt of it; for when persons are found almost frozen to death, the best way to revive them, is to rub them well with fnow. And when fruits or roots (as apples, potatoes, turnips, &c.) are frozen, the best method of restoring them is to put them deep into the fnow, and when there is no fnow, into cold water.

Clarissa. Have you ever feen the flakes of snow through a microscope?

Hemietta. No, my dear, we have no microscope

at my Aunt's. Clarissa. With Mama's permission I will fetch ours, and you will be aftonished at the form of

these flakes.

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lariffa.

Mrs. Glanville. By all means bring it, my dear, only take great care of it, for you know how vexed Papa will be, if any of his philosophical apparatus should receive the least damage.

I will take good care of it, Mama, replied Clariffa, and we amused ourselves very agreeably. The flakes were in the form of stars, with their radii as the philosophers term them, and infinitely varied. O, what beauties there are in nature, which are not discoverable by the maked eye, and often found too where you would least expect them. The wisdom and power of the Creator are visible even in a grain of fand. I often

within an electric remarkable beautiful

I often wish I could pass a few months with Clarissa; but when Caroline is recovered, I must

return to my aunt.

Truly has it been said, that beauty is as sading as the rose. Poor Caroline! hers is saded indeed; her sace is much altered; you would scarcely knew her again. How praise-worthy (added Mrs. Glanville) is every young lady who makes it her study to ornament her head and heart with wisdom and virtue, rather than pride herself in the attractive charms of her exterior, which she may so suddenly lose, and which, if they were ever so engaging, add nothing to the merit of moral character.

LETTER XX.

Media to the cover and creek.

From the Same to the Same.

morning portion of Scripture (for it has been out custom when together to read a few select chapters out of the Bible before breakfast) when Caroline stepped into the room, in a new-fashioned undress. She asked us if we would go with her to breakfast; and, peeping in the glass as she passed by, exclaimed, Monstrous! What a terrible enemy to beauty is this small pox! I wonder Mama did not let me be inoculated; then I should not have been this hideous figure. I wish there were no looking-glasses: I wonder who invented them.

Ciariffa. Never mind your face, fifter; be thank-

ful that you have not loft your life.

Caroline.

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Caroline.

Caroline. O fifter, I would almost as soon have lost my life, as—'bere she burst into tears.')

Clarissa. Do not say that, sister, I beseech you. You may be very happy without a handsome sace: all women are not handsome; but, surely, there are many very happy women to be sound who are not celebrated for their beauty. Is it true that the handsomest are the most happy? On the contrary, they are often less so than others.

Caroline. But, fifter your husband would certainly like you better if you had agreeable features.

Clarissa. If that should be his only, or chief reason for making me the object of his choice, what would be the consequence when beauty sades? But, my dear sitter, consider, as the small-pox has thus marked your sace, how much better is it that this has happened before marriage than after it?

Caroline. That is true, I confess, sister. Thank Heaven that I was not married before I had it. Whoever marries me now, must marry me for my fortune; but I hope Papa will take care of my fortune; and that may secure my husband's gratitude at least, especially if it is superior to his own.

Henrietta. I think I could never love the man who married me principally with a view to make his fortune.

Clarissa. Prudence and good sense should teach us, never to marry a man who did not value the accomplishments of the mind and the virtues of the heart more than wealth. These will endure through life, and be our consolation if we live to old age; these will make us always agreeable, and objects of esteem to men of education.

Caroline. As for reading, fifter, you know I read fometimes as well as you, only my tafte is fome-what

what different. Novels and plays for me; and I affure you, I have frequently met with fentiments in them that would have done no dishonour to the

pen of a clergyman.

Clariffa. But, fifter are not these artfully intermingled with an infinite variety of bad ones, which tend more to corrupt the mind than improve or amend it? And are not such books read more for amusement, and to pass away an idle hour, than for the cultivation of the understanding and the improvement of the heart.

Caroline. I do not know what you mean by the cultivation of the understanding; but if you want to become a learned lady, I do affure you, the young men of the present beau monde will not like

you the better for that.

Clarissa. We are neither studying Latin nor Greek at present; nor would the gentlemen ever have any occasion to fear us as rivals in knowledge, if they were not so inattentive to the cultivation of their own mental powers.

Here the servant entered, to let us know that Mrs. Glanville had been long waiting for us to

breakfast.

In the afternoon Clarissa asked Mama's leave to

pay Sophia a visit.

As the weather was fine, we proposed walking thither, and the coach was to bring us home in the

evening, ontone that z. a.

We had not walked far out of town, when we faw a women lying near the foot of a tree, decently dreffed. She appeared to be senseless; and the people that were gathered round her were making their sport of her.

Oh, faid Clariffa to the servant who attended

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us, enquire who she is, and how she came to be in that lamentable situation?

They told the servant that she was a woman much addicted to drinking whenever she has money enough to indulge herself. She is a scandal, said one, to her relations: she is of a good family, and once knew better days: what little money she had is all gone through her own extravagance. Do not you know where she lives? said Clarissa. Yes, said one of the croud, I know; she lives with her sister, near the gate. If two of you, added Clarissa, will carry her home, I will give you sixpence each. Several were ready enough to do that from the expectation of a small reward, which they were not disposed to do through motives of humanity.

Clariffa ordered her servant to see the woman conveyed home, and to follow us immediately. How great, says she, is the satisfaction I have gained by this trifle! and what additional pleasure it gives to a walk to do some good (though but little) before we return home. I have heard Mama speak of a good old lady, who makes it a rule once a week to fill a little bag with sixpences, and to drive round the suburbs and neighbouring villages, with no other view than to give to those whom she judges proper objects of charity; and she always bestows a double portion on the blind, the lame, and the aged.

And do you not think, Henrietta, said she, that that lady receives more true pleasure from such an excursion, than arises merely from what is called "taking the air." Undoubtedly, I replied; and added, how greatly might the affluent encrease their own pleasures by attending to, and relieving the wants of their fellow-creatures!

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Clarissa. The highest pleasure that riches could procure them is rejected for those of a much inferior nature, by far more expensive, and often pursued with the loss of health, peace, and true self-enjoyment.

Our conversation brought us insensibly to Sophia's house. The interview, and what passed at fhe

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this visit, I shall relate in my next.

LETTER XXI.

IN CONTINUATION.

OUR dear friend Sophia was in raptures to see us; and poor Maria, with tears in her eyes, slew to the embraces of Clarissa; she asked a hundred questions about her sister Caroline; adding, I have often wished to have been with you, and to have helped Mama. I am afraid I have been a very troublesome guest here to Sophia and her good Mama, I have been so dull, and so often crying. O sister, you must be pardon for me, for I have ill repaid their kindness. (Here the dear little creature burst into tears.)

There needs no asking of pardon, interrupted Sophia's mother; she is a lovely creature. I only wish she may trouble us (as she calls it) a little longer. I hope you are not come to take her away. Instead of interrupting us, as many of her age would do, she sits reading to us the whole morn-

ing, while Sophia is working.

"That is my play," replied Maria, "and Papa "fays, if I do not read, and mind what I read, I "shall be an ignoramus, which Papa tells me is "Latin for an ideot or a dunce; and I would rather

" ther never play any more than be an ignorant " girl, and know nothing at all."

We then related the little incident that happened

upon the road.

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I know the poor woman, faid Sophia's Mama: the might have lived very comfortably in her old age, if the had been prudent: her father left her and her fifter a fufficient maintenance; but the was fond of gay life, spent what the had, ran deeply in debt; her favourite employment was dear quadrille (as the used to term it) never playing for less than a shilling a fish; and at last, the became fond of the cordial bottle. The poor woman is now entirely dependent upon her fister; and when the has any money in her possession, the generally makes a bad use of it.

I think her ruin and her fifter's too are to be

ascribed to their unhappy mode of education.

Their father was a lawyer in great business, and left the care of his children entirely to their mother, who being of a sprightly gay temper, was fond of company; visiting, dress, the play, the card-table, were her dear delights.

Fashionable amusements so much engrossed her attention, that she had no time to take care of her children. They were accordingly sent to a boarding-school, where they learnt little more than dancing, dressing, drawing, music, and such modish accomplishments.

When the young ladies had finished their education, as it was called, they returned home with

a disposition quite in unison with Mama's.

She wished to exhibit her daughters in public, and they wished as ardently to be exhibited. They soon frequented the most public places of resort.

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Papa ad, I ne is d rather The mother and daughters formed, at length, a plan to persuade Papa to set up a carriage; they suggested to him that it would save the expence of hiring coaches, which amounted annually to a pretty considerable sum; said they should not want so many new silk gowns, which were often soiled in hackney-coaches; that having a coach of their own might be the means of aggrandizing their family; that Miss A. and the Miss G's had had a post-chaise these two years, though their Papas were not in such an extensive business; that now almost every body who ranked in genteel life kept a carriage; with a great many other arguments; till at last they obtained Papa's consent, and a new carriage was ordered immediately.

The ladies moved then in a more extensive circle; visited and were visited again by the most fashionable families; while the whole attention of the father was applied to the augmentation of his fortune, without which the chariot wheels could not long roll.

An event happened in the third Summer of their gay career, which gave a temporary check to it. This was no less than the death of their mother, occasioned by a severe cold caught at a midnight rout, which threw her into a sever that bassled all medical skill; and in ten days she sell a martyr to the destroyer dissipation.

The children soon found a remedy for their domestic grief, in a speedy return to their sormer parties of pleasure. The loss of his wife, and embarrassed circumstances together, so preyed upon the spirits of their father, that he did not long survive; and when his affairs were settled, there was no great fortune for his daughters. The eldest her his life, the beer

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eldest of them was married before their father's death; her views then enlarged; she could not bear the smoke of the city in the Summer months; her husband purchased a country house, committed his business to his clerks, acquired a taste for gay life, and in a few years his name was enrolled in the list of bankrupts; he went abroad, and has not been heard of for many years.

She, as a widow, now lives sequestered from the world upon a small annuity left by her husband's father, forsaken and forgotten by all her former friends.

The fifter still continued to move in the circle of gaiety, as fond of pleasure as before the other's marriage, spent the greatest part of her fortune in dress, plays, and cards: chagrined at not meeting with a husband, and at the neglect of some of her acquaintance, she unhappily had recourse to cordials, to revive her drooping spirits, which at length ended in an almost perpetual intoxication; till the means of procuring them being all spent, she was finally obliged to sly to her sister's house, as an asylum from contempt and penury.

You see, my dear friends, from this story, what a wrong method of education that is, which principally regards mode, fashion, and gaiety, while the useful and the essentially requisite qualities for social and domestic life are but little attended to. But I shall weary you.

Clarissa. O Ma'am, I beg you would not think so; we always hear you with pleasure; and you would much sooner fatigue yourself than be tedious to us.

Mrs. Pemberton. I am no enemy, my young friends, to music, drawing, painting, or dancing; F 2 they

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they are all pleasing acquirements; but whilst these almost totally exclude what is much more valuable and beneficial, our seminaries of education are exceedingly defective, and call loudly for a reform. We women have a station in life as figured us as well as the men; it should therefore be the principal aim of our governesses of schools to qualify their pupils for the discharge of the duties and employments of their sex.

Sophia. I am glad, Mama, that I have leasn to draw and to paint, fince now I find it not only amufing, but of great advantage. My needle alone

would not have been so profitable.

Mrs. Pemberton. It is not for me to praise you, my dear, as an example of industry; nor is my commendation necessary; your own works recommend you sufficiently; but, I am sorry to say, sew turn the ornamental parts of education to such good purposes as you do.

Sophiu. O Mama, let us change the fubject, if

you pleafe,

I send you with this a little packet, containing three fan mounts, which Sophia has finished. The two with landscapes are beautiful; and the third, of equal execution, is intended for your Mama. Its design is, as you will see, the Grecian Daughter, who nourished her father in prison with the milk of her own breast. This instance of filial affection was represented lately at the theatre, and Sophia was so much pleased with the subject, that she resolved to paint it; she has not fixed any price upon her labour, but leaves it to your Mama's judgment and known goodness to stamp their

their value. Whatever Mrs. Fenshaw thinks proper to fend will satisfy her.

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I am fincerely your's, HENRIETTA.

LETTER XXI.

From the Same to the Same.

CLARISSA defired me this morning to take a walk with her. It would be unpardonable not to breathe the fresh air, said she, when the weather is so inviting.

I was glad to hear the proposal, not only for health, but for the sake of our improvement; for Nature abounds with instructive lessons at all times, especially in the Spring of the year. As we passed along we had the following conversation.

Clarissa. The fight of reviving Nature, now the snow is gone, cheers our spirits; the birds already begin to feel its genial influence: hark! how they chirp around us! and see, the plants which a few weeks ago appeared withered and dead, are now springing forth.

Henrietta. All appears as arising from a state of death: it is Nature's resurrection: it is a happiness to behold it. and this is a pleasure that the poor can partake of as well as the rich: they have the same powers of vision, and the same landscapes are displayed to their view. Of such delights as we now enjoy, none can deprive us while we have the

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Clarissa. And for that reason, I conjecture, this kind of pleasure is so lightly esteemed, and the works of Nature are so little attended to. Upon the representation of these things by human art we set a high value; yet what can the greatest efforts of human art and industry produce, that will bear a comparison with the enchanting landscapes of nature? Is it not in proportion as the work of the painter bears a resemblance to nature, that we pronounce it good? Yet the one is only a dead shadow, the other the real substance.

Henrietta. You are very right, Clarissa; we ought certainly to value the works of Nature beyond those of art. The works of Nature are the works of God; those of art are only the fruits of human genius; and, as you have observed, Nature is the only standard by which we form our judgment of human merit. The things that we purchase we prize most, though intrinsically of much less value than those we can have without any expence, notwithstanding the superior excellence of the latter. This I think is a great weakness.

Clarissa. Without doubt. But did you ever see the works of human ingenuity, a needle, or any thing curiously wrought, and highly polished,

through a microscope.

Henrietta. I cannot fay that I have.

Clarissa. When we have opportunity, I will

thew you how rough and rugged they appear.

Henrietta. The fun now begins to warm us with his rays; how comfortable we feel after the cold months of Winter?

Clarissa. But Winter is not disagreeable to those who are able to keep a good fire; and they who

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can least afford to buy suel have not so much need of it, as they by their daily labour keep their bodies warm, sit not long without some exercise, and generally go early to bed. Besides, Winter is as necessary, in its turn, as the other seasons of the year, Nature must rest as well as man; by this means the earth, acquires new strength for its Summer productions by which all living creatures are supported, and without which we must perish.

Henrietta. I have often wondered that there is food for all the living creatures of the earth, as they

are fo very numerous.

Clarissa. The all-wise Creator has no doubt proportioned the one to the other; not even the sparrow of the house-top, nor the wild beasts of the forest, are unprovided for; and even in the Winter months, how sew do we see perish through the severity of the weather; they have all their habitations, and know where to find their food.

Henrietta. It is a pleasing thought; and no doubt God can with more ease provide for his numerous creatures than any parent can provide for the smallest family; nor is it to be supposed that he would create any being without making provision for its

support.

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Clarissa. Even the poor beggars whom we so often meet with in our walks; when able to work may by their labour earn their bread; their wants are frequently of their own creating; and with respect to the sick, the lame, and the blind, and all who are incapable of labour, God has not lest them destitute; for he hath charged the rich to take care of them, that they perish not for want of bread, cloathing, or habitation.

Henrietta. I think the poor ought never to be despised;

despised; they are God's children as well as we, and he could have made us poor, and them rich, if he had pleased so to do. Our heavenly Father will not favour men because they are rich, or disregard them because they are poor; God is no

respecter of persons.

Clariffa. I heartily concur in your fentiments. See, here is a poor object presenting herself to our charity; she is old, and a cripple: come let us both give her something. I am not fond of asking poor people questions, especially when they are maimed, or sickly, or very old. I love to do some little good every day of my life.

Henrietta. See, my dear, there is another poor.

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beggar croffing the road to meet us.

Clarissa. But he is neither old nor lame; perhaps he is too idle to work. I do not give to all that beg; if I were to do so, my money would soon be expended.

Henrietta. Who do you then deem improper ob-

jects of your charity?

Clariffa. Those that are healthful and strong; the young and middle-aged, having the use of all their limbs and fenses, and all who beg accompanied with well-fed dogs. To fuch as thele, my Mama has often faid she makes it a rule to give nothing, as it would be encouraging idleness and extravagance, and permitting the worthless to run away with the property of the deferving, and this, in effect, would be doing an injury to fociety. think my Mama has good reason for making this distinction in the distribution of alms; she fays, that next to the blind and old, the never can pass unnoticed the foldier or failor who has loft a leg or an arm in the fervice of his country, and for which his country has made him no recompence. Henrietta.

Henrietta. Your Mama may justly be stiled

" the friend of the poor."

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Clariffa. She is indeed very attentive to their wants; for, belides a weekly dinner which the gives to fix poor widows in the fervants hall, I have reason to think she does a great deal of charity privately. I will tell you, in confidence, of one instance, which I came to the knowledge of by means of Mrs. Newton, an old housekeeper, who died in the house; she had been so long in the family, we all loved her; I frequently fat by her bed-fide for hours together; and a few days before the breathed her last, the took hold of my hand, and faid, "O Miss Clarissa, " you do not know half your Mama's goodness; " but I cannot die without informing you of one " of her noble acts.

"The poor women who dine here every Sun-"day at twelve o'clock, were talking among them-" felves three years ago of the extreme diffress of " two widow ladies, of whom they had fome "knowledge: the one was the relict of a poor

" clergyman, and the other the widow of a lieu-

" tenant in the navy.

"In the evening I mentioned the circumstance " to your Mama, and the liftened with great at-" tention.

"The next morning, when I attended her with " the bill of fare for the day, she faid to me, 'New-"ton, when you have made the disposition for "dinner, you must go and see those two widows " of whom you told me last night, and fay you "come from a lady, whose name must for the " present be concealed, who is defirous to know if

" they are in want of friends." Glad of the com-

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"ifible, and went to the poor ladies. One replied, I have friends able, but not very willing to relieve my wants; the other faid, I have fome friends yet living, who have benevolent hearts, and who feel for my diffress, but have it not in their power to affift me. I was charged to ask if either of them had any annuity to live upon. I received no other answer from either of them than a flood of tears.

"I had asked enough: I posted back with my intelligence, and told your Mama what had passed; adding, that from the situation in which I found the ladies, and the almost unsurnished house in which they lived, I was sure they must be in great distress. The clergyman's widow was teaching about eight children to read; and the officer's widow working at plain work for a live-lihood.

"I was fent back immediately with a guinea " for each; and your Mama charged me to ask if "there were any arrears of rent to be paid. The " clergyman's widow faid, the was three quarters " in arrears; and the widow of the officer, two. "The latter had one son, a cadet in the army, and " a little girl that lives with her; the other had "two small children, whom she taught to read "with her other scholars; when I called the first " time, these children were not in the house; and " I had fome reason to believe, as I afterwards " found to be the fact, that they were gone out to " folicit alms at a little distance, where they were But as I am not able to speak " not known. " much without very great fatigue, I must shorten . my flory. Your good Mama fent me with moe ney "ney to pay their rent; and every Monday morning, my first business after breakfast was to carry
privately a weekly donation from my mistress of
five shillings to each of them. This I have done
besides paying all their rent, till I was taken ill.
Now I have eased my mind. This beneficence
ought not to be wholly concealed, but made
known, that others may be induced by such an
example to search for those deserving objects
of charity, whose modesty keeps them from
the public eye *."

The good humane servant died, said Clarissa, the following evening, after she had given me the

above account.

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HENRIETTA.

LETTER XXII.

Emily Fenshaw to Henrietta Thornton.

WHAT beautiful fan-mounts have you fent us! Sophia justly merits all the praise that is given her. What a dutiful daughter! and how she daily labours to make some return to parental tenderness. May she receive the reward due to her goodness, ingenuity, and application!

My Mama has fent one of the landscapes to my sister, and has given me one; the third, the subject of which is the Grecian Daughter, she has reserved

for herself.

Mama has defired me to fend you three guineas for the mounts; she thinks they are richly worth

^{* &}quot;Go, opulent reader, and do thus likewife."

the money; and would, I am fure, have sent more, but that a larger sum would have had the appearance of a donation rather than the reward of Sophia's industry, which Mama's delicacy wished to avoid. She charges me also to express her approbation, and convey her thanks in the warmest terms.

You are defired to request of Sophia three more for some of our acquaintance, who were exceed-

ingly delighted with those you fent us.

I must now change my subject. In my last letter, I had said, that Julia was going to live with her aunt, on account of the severe and cruel treatment of her mother-in-law; but she has been very ill indeed, and on Tuesday night they did not expect her to live many hours. Nay, let not the surprize be too great for you. Julia, dear Julia, is no longer an inhabitant of this world.

Every thing was ready for her departure, when unfortunately her father was seized with an apoplectic fit, and died in a few days after. The sudden and awful death of the father cost his daughter her life: she did not survive him many days. I was present when the angelic creature breathed her

laft.

Her foul is at rest; her troubles and sufferings are at an end. May we be prepared to follow her,

when our fummons shall arrive.

As I was kneeling by her bed-side (I shall never forget it) her cruel mother-in-law, who had not much love for her, could not refrain from tears: she begged of the dying Julia to forgive her all her harsh usage. Julia took hold of her hand, and kissed

killed it, saying, you need not ask it, I have forgiven you long ago. She had no sooner said this than she cast her faint eyes upon me, upon which I instantly rose, and caught her in my arms. Feeling my tears sall upon her cheeks, O Emily, said she, do not cry, do not be so grieved, I am very

willing to die, if it pleases God.

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I hope, replied I, God will grant you yet to live many years. No, added the, with a faultering voice, that you must not hope for. Perfect, uninterrupted happinels we are taught not to expect in this life. Who can fay what further sufferings I should have been called to endure! We must all die! whether it is a few years sooner or later, what avails it? I shall now quickly, I hope, be in heaven, where I shall be free from all my troubles, and be for ever happy. There I hope to meet my dear mother again, and live with her and with all my dear friends, to part no more. How glad will the be to fee her Julia again! And my father, who is only gone a little before me, he thought not that I should follow him so soon, him shall I also meet: and (taking hold of my hand) my Emily too, faid the; after which the closed her eyes, as if the was fainting; I was indeed afraid the was dying; but after some minutes, the came to herself again, and with a fainter voice called for Sarah, and bid her bring her small casket, out of which she gave her a filver needle-case and a crown. Take these, said she, Sarah, as a small token of remembrance; you have been a good servant, you deserved more, but I have no more to give you; and added, O Emily, if ever Sarah wants a place, do, if it is in your power-fhe could fay no more-and in a few moments, funk gently to her eternal reft. We could fcarce'y scarcely say at what moment she died; she left

the world with a tranquil countenance.

Though it is very painful to part with those we love, and especially to see them die; yet I am glad I was present, because I was before much afraid to come near a dead corpse, or to think of death; but now I find it is not so terrible.

I will endeavour to be as good as Julia, and then

I may hope to die like her.

You have heard no doubt of the death of Catharine; but perhaps not so many particulars of it as I am able to give you, for I had my intelligence from her own maid, who was the daughter of the late curate.

What a contrast was there to poor Julia! Catharine had, you know, been very undutiful to her parents, and could not brook controul in any thing; she loved to have her own way, and to indulge herself unrestrained in almost every amusement that presented itself. How dangerous this propensity is has been proved by many unhappy examples.

Catharine, about fix days before her death, went to a ball, where there was a very numerous affembly; she heated herself with dancing, and then would drink lemonade, of which, being very thirsty, she probably took a large draught; she was advised rather to drink some warm negus, but sollowed her own counsel, saying she was not afraid, as nothing that she drank ever hurt her.

In the morning (for it was almost day-light before the assembly broke up) as she was returning home, she found herself indisposed; her maid was obliged to sit with her several hours; she grew worse; a sever ensued; the doctor's prescriptions

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were ineffectual; and in a few days, the gay. sprightly Catharine was in her grave. Her attendant told me, she seemed, from the beginning of her illness, to be much afraid of death; and when the phylician pronounced her in danger, the cried out, I hope I shall not die yet. He was no fooner gone; than the begged the might have another physician sent for immediately. I would not die now, added she; neither am I prepared to die; besides, I have as yet had but few years of pleafure; I am but very young, and I own, I am unwilling to leave the world fo foon; and Papa has faid, that disobedient children like me can never hope to go to heaven. I have feldom or ever prayed to God myself, and I have laughed at those that did. I feldom went to church, except when I had fome new cloaths to shew. Oh, how I wish now I had not done fo. I repent that I have not kept better company. The friends I made choice of only taught me to laugh at religion, scoff at good people, despise the clergy, follow all the foolish fashions, and the perpetual round of plays, balls, and cards. I now fee how much better I might have spent my time; and if God is pleased to spare me, I would-

Here, her father stepping into the room, interrupted her with faying, my dear child, what other physician would you have? or, why would you wish for any other? Dr. C. who now attends you, is one of the most eminent of the profession. I would sooner trust my life in his hands than in any other of the faculty. If any can be of service to you, I am sure he can. But, said Catharine, my pain is fo great, not only of body, but of mind too!

O Papa, I have not been dutiful to you.

Her

Her father endeavoured to comfort her, but in vain. She cried out, I am not fit to die; I fear to meet the eye of my Judge. O, what will become of me

The clergyman was fent for to pray with her. and to administer consolation. But she soon became delirious, and after some painful convulsions,

expired.

I hope I shall always submit to my parents counfel, and then I need not be afraid of death. God certainly loves all children who are dutiful to their parents, for such act conformably to his will; for did he not proclaim, when he spake his divine command, "Honour thy father and thy mother."

I hope, my dear Henrietta, it will not be long

before you write again to your

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LETTER XXIII.

Henrietta Thornton to Emily Fenshaw.

YOUR account of the death of Julia affected me very much. It has cost me many tears. I read your letter to Clarissa, and she requested it might be sent to Caroline, with the kind hope that it might be useful to her.

My aunt's maid is taken ill, and gone to bed: and, to my great concern, my departure is fixed

for this evening.

I thought to have had much pleasure before I left this charming family, and a party of young la-

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dies are invited for to-morrow. But we cannot always have what we wish for; and perhaps it is not proper that we should. Disappointments are instructive.

Maria comes home this evening. I should have been very happy to have staid some days longer, but gratitude and duty to my aunt forbid it.

My aunt also is herself not very well. And who will look after the poor maid if I remain here; she would be in her chamber quite alone, and no one to give her any thing that she most wants.

We feel how necessary servants are to our domestic happines. Nay, the richest people want
them the most. Servants wait upon us both when
we are well, and when we are sick, day after day,
and year after year; and without their attendance,
life would not be comfortable. Surely then for
our sakes, if not for theirs, we should take care of
them in sackness.

Clarista I know will readily excuse my leaving

her, for the would do the fame in my cafe.

Caroline laughs at me for my vulgarity, and despises my great condescention, as she calls it. She cares for no one but herself, though she has lately experienced how dependent we are upon each other. How would she have complained, if we had left her to herself?

My intended journey must now be postponed a little longer; for I shall not leave my aunt, if the maid continues ill, before she can procure some other person to look after her in my absence.

I have given the three guineas you fent me to Sophia. Both mother and daughter faid you had valued the fans too high, and would have returned me half the money. With much difficulty I persuaded

them

them to keep the whole, declaring that I dared not for the world return them. Sophia told me then fhe should referve them towards the payment of her s rent. DEmily, how must God bless such a Sughter as Sophia. She has defired the to prefeet her best acknowledgments, and to fay that she will begin the other fans immediately."

I have fomething elfe to communicate to you.

Clarissa went with me yesterday to see little Charley; her amiable mind is not tinctured with the least degree of pride; she goes into a cottage with as much pleasure as the would enter a palace; and always fays the poor pealants and the richeft. noblemen are brethren, children of the fame almighty Parent. If the rich and the poor were to change garments, the fays, we should bow to the poor man, and pass by the rich with an air of indifference. The custom of the world fanctions our prejudices, and our judgment is biaffed by exterior appearance.

She thought Charley a fine child, and asked him if he took pleasure in his book. O yes, Madam, answered he, I could wish to learn every thing, but I cannot go to school without money. suppose I should pay for a school for you, said Clariffa. Madam, replied the boy, I should love you dearly. And this expence Clariffa has promifed to pay out of her own pocket money. It gives me real concern that I am fo foon to leave this amiable young lady. Such a friend is rarely to be met with. But I must not refuse the invitation of the best friend of my late dear Mother. Adieu!

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From the Same to the Same.

OUR servant is now quite well again; my aunt has also recovered from her late indispofition, fo that all the obstacles to my proposed visit are at length removed; and my departure is fixed for next Tuesday. I have put some books in my trunk, together with my implements of amusement, and my work. I shall have time, I hope, for increasing my little stock of knowledge; for I am informed the lady, I am going to visit is a very fenfible woman, and will, I am fure, not fuffer me to be idle.

I shall call upon all my friends here to take leave; and you may be fure I shall not forget my little Charley; it would almost break his heart, should he hear I was gone without peeping at him. I shall give strict orders that he may be well taken. care of, and I shall promise him a new book at my return, in case I find he has made great progress at school; a book will please him better than a new coat; or money for his pocket.

I was afraid I must have travelled alone; but a niece of Dr. Clarges is going at the same time to pay a visit to one of her relations, who lives near my Mama's good friend, so we shall go together. My aunt calls me; I must step and see what she

wants me for. Excuse me a moment.

IN CONTINUATION.

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MY good aunt has made me a present of a new umbrella; but however acceptable this prefent may be, there is one disagreeable circumstance attending it. It was offered for fale by a boy of about twelve years of age, who was ill cloathed; my aunt asked him how much he would take for it. "Oh, Madam," faid the poor child, "you shall " have it very cheep. I fell it, Madam, through mere necessity: my good mother is fick in bed; " the has already fold fome of her best cloaths, and " I am now trying to make a little money of this " umbrella. My mother is so ill, that perhaps she " may never want it any more; you shall have it of for half price; it is almost new; my mother has " used it but once; it cost fourteen shillings, and you shall have it for feven." My aunt bid him a crown.

You have one already, Madam, faid I, to my aunt, for I felt for the poor boy, and thought he

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might get more money for it.

Madam, faid the boy, a crown is too little—we shall not have enough with five shillings.—Please, Madam to let me have seven, and you may keep it in your possession eight days, and I will come again and bring you the money. No, said my aunt, I will give you a crown, but no more. The boy turned himself to go away, looked at his umbrella, as much as to say, Must I part with thee for so little money? He stood a moment in deep thought, pulled off his hat, and went from the door.

door. But he had not gone far before he returned. Madam, said he, I must let you have it; I cannot go home without money; we have nothing in the house to give my poor mother; I must not see her die.

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My aunt gave him five shillings. But I could not see the distress in which the poor boy was, without great sympathy. When my aunt was gone into the house, I could not refrain from giving the other two shillings, which I thought possibly the boy might want to complete the rent of the room.

I was not mistaken. A thousand thanks, dear young lady, faid the boy; now I shall have enough, and one shilling and sixpence to sare for my dear mother. Enough for what? faid I. With tears in his eyes, replied the boy, our landlord, though my mother is fo fick in bed, threatens to turn us out of the house, if the rent is not paid to-morrow. I have fold many other things, and wanted no more than five and fixpence to make up the rent, and now there will remain one and fixpence to buy my poor mother femething. May 1 kifs your hand, young lady, faid he, and he bathed it with his tears. I confess to you, my dear (nor am I ashamed to fay fo) that I could not restrain mine; and even while I am writing this, I feel they are ready to fall upon my paper.

My dear friend, had you feen how thankful the poor boy was for the little I gave him, it would have affected your tender heart. If I had had more money in my pocket, I should certainly have added to my mite; but I gave him all that I was

at that moment mistress of.

The

The umbrella is for you, Henrietta, faid my aunt, as foon as I went in; it is worth twelve shillings; what a cheap purchase have I made for you

this morning.

Worth twelve shillings! and to give the poor boy, thought I, only five; it hurt my feelings very much; and I believe, instead of receiving the gift with a countenance which betokened gratitude, I rather appeared grave, as if somewhat dissatisfied. Perhaps, I did wrong, but it was nature's impulse. My heart approved not the purchase; and I have not been accustomed to diffimulation.

Do you think it is too dear, Henrietta? said she, because I did not receive it with the pleasure she

might have expected me to have expressed.

No, aunt, I replied, certainly not too dear; the umbrella is quite new. I then thanked her for it, but not with heart-felt pleasure, as I had used to do for presents of a much less value. I shall hardly ever use the umbrella, but it will revive the remembrance of the poor boy's distress.

It does not become me, to be sure, to censure any part of my aunt's conduct; but do not you think, my dear Emily, it would have been better to have given the boy the sull price that he asked, and especially as he had made known his distress; and even if he had not been distressed, was it quite right to take advantage of his youth? But my aunt is alone, so I must again stop before I can finish my letter.

I shall rise early in the morning before my aunt is up, for I ought not to deprive her of my company now I have only a few days to stay with her.

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Five o'clock.

When I went to bed last night, I resolved to get up at this hour, for the purpose of finishing my

letter, as my aunt rifes at like.

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Would you believe it, I could scarce sleep the whole night; the umbrella prefented itself to my thoughts perpetually. I would rather have a hundred showers upon my head than the uneasiness I have had fince I went to bed. The boy's family, I thought, must certainly have been once in better circumstances, for the common people never use umbrellas. O what a heavy trial! especially for those who have too noble a heart to beg, and too much delicacy to make their case known. How much more do fuch people fuffer than the idle street beggars. If I should ever be rich, I will make it my bufiness to imitate the example of Clarissa's Mama, by seeking for the unfortunate, in order to alleviate their diffresses. What a lasting pleasure must arise from such acts of benevolence! How many worthy people, labouring under great embarrassment, might be rendered happy by the rich and great, if fuch characters were made the objects of their enquiry. And would it not afford them more folid fatisfaction than the splendor of the ballroom, or the entertainments of an opera? Adieu, dearest Emily.

HENRIETTA.

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LETTER XXIV.

From the Same to the Same.

I WRITE you one more letter, my

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SALWARE WALL IN HIS TO

dear Emily, before I leave my aunt.

Yesterday I devoted to the unpleasing task of ceremonial leave. I first went to Sophia. Her mother would have had me stay the whole evening, but it was impossible to give myself that pleasure, as I had also to call on Clarista, and the last day must be wholly devoted to my aunt.

I had determined before I went, that I would shew great fortitude; but when the moment of trial came, my courage failed me, and my tears burst forthin spite of me; Sophia's too slowed fast.

the is a vain with, my dear Sophia, faid I, but I cannot help expressing the sentiment of my heart; it is that you, and Clariffa, and I, might live infe-

parably together.

Come, come, faid Mrs. Pemberton, taking each of us by the hand, I will alleviate your grief a little. Sophia shall accompany you to Clarista. We both embraced her for this token of her goodness. But said Sophia, Mama, I will not leave you alone; I will step for Mrs. Andrews. No, no, interrupted the good mother, go with Henrietta, I shall need no company till you return; I am now pretty well, and have a letter to write. Sophia, however, called upon her neighbour, Mrs. Andrews, as we went by, desiring her, under

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I then took my leave of Mrs. Pemberton. O how the preffed me to her bolom, and bathed my cheeks with her tears, as if I had been her daughter, the fifter of Sophia. What an endearing name! We are fifters, if not by birth and blood, we are fifters in fentiment and affection.

Clariffa received us with open arms; and Maria no fooner heard us, than the ran to express her joy, laying down her book, with which she had been entertaining her fifter. I'll read no more, fays she, now you are come; I shall read so much the longer lesson to-morrow. Yes, yes, said Clarissa, that I believe, for you have commonly a book in your

hand when your work is done.

Maria enquired how Sophia's Mama did, and if she had forgot her. Forgot you, my dear, replied Sophia, no, she talks of you every day, and was very forry to part with you; and I was forry, Sophia, to leave you and your Mama too, faid Maria; but you know I must love my own Mama and fifters best.

Mrs. Glanville came to favour us with her company, after we had been together about an hour. She ordered in coffee and tea, but my heart was too heavy to relish any refreshment, just as I found it when feparating from you.

But I will give our conversation, instead of dwelling upon my feelings, which you can more eafily

imagine than I describe.

Mrs. Glanville. You are all so grave, my dear children (for fo she considered, and so she spoke of our little fisterhood) come, come, be chearful. What! you are not going to separate as far as the Indies:

Indies: you do not part now but with the hope of feeing each other again foon; and you can write to each other, you know.

Clariffa. We cannot well help being concerned, Mana, at Henrietta's leaving us. It must grieve

us to part with our intimate friends.

Mrs. Glanville, True, if you was to see them no more; but when the distance is not so very great, nor the time fixed for her return so very long, your grief should not be so excessive as to prevent the enjoyment of your present interview. A little absence will but endear you to each other, and give additional pleasure to your next meeting.

Sophia. I have really found it fo, Madam. I

makes common joy rife into rapture.

Maria. We cannot read together, Mama, not work together, nor take a walk together in the

garden, or in the fields.

Mrs. Glanville. If your pleasure was not interrupted this week, it might the next. You cannot always be as you now are, happy in your little society. You cannot always be at home with you parents. You must live sometime probably at a distance from us; or, supposing you could live always at home, your parents cannot always live with you. We must die, my dear, as well as Julia; and this we ought never to forget. But Henrietta is not dying; if she was, you would have cause to grieve.

We should not, my dear, fix our affections upon any thing earthly. All is uncertain. What we design this evening may be frustrated to-moreow,

by some unexpected incident.

Maria. But disappointments, Mama, are not very agreeable.

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Mrs. Glanville. That I acknowledge; but some= times even disappointments may be serviceable to us. It is not good for us always to have what we wish; neither are disappointments always to be regretted. I remember hearing of a certain gentleman, who intended to pull down an old house, and build a magnificent one in its place. He had formed the plan, and provided the materials. In the mean time, he received tidings that his affairs in the West-Indies required his presence; in confequence of which, he was obliged to delay the building till his return. During his absence, a dreadful fire broke out at his next neighbour's, and the old house was burnt to the ground; so that if he had built when he intended, his new house would probably have been confumed to afhes, which would have been a much greater loss. Was he then unfortunate in his disappointment?

Maria. No, certainly; for by that disappointment this gentleman saved his money and his man-

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Mrs. Glanville. Let not then disappointments vex and torment us. We know not what is best for us; our heavenly father can promote our good even by counteracting our designs and opposing our wishes. Who can say now, but this separation of Henrietta's, which you are all grieved for, may be productive of some advantage both to her and to you.

Maria. If I knew that it really was for her good. I should be glad she was going, for I love Henrietta.

^{*} It appears in the sequel, that this separation of the young friends was rendered happy for Henrietta by an event which probably would not have taken place if she had remained with with her aunt.

rietta. But then she must come again. Will you, Henrietta?

Henrietta. O yes, my dear, I shall soon see you again, I hope. I thank you for your affectionate regard; I leave you mine in return, my sweet girl.

The time allotted for this vifit being expired, I hurried away, and fprung into the coach, which stood ready at the door. Sophia instantly followed me; and by our sudden departure we saved many tears.

That amiable girl first took me home, and drove to her mother's immediately, saying only, God bless you, my dear; come again soon; respects to your aunt; Mama and I will come to see her before long. God bless you! Adieu! And she

was out of fight in a moment.

I found myself more composed at last than I expected. My aunt desired me to take some supper, but I could not eat. She endeavoured to raise my spirits, seeing they were rather low. I believe the attributed my concern chiefly to my leaving her; I did not undeceive her; what could I do in this case? It would not have been right to have given her any cause for the least suspicion that love Sophia and Clarissa better than her. Not, indeed, is it really so. I esteem and love my aum as I have great reason to do, for she is to me as mother.

I shall now try if I can get a little sleep, for it is

almost two o'clock.

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Seven in the morning.

I scarce closed my eyes the whole night. My mind was occupied with thinking how much my aunt would mis me, and that if she should be sick, no one would wait upon her like her Henrietta. I also thought much of our sisterhood.

I will write to you as foon as I arrive at Briftol. In the mean time, bear in remembrance your

HENRIETTA.

P. S. I hear the voice of my much esteemed Dr. Clarges, whom I call Papa: he is a worthy man; he is come to give me his bleffing before I go.

LETTER XXV.

Emily Fenshaw to Henrietta Thornton.

YOU lament, dear girl, your leaving your young friends; what must I then do, who am going so far from my parents?

And where are you travelling to, Emily? I think

I hear you fay. I will tell you.

My brother and fifter are going for some months to Lausanne; and I am to go with them to be a companion for my sister. Our departure is fixed for next Tuesday. Your journey to Bristol is but a neighbourly visit compared with mine. I would much rather stay with Papa and Mama; but I know my consenting to go gives them great satisfaction

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faction; and that is sufficient to determine me what to do. We must not only please ourselves, but endeavour to please others too, especially our parents and our intimate friends. Nor is that all; we should be useful to as many of our fellow-creatures as opportunity admits of. The working and reading parties I promised myself with you and your friends must now be relinquished, at least for a time. I shall scribble a little journal on my tour of what I fee, hear, and observe, and let you have the perusal of it when I return. I am always highly delighted you know with travelling; but then I must not think of Mama. Not think of Mama, did I fay? That is impossible. When I fend a letter to Mama, I shall always enclose one for Henrietta; and Mama's packet for me must never be fent without one from you for Emily. Remember that. In the mean time, I shall think of you every day, and talk about you with my fifter, by whom you are much efteemed. This I should do, If I was ten times as far distant as Switzerland. No country can ever make me forget my dear friend Henrietta.

I had some hope that my brother William would have been able to pay us a visit, but the regiment he belongs to is preparing for a grand review. I wished much for him to become acquainted with the amiable members of our female lociety. For though you do not admit gentlemen in general, yet brothers and near relations of the other fex, may certainly be introduced, without giving any cause for ill-natured remarks. You see L call it our fociety, though I have not yet had the happinels of making my personal entrée among you; but confining to go

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I am often present in imagination, and shall continue to be so.

When Sophia has finished the fan mount, he so obliging as to send it to my dear Mama. I am called away. Farewel.

Remain always the friend of your

EMILY.

LETTER XXVI.

Henrietta Thornton to Sophia Pemberton.

ACCORDING to promise, here comes a letter from your friend Henrietta. This populous city pleases me not so well as our country retreat. This you will readily believe, as you also are accustomed to a rural life; and I have often heard you fay, that you would not exchange your neat little dwelling for the most sumptuous house in London. We cannot have every thing acccording to our changeable fancies; and I am at this time with the most worthy friend of my mother; a sensible affable lady, for whom she always expressed the greatest esteem. why then should I not be contented and happy, though I cannot fee the sheep or the lambs, or the corn fields? I shall here find other pleasures. Mrs Bedford has given me a pleafant little room above stairs, which commands a view into the country. It is next to her bed-chamber. She knows I am a great letter fcribbler, and have a tafte for reading, and has ordered a book-cafe

book-case and a writing desk into my sitting-room. How friendly this is! What attention she pays to every thing which she thinks can contribute to my happiness!

I thank you, my dear Madam, faid I, for fo

much goodness, kissing her hand.

I had a great esteem for your worthy mother, faid she, and I love you as her daughter. For her fake, and for yours too, I will do all that lies in my power to make your life pass agreeably. She added, fince it has pleased God to take away your mother, you may consider me as such; yes, you shall be my daughter. Will that please you, my dear? If I was not pleased with goodness like this, Madam, I should not be worthy your notice. Upon my knees I thank you, and will endeavour to approve myself your dutiful daughter.

No knee homage to me, faid the good lady; rife, and never kneel to any but your heavenly Parent. I defire no other acknowledgment than

to fee you chearful and contented.

Mrs. Bedford has a fon about fixteen years of age; but, my dear Sophia, I believe, the good lady has many anxious moments on his account. He does not appear to me to love her as she deferves; he is not so attentive to please his mother as I think a fon ought to be. I shall endeavour to

supply his deficiency, in some degree.

Mrs. Bedford is remarkably fond of reading, fo when we are alone I will read to her. She has kindly faid, that I shall go with her to the theatre fome evening, when there is a play which she thinks an infructive one; for the generality of plays the condemns, as highly pernicious to young minds, especially comedies; but a good tragedy Mrs.

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Bedford has no objection to; she has a feeling, sensible heart, and is very benevolent to the poor.

I must mention one little anecdote which her maid told me last night when I was going to bed.

Not far from this house, Madam, said she, there is a prison for debtors. My mistress knows the jailor, a very humane man, and gave him, fome years ago, a general order to fend her word when there were any persons confined for small debts, and who had families. Through his recommendation, the has liberated many prisoners, even for debts of five, ten, and fifteen pounds; and once, added the maid, I carried to the jailor twenty, for a man, by trade a shoemaker, sober, honest, and industrious, but burthened with a numerous family, who is now again restored to his wife and children; and through my mistress's recommendation amongst her acquaintance, he has bufiness enough to employ himfelf and several journeymen. She fent him money to buy leather; she lent it him (she said) but, I believe she will never ask him for it again. O Madam, faid this communicative maid, you do not know how charitable my mistress is. And, indeed, from her account, the name of Bedford is as well known in her little circle, as that of the philanthropic Howard in the circle of Europe.

My new Mama calls me. I shall resume my pen the moment I can return to my little writing-chamber.

Some company coming in, to whom I am a perfect stranger, and who wanted to speak to Mrs. Bedford upon private business, I have taken the opportunity of retiring to fill the remainder of my sheet of paper.

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I must now write you the occurrences of my

late journey.

I disliked the thoughts of travelling in a stage-coach, but found it much more agreeable than I expected. The weather was very favourable; and besides Miss Clarges, I had the good fortune to meet with entertaining company.

An incident occurred on the road that was not

uninteresting.

At a little village where we stopped to breakfast, and to exchange horses, we saw an old infirm man speaking to a coachman. I observed, that he spoke in a supplicating tone, and soon heard the coachman say, no, I cannot take you, unless you can pay. The old man said, I will pay you when I get home; I live but a little way from the road side; if you will send a little boy with me, you shall have the money. It is not worth my while, said the coachman; they that have no money must walk on foot. Hearing this, I called to the coachman, and asked him how much the fare was for outside passengers? Three shillings, said he, and that is too much to lose. Here, said I, there is your fare then; take the poor man up in the basket.

Who could have been satisfied to have sat at ease in a coach, and have left a decrepid old man to walk, and without money, and the night just at hand? Before we set off, I ordered him some beer and bread and cheese at the inn, which he had but

just time enough to eat and drink.

I would not communicate this occurrence to every one, least it should have the appearance of oftentation; my dear Henrietta will put no such unkind construction upon it.

I send

I fend you with this a letter of Emily's. to return it as foon as you have read it. Your's most affectionately,

HENRIETTA.

Sophia Pemberton to Henrietta Thornton.

DEAR generous Henrietta, with what rapture does my mother speak of your goodness. All the virtuous part of mankind must esteem you. Let your rich, careful aunt be as frugal as the wishes to be, you will one day be her heires, and then you can more fully indulge the benevolent affections of your heart.

But what have I to inform you of! the heart of

your Sophia is greatly oppressed.

Mr. Glanville, who we thought was fo rich, has scarcely enough left for a comfortable mainte-All his plantations in the West-Indies, which were his principal support, have lately failed; they have decreased in profit for several years, and he has contracted large debts, and loft an expensive law-fuit, so that it is supposed very little will remain when the creditors are paid.

His house in town, his elegant villa, and beautiful gardens, his coach and plate, all are to be fold, and he himself will be obliged to go abroad, to en-

deavour, if possible to retrieve his affairs.

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How much to be pitied is our dear Clariffa! Yet the will, I hope, be in a much better fitua. tion than I am at present. But then I have the advantage of having been accustomed for some years to move in an humble sphere. Since my dear father's death, we have had no livery fervants, no fumptuous table. I have been for a confiderable time my mother's principal fervant. I have lived alone with her, retired from the world, but not the less happy on that account. But our much-esteemed Clariffa has been brought up in a very different stile; she has lived in splendor (which with most young people constitutes their principal happiness) and that will make a reverse of fortune more difficult to be fustained. And how will Miss Caroline bear all this? To her high spirit it will be almost insupportable. First, to have lost her beauty by the small-pox; and now, to have the greater mortification of being obliged to give up her routs, dancing parties, cards, and comedies; to live in a less splendid house; to have no longer a coach at her command, nor fervants in livery to attend her. This change of scene will be a continual source of grief that her proud heart is ill qualified to bear.

How suddenly may adversity arise! A gracious and instructive Providence shews us the instability of all earthly felicity, and teaches us the folly of placing our principal delight and pleasure in what we must certainly be deprived of by death, and may much sooner lose by many unforeseen events.

Susan, Mrs. Glanville's maid, told us that her mistress bears this trial with surprising fortitude and composure, and grieves for nothing but the absence of her husband; that, no doubt, to Mrs. Glanville must be the heaviest of all her present afflic-

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tions. If you was but here, you would affift me in comforting the afflicted Clariffa. To-morrow I shall pay her a vifit. And then Maria comes again by defire of Mama, to spend some days at our house; that sweet girl is a favourite of mine. Mama calls. Adieu. Be ever the friend of

Your affectionate and obliged

. Said the Potential of the area of

SOPHIA.

LETTER XXVIII.

it is the court of the same

Sophia Pemberton to Henrietta Thornton.

WHEN I went to St. James's Place, I found Clarissa employed in transcribing some papers for her father. Maria was sitting in the window at work. As soon as I entered, Clarissa said, I am glad you are come, my dear Sophia. Your company is particularly acceptable at this time, to give me a little relief from a difficult piece of service I have in hand. We then entered into the following conversation.

Clarissa. You know, without doubt, my dear Sophia, what a loss my parents have sustained.

Sophia. Yes, my dear friend; and I share in your

affliction as if the misfortune was my own.

Clarissa. The loss would not have grieved me so much, but that in consequence of it my dear father is under the necessity of leaving the country, and going to a very distant land; that—

[Here Clarissa's heart was too full to proceed.

Maria

Maria. Yes, over the wide fea, where so many

thips perish; and perhaps we may never-

Sophia (interrupting her) But, my dear, God can as well preserve us upon the ocean as upon the land. There are more perish upon land by misfortunes than upon the sea. Compare the ship-wrecks which happen with the safe voyages that are made. I have been told, they are proportionably very sew; so that we may with good reason

hope to see your dear Papa again.

Clarissa. That hope is our only comfort. The loss of fortune is the least thing to be regretted. We many be very happy without so many servants; and walking will more contribute to our health than riding in a coach. How many instances do we daily see of persons who labour for their subport, that are more content and happy than others who abound in wealth? But the loss of a father nothing can recompence.

Caroline (entering). I thought, fifter, you had some work to do for Papa that required dispatch,

and must be done by to-morrow.

Clarissa. I am nearer finishing it than you are

aware of.

Caroline. So much the better, for I cannot help you now. I have to copy into my book a new lesson, which Miss B—has obligingly lent me,

and it must be returned in the morning.

Clarissa. I would not willingly let another undertake what Papa has desired me to do for him. I would rather sit up the whole night to complete it. My Papa would certainly suppose I thought it troublesome to do any thing for him if I employed a deputy.

Maria.

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Laria.

Maria. That is true, fifter; and I wish I could write as well as you, for then perhaps Papa would give me something to do for him.

Caroline. But do you know, that next month we are to leave this house, and live in one not half so large, and that we shall only have one maid?

fo large, and that we shall only have one maid?

Maria. If Papa was but well, I should not mind that; if Papa was better, then Mama would not cry so much.

Clarissa. We have here, it is true, a great number of apartments, but we do not occupy them all; a proof that we have no need of so many.

Maria. There are fix or feven rooms which we do not make much use of. As we shall not have so many to clean, we can do with sewer servants very well. I will wait upon you, dear Mama, and on my sisters, in the stead of one. I can do many little offices, and I would willingly do more if I could.

Caroline. Maria wait like a servant! that will be very pretty indeed. And such a house for people of fashion to live in, and only one servant!

Clariffa. A number of servants, my dear, are kept by many more for shew and parade than real use; they have not all of them full employment; and how many things are there in a family like ours which we need not be ashamed to do. Surely we three can do the work of two servants.

If you will undertake, Caroline, the finer needle-work, I will repair and mend where it is necessary; and Maria will do a thousand little services which are useful in a family; and as to the house we shall next live in, if not so large and handsome a building as this, I dare say we can keep

it neat, and we shall have room enough. We sifters can, surely, all sleep in one chamber; or, perhaps, one of us will sleep with Mama. I hope we shall manage to have a bed-chamber for a friend.

Caroline. But what friends of yours will come to

now, think you?

friends are capable of flighting us in our advertity. Though many of those with whom you have formed an acquaintance, may possibly now not know you; and perhaps you yourself had better never have known.

Caroline. Do you suppose my acquaintance will ever slight me? Indeed, sister, you are greatly

mistaken. You do not know the world.

Clarissa. Have you seen any of them since the

affairs of Papa have been made public?

Caroline. It would not be decent, you know, for me to go out now; nor could I enjoy much pleasure, since it must have become the general topic of conversation. I shall wait a few weeks, and by that time other topics will arise, and our change of circumstances will be forgotten. I have seen many ladies at balls and concerts whose parents have suffered losses as well as ours.

Clarissa. But, fister, pray have any of your acquaintance called upon you to condole with you

upon this unexpected change?

Caroline. I suppose they have not heard of it.

Clarifa. How can that be, if it is a general topic of conversation? What did they think of your staying away from the last concert?

Caroline. O, that they might not wonder at my absence, I sent word I was somewhat indisposed.

Clariffa.

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Clarissa. You may be very sure, my dear sister, they must have heard of our situation. Wait a-while to see who will enquire after you, from your card parties. They will think you have now no more money to play with, and therefore that you are no longer sit company for them.

Caroline. You are mistaken, sister, I assure you.

Clarissa. Well, well, we shall see.

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The coach was at the door; Maria went with me; I only just saw Mrs. Glanville. The amiable lady wore the countenance of grief. Oh, that it was in my power to alleviate the forrows of friends I have so much reason to love and esteem!

Dear Sophia, faid Maria, as we drove from the door, I shall not long have a coach to ride in; I dare fay this will be the last time. Mama says she will never use it any more, unless it be when we remove, and then it will be fold.

And I would advise my dear Maria, said I, to think no more of it. I believe it is more healthful to walk than to ride. The body has more exercise and motion; nor are we so liable to catch cold when we walk, the air coming more equally upon us. When the wind blows in at a coach window, we are more likely to take cold than when we are exposed to the open air. On soot we have also a much better view of the beautiful landscapes of nature; we can now only see a small part at once; and as the coachman drives at present, the quick succession of objects almost makes us giddy to view them.

Maria. I am most grieved for Mama; and it will

will go hard with Caroline, who was so fond of riding in the coach; she often despised those that walked on foot. This change may perhaps humble my sister a little, for Mama has often said she is very proud.

for even in our best days we are inserior to many others; and we should have thought ourselves ill treated, if those who moved in a higher rank had treated us with distain. Pride is hateful both to God and to man.

We soon came in view of our retired habitation. When we alighted from the coach, my dear Mama caught Maria in her arms, and said, nothing should be wanting in her power to make her visit agreeable. At length, Maria, looking around about said, I wish that we may have just such a house as this is; a very large house is not to my taste. Why have we so many rooms that are never used? I do believe, said my Mama, that many unoccupied chambers have given rise to the soolish stories of apparitions. If a brick happens to sall down the chimney in the night, none dare go to see what is the matter; and till the room is examined, they think it is haunted, and the door perhaps is kept locked, which serves but to strengthen the story.

I remember, said Maria, one Winter evening in a prodigious storm, the chimney-board fell down in the chamber over the room where we were sitting; it made a most dreadful noise; and even our man Thomas seemed asraid to go up stairs alone, it being a chamber that was seldom opened.

The dear creature's prattle was so agreeable and lively, that we forgot we had had no refreshment. Our little supper was soon ready, and we spent the

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the remainder of the evening very chearfully; and, after our usual recommendation of ourselves to the protection of the Almighty, we retired to rest.

Clariffa will write to you herfelf; but she want

at he below day because

SOPHIA.

LETTER XXIX.

an en word more managed in the contract of

Henrietta Thornton to Sophia Pemberton.

NEVER, no never, my dear Sophia, has my heart been fo much oppressed as at the perufal of your letter. O, how fuddenly may the most prosperous scenes be changed. Rich one year, and poor the next! My heart feels very fenfibly for our dear friend Clariffa. But I am sure she will bear the trial much better than her fifter Caroline. That girl was proud of her beauty, and a fickness removed it in a few days; the was elated with her rank in life, and the expectation of a great fortune, and lo! the treasure is fled. What will she do under this reverse of circumstances? I am of your opinion, that her acquaintance of the gay world will not come near her. Adverfity is the touchstone of true friendship. A little time will shew her they were but Summer friends, or I am much mistaken.

Poor girl! she must now exchange play for work, and gay company for domestic retirement, for which she has laid in no provision. Her mind is quite unfurnished, and she never takes up a book unless it is a comedy or a novel.

My

My new Mama took me last night to the theatre. But what pleasure could I enjoy while those I love experienced with grief. I assure you my entertainment was very small. I might forget the situation of my friends for the moment, but the thought of it returned with double force upon my

mind between every act.

My principal enjoyment now is reading. I found the history of Pamela in my book-case, which just suits my taste at this time. My aunt would never let me peep into a novel; but my Mama's good friend, Mrs. Bedford, has no objection to a book of this kind, provided it has a good moral tendency. She thinks those people run into the other extreme, who condemn all fictions. But, added she, for your caution, my dear Henrietta, let me fay, there are so many which tend to corrupt the mind instead of improving it, that I would never have you purchase or read a novel, without first asking the opinion of some good friend whose judgment you can confide in. The works of Richardson you may safely read, I think, though I should not put them into the hands of all girls of your age.

Mrs. Bedford wished much to engage her son to read to us on an evening, but his taste lies quite another way. Cards please him much better; he would play till day-light; but Mrs. Bedford is of opinion, that we may spend our time much more agreeably. There are many other amusements, which are in some degree useful as well as diverting; but in cards, she says, she can find nothing of improvement. On the contrary, they often russe the temper of the loser; and the winner, when his gain is any thing considerable, much feel

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an unpleasing sensation for his adversary's loss, unless avarice has closed up the avenues of sensibility. Though I believe the card-table is not of resort for the miser. The chance of lossing great for him to enjoy any pleasure in such a sense ments, however fashionable.

This youth, Mr. Bedford I mean, gives but little satisfaction to his worthy parent. She sheds

many tears on his account.

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He asked me this morning if I would take a walk with him. We can say to my mother, says he,

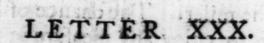
that we are going to church.

How, Sir! faid I, will you tell your good mother such a falsehood? No, surely, there is nothing so base and mean as to deceive a friend, especially a parent. On the contrary, I would not chose to walk out, unless your mother was with us. He looked displeased; but that certainly was not the way to prevail with me to humour him.

I wonder why he is so often out, his Mother is such an engaging woman. He has formed, I fear, an acquaintance with some young men, in whose company he takes more delight than in that of the best friend he has in the world, his amiable and affectionate parent; for with all his faults, she is

very fond of him.

HENRIETTA.



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Sophia Pemberton to Henrietta Thornton.

Mr. GLANVILLE took his leave yesterday afternoon. It was a moving scene indeed. I was present at his departure. O, what tears? But I must not dwell upon it now; it is too much, and yet I cannot quit the subject

Mrs. Glanville had defired me to bring Maria home, and to dine with her, which I did, and we paffed the day in as comfortable a manner as cir-

cumstances would admit of.

I shall communicate such particulars as have come to my knowledge, but must first relate to you a little incident which does honour to the heart of Clarissa.

I have told you, I think, that Mr. Glanville had a brother who lives at a small country seat, not very far from London. There had long subsisted a misunderstanding betwixt them; they were upon no terms of friendship; they did not even visit each other; and studiously avoided accidental interviews.

We were all together in the hall, when Clarissa appeared to be lost in thought; she had not spoke for some minutes: and stood alone at one of the windows which commands a view of the road. I saw her take out a handkerchief to wipe off a falling tear; on a sudden she went to Papa. May I, Sir, take the liberty to ask if you have taken leave

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Pap take leave of uncle Anthony; No, Clary, answered Mr. Glanville; but I forgive him, and when I am gone, I would have you visit him; I recall my former prohibition. You then forgive him, Papa? Now my heart is more easy. She had no some faid this than she left the room. Mr. Glanville himself could not restrain his tears upon this occasion.

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Clarissa was absent so long, that her Mama began to wonder what she could be doing, and desired Caroline to call her sister. She quickly returned, and said Clarissa was not in the house, nor did the servants know where she was gone. Is this a time to be away when Papa is just going, added Caroline. You should not find sault with your sister till you know whether she merits it, said her Mama; but that is too much your custom, Caroline.

I was that moment going to the door, when a fervant entered the hall, informing us, that Miss Clarissa had ordered the chaise, and was gone out in it.

Well now, Mama, is that well done, said Caroline, to be drove out without saying a word to any body, and without asking you or Papa leave? Your sister, replied Mrs. Glanville, is so dutiful and discreet, that she has certainly some good reason for what she is doing. Has she said nothing to you, Sophia, said Mrs. Glanville.

No, Madam, replied I, I only heard her say once, that she could wish her Papa and her uncle were friends again before her Papa went away. Perhaps she may be gone to—

A likely story, interrupted Caroline: I suppose she is such a coward, that she could not bear to see Papa go, and that's the reason her ladyship has taken a ride.

I do

I do not think so, said Maria; our dear sister, Clarissa, would not let Papa go without a sarewell kiss, that I am sure of, Caroline. Pray don't you

be pert, Maria, faid Caroline.

O fie, Caroline! What, going to quarrel with your fifter when Papa has not many hours to be with you, exclaimed Mrs. Glanville: and turning herself to Maria, you must always speak respectfully to your elder fifter.

Poor Maria burst into tears, and said, sobbing as if her little heart would burst, I cannot bear to hear

any body speak ill of Clarissa.

Mr. Glanville caught the sweet girl in his arms, called her his charming Maria, and said, my lovely child, you must always live in love and harmony with your sisters. When any of them do any thing wrong, endeavour rather to apologize for it than to aggravate the offence; and I recommend the same behaviour to you Caroline and Clarissa; and never accustom yourselves to find fault with each other upon trissing occasions; always be dutiful to your Mama, and do every thing which you know will give her pleasure, that when I return, your Mama may be able to commend you for behaviour.

Maria then ran to her Mama, and faid, in a low voice, pray forgive me, but fifter Caroline did not

do right to speak so slightingly of Clarissa.

In the mean time the servant came to inform us dinner was ready; and before we had sat down. Clarissa came into the room with a countenance full of joy, introducing her uncle Anthony.

Her father started back with astonishment. Mrs. Glanville rose from her chair; all were struck speechless with the unexpected scene, when Cla-

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rissa immediately threw herself on her knees before her father. Forgive me, said she, dear Papa; I have been to bring my uncle Anthony; you said you forgave him; he wishes to be reconciled, and seeks to seal the reconciliation with a mutual embrace before you go; the forgiveness would be incomplete without it. Tears of joy were shed on both sides, and mingled with those of sorrow, occasioned by the approaching hour of Mr. Glanville's departure. The former for a while seemed to triumph, especially during dinner time, and the last idea was almost absorbed in this unexpected domestic comfort.

Clarissa received her Mama's acknowledgment and approbation, for having restored to her the friendship of her brother, whose kindness would in some measure alleviate the sorrow of her husband's absence.

After dinner, Mr. Glanville took his brother into his library; and after staying there some time, they returned hand in hand into the dining parlour, with countenances of the most cordial friendship.

IN CONTINUATION.

Mr. Glanville's taking leave of his wife and children has made an impression upon my heart that will never be effaced.

I was glad Mr. Anthony Glanville was present when his brother bad farewel to his family: he is a man of great understanding and discretion, and said H much

much to comfert an afflicted wife and weeping children. It gives me much concern that my memory has not treasured up more of what passed upon that occasion. I will pen down for you as

much as I can remember.

Mr. Glanville (to his brother.) Heaven hath renewed our friendship by the mediation of my dear child, Clarissa. An unlooked-for happiness, indeed! It is a considerable alleviation of my grief at leaving my family. My wife will now, I trust, find in my brother a counsellor, and my children a father. After the honourable payment of my debts, there will remain nothing more than a small support, which will require the strictest economy. I might, it is true, have saved more money by suffering an act of insolvency to take place, but I would rather leave behind me an honourable name than riches.

Mr. Anthony Glanville. You judge right, brother; your conduct is commendable. An honest man, says one of our best English authors, is the

noblest work of God.

We may be happy without riches, but not without honour.

Mr. Glanville. Losses in the West-Indies have been the chief cause of my unfortunate embarrassiment. Though I own I have been imprudent besides. But Heaven, I hope, will bless my endeavours to retrieve my fortune. It is not improbable, but that my presence may be productive of a happy change. I fear my overseers have managed badly. I shall certainly recover more myself than any agent I can employ will do, and I may possibly engage in trade again. By these means I

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may, perhaps, raise my children once more to their former affluence.

Clarissa. (kissing her father's hand.) O my good Papa! Is that the motive of your journey! Stay then; on my knees, I pray you, stay with us, Sir, A father is dearer to us than all the riches of the Indies.

Maria. O, dear Papa, do not leave us, I would

rather be poor than lofe you.

Mr. Glanville. You are dear children; but I cannot now gratify your wishes. My voyage is absolutely necessary. You have a good Mama, who loves you. Take Sophia as your example of duty to a parent. She can tell you how happy children may be with a mother. My intention is not to be away from you very long; if it pleases God to render my design prosperous I shall return again soon.

Maria. How long shall you be gone, Papa?

Mr. Glanville. Perhaps fix years, or it may be less.

Maria. One year is three hundred and fixtyfive days; then how many days are there, Papa,
in fix years?

Mr. Glanville. You had better reckon by the months, and then they will not appear so for-

midable in the detail.

Maria. Yes, but I cannot knotch the months upon a stick, it would be so long before I must cut one off.

Mr. Glanville. And one year only, my dear, would be too long to reckon by days. The best way, my love, to make the time of my absence appear short, and miss me the least, is, to let it be fully employed, to be daily attentive to please your Mama, and to love your sisters.

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Maria. All this I will do, I assure you, Papa.

Mr. Glanville. I doubt it not, my dear child:
you will then find how quickly the time will pass;
I hope I shall see you again, much improved.

You will fay, Henrietta, what was Caroline

doing all this while?

She was making herself a handkerchief, she looked very grave and thoughtful, spoke very little, except a word now and then to her dog. At last

Mr. Glanville faid,

Well, Caroline, you feem folitary in the midst of company. Why are you less chearful than your sisters? Are you not glad that your uncle will be your guardian in the absence of your father? As you are the elder sister, I hope you will shew them the way of duty to your mother, and be an exampler to your younger sisters of every thing that is useful, graceful, and laudable. She continued silent.

Every thing being now ready, and the time of departure nearly arrived, Mr. Glanville judged it better, for the fake of his own feelings, and to avoid wounding the fenfibility of his wife and children too much, to leave us rather abruptly, and after quickly embracing us, he left the house with

precipitation.

Mr. Anthony proposed a walk, and Mrs. Glanville engaged him to stay supper, and take a bed with them that night; to which he readily confented upon condition that they should dine with him the next day. Accordingly a servant was dispatched to let his housekeeper know that he should stay all night, and that he should bring company with him to dinner the next day. The presence of this kind relation dissipated their gloom; and

the

the hours immediately succeeding Mr. Glanville's departure, passed away more chearful and with greater composure than I expected.

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Clarissa would gladly have had me spend the evening with her; but though I took a large share in the grief of my friends, I forgot not my duty to my dear Mama. She had not for some years been so long without me. I live in expectation of a letter from you, and am, most assectionately, your's,

SOPHIA.

LETTER XXXI.

From the Same to the Same.

THIS morning came Clarissa with her sister Maria; and what do you think they brought me? A letter for Henrietta, which I have enclosed.

I asked them if they would stay and partake of our frugal dinner, but they declined my invitation, saying their Mama would be very uneasy, if they staid without her knowledge, but promised that they would come soon and take a dish of tea with us.

We had, however, a short walk in the garden, and Mama met with us. I first took them into my little shrubbery. That, said Mama, Sophia has planted herself. If you had come yesterday, you would have seen her with her tools in her hand: the is her own gardener; she is not always drawing and painting. Gardening, said I, is a very health-

ful

ful employment. I have an excellent directory, which tells me in what months to fow such and such particular seeds; and I have much greater pleasure in eating vegetables of my own raising, than such as we can purchase. You cannot easily conceive with what particular delight I view what my own hand has planted; and my garden is also instructive; it affords me many a good lesson. The examination of the various productions of Nature elevate my soul to the Great Creator. His power, his wisdom, his goodness, are conspicuous in the growth of every plant and slower. For the pleasures of the country, I gladly resign all the diversions of the town.

Maria, casting her eyes upon another part of my garden, exclaimed, Oh, fifter Clarissa, what a beautiful variety of flowers! That is the best part of the garden. It is, my dear, replied Mama, the most beautiful to the eye, but the kitchen garden is the most valuable. These flowers our indulgent, heavenly Father has been pleased to present us with, to heighten and encrease the number of our pleasures; they are highly grateful to the fight and to the fmell, and flowers furnish us with all our honey; but beans, cabbages, potatoes, cauliflowers, peafe, spinach, and a variety of other culinary herbs, are the most serviceable. Nay, even the grass of the field, which we too often view without the least gratitude, how beneficial it is to man! Without grass we could have no milk, butter, cheese, beef, veal, or mutton. True, madam, said Maria, I shall now always be thankful for the grass of the field as well as for the Aowers of the garden. Besides, added my instructive Mama, how greatly grafs adds to the beauty

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of the landscape, when you cast your eyes over an enlarged view of the country. What is more pleasing to the eye than green! Grass is the carpet of Nature.

I hope, my dear Henrietta, I need not make an apology for keeping you so long from reading Clariss's letter; but I cannot restrain my pen from repeating to you Mama's lessons.

Believe me ever your's,

SOPHIA.

LETTER XXXII.

Clariffa Glanville to Henrietta Thornton.

You will readily imagine what a severe trial your poor friend has undergone since I had the pleasure of your company. You have heard, most certainly of Papa's great losses in the West-Indies; in addition to which, he has loss a cause that has long been depending in the Court of Chancery, the expence of which has been amazingly great. These unfortunate events have made it necessary for my dear

Papa

Papa to enter once more into business, as if he was just beginning the world. His estates in England are going to be sold, in order to satisfy his creditors, for he determined not to leave the country till he had made arrangements for the payment of his debts. My uncle has undertaken to manage this business in the absence of my father, who is going to Surinam, with the hope that, by the blessing of Providence; on his vigorous exertions, he may again raise his family to affluence.

As to external parade and shew, believe me, my dear friend, I despise it. My greatest concern in for my dear Mama, whose gries is more on our account than her own; though Papa's absence for so long a time will no doubt be a heavy trial, especially when the thought presents itself, as it often will that she may possibly never see him again. When she first received the afflicting news, I heard her exclaim, "O, what will become of my

children !"

I entreated my dear Mama not to make herself uneasy for us; and, answering for my sitters as well as myself, assured her we would do every

thing in our power to make her happy.

In a few days, my dear Henrietta, we shall leave our native place, and all its attractions. I have already determined to bear the mortification with as much chearfulness as possible, in hope of alleviating, in some degree, Mama's painful anxiety. I will endeavour to adapt my mind to my condition, and think as little as I can of our former elevation. We are going to a neat house, in which, though small, we shall have one spare room for a friend.

We

We can fleep as well in rooms less spacious, and as to our table, if we have not so many dainties, plainer food is more wholesome; and I remember to have heard my Mama say long ago, "that we must eat to live, not live to eat."

It occasions me no regret on my own account to bid adieu to our coach; but I feel much for Mama, who cannot do without it so well as we can. She sprained her ancle some time ago, which generally

gives her pain if the takes a long walk.

If I have but the satisfaction to see Mama easy, I am sure I shall not be unhappy. But what will Caroline do? It will be a greater change to her than to any of us. I wish it may do her good. It may, perhaps, lead her mind into a train of reflections which will be of the greatest utility to her. Hitherto she never appeared to be in spirits but when she was going to some party of pleasure. At home, where certainly we ought to be the most happy, she was the least so. I have heard Mama say, that an indulged taste for gaiety and dissipation has been the ruin of many of our sex; and that even innocent pleasures too much followed may lead gradually on to those which are pernicious and criminal.

We certainly never ought to value ourselves upon riches, my dear friend. How many families, once affluent, have been reduced by some unexpected adverse stroke of fortune, like that which has lately fallen upon us? In high reputation and esteem to-day, and to-morrow, perhaps, sunk to the common level, slighted and forgotten.

I shall give you a part of the conversation which

I had with Caroline just now.

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She observed me very busy in packing up some

trifles, as we are to remove next week.

Caroline (as she entered.) I wonder what pleasure you can take, Clarissa, in this continual packing, day after day. Would it not be much better to take a drive this sine weather? We shall not have the coach long, therefore we had better make use of it while it is at our command.

Clarissa. The pleasure of packing, I confess, is not very great, Caroline; but I should be very sorry to leave my property behind me; and if I do not take care of my things, and put them in order, I may lose many of them. Do not you intend to

pack up your's, fifters?

Caroline. I! no, indeed! I shall let Susan do

that.

Clarissa. But Susan has so much to do for Mama. She was up this morning at five o'clock, and went to bed late last night.

Caroline. Five hours sleep is enough for a servant

furely.

Clarissa. Servants have more need of sleep than we have, and yet you think they may do with less. You are often in bed above eight hours. Sleep and rest are as necessary for servants as their wages.

Caroline. I do not want to rob them of their sleep; but when there is any thing to do, servants ought to do it? What are they hired for? And do

not we pay them for their services?

Clarissa. But you are to consider, sister, just at this time, there is a great deal to do more than usual. Besides, when we have removed to our other house, we shall have but one servant, and then we must all of us do something. which perhaps we have not been accustomed to. One servant can never do the business of several.

Caroline.

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Caroline. But the house we are going to live in will not be half so large, nor so well furnished as this, of course there will not be so much to do. Servants take care never to over-work themselves. You may do as you please, sister, but I know what is servants' work and what is ours.

As we passed through the bed-chamber, Caroline exclaimed, O what a pity that this damask bed,

and those handsome chairs, are to be sold!

Do not set your heart upon such things, said I, sister. Neither the damask curtains, nor the down bed, can ensure our rest. We may sleep just as well in a room less elegantly furnished. The fine coverings of the chairs contribute nothing to the ease of sitting in them. When the most costly surniture is become familiar to the sight, how frequently the eye beholds it without noticing its excellence! How often have you entered this chamber without observing the fine pictures with which it is ornamented; An elegant carriage, with a numerous train of livery servants, are more the objects of attention to others than to the possessor.

You may preach away, faid Caroline, but I love to see a house well furnished; and I like of all things to ride in a coach with a footman behind it, and so I believe you do too, notwithstanding all

your moralizing.

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Having said this, she hastened out of the room, and I returned to finish my work. How greatly is it to be lamented that my sister has imbibed such improper notions. For these she has to thank her late associates; some of whom being our distant relations, Mama could not with politeness forbid her forming an intimacy with; those again had their particular circle, into which Caroline was at her desire

defire admitted. Thus she at once commenced the gay lady, and became attached to every fashionable amusement. My Mama, it is true, frequently objected to her going so often to places of public refort; but as Caroline was past the age of childhood, and some or other of our friends always of the party, Mama did no more than give her advice, and my sister had not resolution enough to a shere to it.

I hope I shall pay proper respect to Mama's wise instructions as long as it pleases God to continue to

me the advantage of receiving it.

In a few days Papa will fail, if the weather proves favourable. I have a thousand apprehensions for him. For my own part, I am even afraid of stepping into a boat in the river; but of the sea, I have an invincible terror.

May Heaven preserve my dear Papa. This thought comforts me, that God's Providence is over the sea as well as the land; that the winds blow under his all-wise direction, and that the boisterous waves at his will cease their raging.

Adieu, my dear Henrietta.

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LETTER XXXIII.

Mr. Anthony Glanville to Mrs. Glanville

I CANNOT refrain, my dear fister, from communicating every circumstance which may alleviate your depression of mind. An incident I have lately met with has afforded me the most heart-felt satisfaction, and I am sure I shall communicate happiness to you by the recital of it.

Indeed, my dear fifter, your daughter Clariffa is an angel. You yourself know not all her goodness. As soon as she heard that my brother's affairs were intrusted to my management, she came to pay me a visit. The moment she entered the room, she sell upon my neck, and moistened my cheek with her tears; they gave vent to her full heart, and in a little time she was able to speak. I declare to you I felt us much as if a child of my own had been pressing me in her arms. Our conversation was as follows.

Clarissa. My Mama, Sir, has told me that you have had the goodness to undertake to regulate my Papa's affairs. I know all that my dear Mama has done; how much do we owe to her maternal affection for us; rather than her children should be subject to the least reproach, she has given up all her jewels. The trisses I have, dear uncle, will not produce any thing considerable; but I think it my duty to give up what belongs to me.

She brought with her, in an elegant little case, curiously ornamented with filver, a pair of diamond

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ear-rings, her gold watch, several pair of bracelets, some beautiful rings, and several other costly trinkets. Make what use, said she, of these you think proper; for as Mama has resigned her ornaments; I could never wear mine with any pleasure.

Uncle. Well, niece, I must love you as a daughter. There are not many nieces or daughters like

you; you aftonish me.

Clarissa. I only do my duty, Sir; I received

all these from my good parents.

Uncle. True. But it is no less a proof of a good heart to give back again what you have received as

prefents.

Clarissa. But, Sir, would it not be more to my shame than to my honour, if any person could say See, there is Clarissa Glanville figuring away in jewels, but her father owes me money which will never be paid; No, Sir, if I subject myself to such reflections as these, jewels will be no ornaments, but rather marks of disgrace. If you should not have occasion for them, they shall be presented to Mama. For I say it once more, I shall wear no diamonds while Mama wears none.

.Uncle. Does your Mama know of this?

Clarissa. No, Sir. Mama must not know of it.

I entreat you not to mention it to any body.

Uncle. To fatisfy, my dear girl, your laudable intention, I will confider in what manner these trinkets can be disposed of to the greatest advantage.

Clarissa. (kissing my hand.) O, Sir, you are very good. But I have one thing more of my own, which will raise a little money, my harpsichord. There are also in my little room some valuable books in good condition, gilt and lettered. And, oh, I forgot also some wearing apparel, almost

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most new, which would be too gay for me in my present circumstances. I wish they could be sold. May I ask you, Sir, if you think all my Papa's debts can be paid?

Uncle. I hope they will, my dear niece; but I shall be better able to inform you after a more minute investigation.

Clarissa. I should prefer living in a cottage with a small competency, rather than deprive any one of their due, for the sake of enjoying a fine house and sumptuous table. If the creditors were not all satisfied, I never could walk out with any pleasure, neither should I have true content and happiness at home.

Uncle. Thus far I will venture to affure you, my dear girl, that you may not exceed your uncle in liberality, whatever is deficient either for the creditors, or for the future support of the family, I will with pleasure make good myself. In my brother's absence, I will be your father.

Here Clarissa would have fallen upon her knees with gratitude, but I caught her in my arms. I thought she would have fainted. At length, recovering herself, she left me with a countenance very different from that with which she entered my house.

I confess to you, I cannot help feeling a partiality for Clarissa, as being, under Heaven, the restorer of our domestic harmony; but my affectionate regards extends to all the family, and I hope, my dear sister, you will remain assured of the sincere stiendship of your faithful

ANTHONY GLANVILLE.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIV.

Henrietta Thornton to Clarissa Glanville.

My dear Friend,

I HOPE I can declare with truth, that I am not much disposed to flattery. I speak no more than I think when I say that there are not many Clarissas to be found in the world. Repeated occasions present themselves to make me lament with sighs heaved from the bottom of my heart, that I have neither father nor mother, towards whom I might endeavour to copy your amiable example! Sophia has written me an account of some late instances of your filial duty and affection, which when I read to Mrs. Bedford, I thought her tears would never have ceased flowing.

She exclaimed, Oh! that my fon was but half

as good, then I should be a happy mother.

It is much to be lamented that there are so many children in the world who neglect to contribute what is in their power to their parents happiness.

Mrs. Bedford's son is above sixteen years of age. It is high time he should be preparing himself for college, for he has been many years at a public school. But the head master has made repeated complaints, that he gives but little application, and is the most idle boy in the whole class.

He who shews no taste for learning when he has good opportunity of acquiring it, gives not much

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ground of expectation that he ever will become a wife and a good man. The chief employment of young Mr. Bedford is to lounge in coffee-houses, to play at billiards and cards, and keep company with idle youths, whose taste is conformable to his own. He runs loofe like a wild colt, unwilling to bear the least restraint. What hours, bitter hours of remorfe and felf-reproach is he laying up for himfelf; and perhaps when it will be too late to correct the errors of his life. I pity him much; but I feel more for his unhappy mother; she is a woman of great fenfibility, and he shews not the

proper affection for fo good a parent.

His unpolite and harsh answers to his Mama, when the very affectionately asks him to do any thing, not only aftonish me, but occasion me many uneafy moments. He flies into a passion upon every trifling occasion, and is long before he returns to his good humour. All material counsel he seems to despise, and brooks no controul. Without fome misfortune which may convince him of his error, and turns his mind into a different train of thinking, I fear he will haiften on his own ruin. A youth that is ungrateful to an earthly parent cannot be expected to have much gratitude to his heavenly Parent; and undutifulness is ingratitude. I will give you a little specimen of his conduct.

Mrs. Bedford not long ago defired him to write a letter for her, as she had a very violent head-ache. Would you think it possible that he should be able to refuse a mother such a small request? Yet he actually did so. I felt so much for both, that I could not help interfering. Oh, Edward, faid I, how can you refuse your Mama?. She is so good to you every day, and you are unwilling even to

write a few lines for her.

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he has much ground Edward. I have no time, Henrietta, I affure you; I must prepare my theme: if I do not finish my task, I cannot shew my face at the school; and besides that, I have my engagements as well as the ladies. To-night I am to go to the play

with one of my friends.

Henrietta. There will be two more plays acted this week. You cannot think, surely, that staying away to night will be any great self-denial, when you go so often. It would be an easy matter to send an apology to your friend; and if he is worthy the name of friend, he will surely be satisfied with the reason you have to give him.

Edward. What! to tell my friend, that I must stay at home because my mother has got a little

head-ache! He would laugh at me.

Henrietta. And feriously now, do you think that person is worthy of your friendship who teaches you to flight your Parent! Your Mama's head-ache, it is true, you could not remove, but you could fave her the trouble of writing. And pray, Edward, what friend can you find like Mama? Would any of your friends, as you call them, do for you what Mama has done? If you were without money, do you think they would fupply you? Or would they attend you in your fickness, and feel for you with sympathetic tenderness? But this and much more you have found in your good mother. How then is it possible that you can be more obliging to one that you have not known for many months, and who perhaps has never done you any particular favour, but helped you to fquander away your money, and injure your health by intemperance, or late hours. How is it possible, I say, that you can be more willing to oblige oblig name love

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oblige such a mistaken friends, who merits not the name, than your real and best friend? You do not love your mother, that is certain.

Edward. You are mistaken, Henrietta. I do

love my mother. You cannot read my heart.

Henrietta. That is one reason why your affection should be proved by your conduct and behaviour; that can be read if your heart cannot. Love to our parents will certainly lead us to do every thing we can to please them; nay, to study to anticipate their wishes, to offer them our services, and not even to wait for their asking us. If you loved your mother as she deserves, or as you pretend, you would not speak to her in the disrespectful manner you do, nor would you ever shew such a sullen, reserved, forbidding countenance.

Edward. I cannot help my physiognomy. The stiffness and reserve you complain of are natural

to me.

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Henrietta. I have often observed, that a few minutes before you are going out to your companions, you appear cheertul and good-natured; but when you return home, you seem to have left all your good-humour behind you, and really you might be

mistaken for quite another person.

Dear Edward, though I am younger than you, be advised by me. Do not, I entreat you, make your Mama uneasy any longer. If you go on in this way, you may break her heart. You know not what tears she sheds in your absence. Pray now, Edward, stay more at home, and do every thing you can to please Mama. Pardon me this freedom. I am afraid you are very angry with me.

Edward. No. I am not angry with you, dear girl; I wish I was but half as good as you. Come,

there

there is no resisting what you have said; I will write the letter for Mama, and do my theme to-morrow-morning. Make yourself easy.

Henrietta. Will you as you do say? You will make me very happy, indeed, if you will write the

letter, as Mama has defired you.

Edward. I am going to Mama directly. Thus I gained my point, my dear Clarissa.

I am afraid, my dear friend, that Edward has formed acquaintance with some youths who pay no regard to their parents, and instigate him to the same undutiful behaviour. If he had but one virtuous friend to whose counsel he would attend, he might, I doubt not, become a useful member of society.

The servant has brought me a letter from my aunt. Will Clarissa excuse me for a moment

while I read it?

IN CONTINUATION.

What do you think was the subject of my aunt's letter? You will be as much assonished at it as I am. She informs me, that she is going shortly to be married.

Is it not rather strange, that a rich widow, above forty years of age should enter the married state a second time? And especially where there is a great disparity of years between her and the gentleman. Would you believe it, she is going to marry a young officer who is not yet seven and twenty. I

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could not avoid communicating this news to Mrs. Bedford. Poor Henrietta! exclaimed she, with tears in her eyes. Then my hope is all over. I thought that you would have been her heires; this

expectation, I fear, must be relinquished.

My aunt, Madam, answered I, has a right to dispose of herself, and her own property, as she pleases, and it becomes not me to censure her. She is too good, I think, to leave me destitute in my younger years, and before I can find means to support myself. I must endeavour to gain my own livelihood as a milliner or a lady's maid; and if in the mean while you favour me with your protection, and allow me afterwards to come to you for advice, I doubt not but I shall do very well. If I do the best in my power, I hope I may expect the bleffing of Heaven.

Dear Henrietta, faid this good lady, preffing me to her bosom. you shall, if you please, remain with me, I will be your aunt. Should I suffer the daughter of my dearest friend to be thrown into the hands of strangers? I have more than enough for my fon; a great deal too much, if he has not wisdom and virtue to direct him in the use of it. But you must promise me, if your aunt writes for you to return to her, that you will give me the Perhaps, after this fecond marriage preference. her house might not be quite so agreeable to you.

My heart was fo much moved, that I cried for joy, and moistened her hand with my tears. I shall always be grateful to my aunt, and wish her happy, faid 1; but as the change in her fituation may be productive of some alteration in my happiness, I gratefully accept, my dear Madam

of your truly maternal proposal.

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My own mother could not have shewn more tenderness than Mrs. Bedford did upon this occasion, How fortunate am I in coming here! I shall make it my daily duty to merit, as much as I can, the affection and good opinion of this excellent lady. And, to speak the truth to my confidential friend, I think my present situation much preserable to that which I have left. My aunt is a good woman, but the certainly has not a cultivated mind, nor does the like to fee young people take pleasure in literary pursuits. Mrs. Bedford, on the contrary, is a very convertible woman, reflects, and reasons upon what I read to her, and the remarks the makes are very instructive. Her sensible and judicious observations upon the various authors I read, double both my improvement and pleasure.

My good friend has been very kind in shewing me the curiosities of this city; there are a number of antient buildings worthy of notice, and many excellent charitable institutions, and some curious manufactories; but these I need not describe to you, as it is possible you have, in the course of your reading, met with better descriptions of them than

it would be in my power to give you.

We yesterday took a walk which commanded a view of the river Avon; the number of ships delighted me. The numerous waving slays which were hung out, on account of its being the king's

birth-day, added to the beauty of the scene.

The people in the vessels near which we stood, were all as active as buzzing bees. They seemed very cheerful and happy. In one ship we heard a bell ring, which we were told was to call the ship's crew to supper. Some of the sailors supped upon deck, and we saw them say grace before they began

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to eat. I was agreeably surprised to find that the seafaring people are not so bad as I had been taught to think them.

All together yielded me a kind of pleasure which

I had never before experienced.

We have now in one view, said Mrs. Bedford, a very instructive scene. You see the common sailors, which we are apt to despise, are a very useful body of men, and not wholly without a sense

of religion.

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What numbers of our fellow-creatures live almost all their days upon the water, and are as happy in their stations as others of equal rank upon land; and their services are as necessary as those of the manufacturer and the merchant. These are the people Henrietta, that affit our merchants in acquiring all their wealth; they encounter the dangers of the seas, and all the inclemencies of the weather, while the merchant sits at his ease in his town-house or villa. These ships fill his ware-houses with the manufactures and produce of the most distant countries.

Henrietta. Could not we live very well without these people's going to sea. It is so dangerous, I shudder when I think of it; and I pity the poor sailors in stormy weather. How dreadful it must be to be tossed about by the winds and waves in a

formy sea, at a distance from land!

Mrs. Bedford. I am pleafed with your compassion for the seafaring people, my dear. But, perhaps, you will be surprised when I tell you, that these sailors, whom you pity so much, no more mind climbing a high mast than you do going up stairs to bed; and with respect to the boisterous element which you so much dread, custom so re-

conciles

conciles them to the fea, that a ftorm which would frighten you or me to look at, though we flood upon the shore, does not affect them in the least. They sleep also, I am told, sounder at sea than we do upon land. No body of people have better health than failors, except farmers; and these seafaring people enjoy their biscuit and grog much more than many of their employers do the dainties

of a luxurious table.

The all-wife Creator, my dear Henrietta, continued Mrs. Bedford, has not formed the earth only, but the sea; and intended it, no doubt, for other purposes than merely as the habitation of fishes. The sea, as well as the earth, was designed for the benefit of man; and how many thousands of men are employed and supported by navigation! Without ships and imaller vessels we could not procure the fish of the sea. Without arger ones the produce and manufactory of one county could not be conveyed to others, when separated by the ocean. And what multitudes are maintained by the building of ships, the making of ropes, fails and anchors, and in providing other materials for the purposes of navigation and commerce?

Henrietta. These things I did not think of.

Mrs. Bedford. Are you not fond of a dish of tea or coffee, Henrietta? And you drink fugar with it too? But you could have neither of these indulgences without ships; no, nor even your filk

Henrietta. But I could give up any, or all of

thefe, to fave men's lives.

Mrs. Bedford. Men perish upon the land as well as the water. Could you do without coals in Winter? yet men perish in coal-pits.

Henrietta.

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Henrietta. I wonder any people will chuse those dangerous employments, though if they did not, I find I should want many even of the necessaries of

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rietta.

Mrs. Bedford. It is wifely ordained of God, that there should be different stations and employments in the world, and that these are not always lest to our own choice; nor is perhaps the danger of the sea so great as many imagine. A storm upon land will sometimes unroof our houses, lightning will damage our churches, strike men and cattle dead in the field. Many missortunes arise from the salling of tiles, the breaking down of carriages and bridges, a slip of the soot upon the pavement, or upon the stairs in our own houses, and probably there are more persons drowned in canals, rivers, and havens, than out at sea.

So that our danger upon land, my dear Hennietta, is perhaps much greater than you ever sufpected. How many fires do we read of in the newspapers which happen in the city of London and other places. We have frequent accounts of people being burnt to death; but how seldom do we hear of a ship being burnt, though built almost entirely of wood? That a ship should ever perform a voyage in safety, considering the perils and dangers to which it is exposed, is a wonderful instance of the providence of God. Shipwrecks are but sew, compared with the number of vessels which reach n safety their respective ports.

Henrietta. Pray, Madam, how do the captains of these vessels know which way to go when they a e out at sea and have lost sight of land?

Mrs. Bedford. They fail, my dear, by a compass:
B ut as I am not so well able to explain it to you,

I will alk a captain of a merchantman (who was a particular acquaintance of my husband) to permit us to go on board; and as you never, I suppose, was in a ship, its construct will afford you great entertainment.

Henrietta. You are very good, Madam, in taking so much pains both to instruct and to amuse me. I own I should like very much to see a ship, and to examine a compass, to know in what manner it is serviceable. I have seen such things hang in shops, but I have no idea how they use them. My aunt would think these things rather out of the province of a semale, but I have an irresistible desire to know every thing that is curious.

Mrs. Bedford. I commend this defire of know-ledge, and shall gratify it to the utmost of my

ability.

1 100

What a long letter have I written you, my dear Clarissa. I can only say, take your revenge as soon as you please upon your most affectionate

HENRIETTA.

LETTER XXXV.

Clarissa Gianville to Henrietta Thornton.

BY your last letter you transmitted to me a share of the pleasure of your walk by the river side; and if it had been practicable, I should like to have made one of your party. You will be

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so obliging to make good that loss by a second letter of two sheets at the least. There is one thing you need never be afraid of, I mean tiring me with the length of your letters.

I wish this same Edward Bedford was embarking in one of those ships you have lately seen. What

mother can ever be happy with fuch a fon?

To love and fear God, and to be obedient to our parents, are our first duties. What good is to be expected from any young man who neglects these obligations? And what happiness can such a youth expect for himself. But I must change my subject.

Our new house pleases me very well: it is neat, plain, and convenient: it contains every thing that is necessary, but without superfluity. If we had but Papa with us, I could soon quite sorget our former habitation. Our best room has no other than common surniture, except two portraits of Papa and Mama, which are esteemed very good likenesses. My little chamber commands a view over the fields and gardens. I am sitting at this moment with my window open, enjoying the fresh air, and writing to my Henrietta—two enviable pleasures!

Caroline has a front room, in which she sleeps in a closet bed. She keeps much in this chamber; her dog is her chief companion. She makes herself very unhappy, by wishing for what she cannot have, and indulging regret for the loss of pleasures which she ought to know are vain and sugitive. Mama has very little of her company, nor do Maria or I often see her, excepting at our meals. I believe she grieves very much in secret, for she sometimes comes down to dinner with a very sorterowful countenance, and her eyes swelled as if she

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had been crying. But will this fretting mend the matter? Instead of healing the wound, it irritates and makes it worse. If we cannot reconcile ourselves to the situation in which there are many comforts, there is reasons to think we should not be contented and happy, though we were as rich as Croesus.

Our good Mama sets a most excellent example for us all to follow. She is evidently more thoughtful than before this severe trial, but still she is cheerful with her children, and rejoices to

fee us lively and happy.

Next to my Papa, Mama, and my fisters, who do you think occupies my mind the most? Your little foundling, Henrietta, I assure you. That I am not now able to do for him what I first designed is matter of serious concern to me. I promised to put him to a school, but this pleasure I cannot now have. I will tell you, however, what I will do. Twice or three times in the week he shall come to me, and I will be his school-mistress. He would be quite grieved, poor fellow, should he be disappointed of his learning, for he has often asked the widow when he was to go to school.

I am almost sure he is not a poor man's child, for the last time I was with him, a gentleman happened to pass by in a scarlet coat, on which Charles started, and cried out, Oh! I thought I saw my

Papa; he used to wear just such a coat.

This, as you will readily suppose, struck me with some surprize. I began asking him about his parents, when he said, I must not tell, Madam, my mother bid me not tell.

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You speak like a good little fellow, said I. You cannot expect God's bleffing if you are disobedient to the commands of your parents; but perhaps your mother only defired you not to fay any thing about her while she was alive. She is dead now you know, which alters the case; perhaps if she had thought she should die, and leave you, she might have defired you to tell who she was, in hopes of making friends for you. No, Madam, faid he, that is not all, for my father bid me never speak about my family to any one, and I hope he is not dead too. I hope not, faid I, my dear, and could not help kiffing him. Your parents orders ought to be kept facred, at least while either of them are living. But supposing they were both dead, when it could not affect their delicacy, and might be of some service to you, I should think in fuch a case you would be at liberty to speak of your family.

All that the child ever faid to the widow was, that his father had promised he would come again. The pretty behaviour of this little boy is another

proof that he has been well brought up.

Next Monday my little pupil is to come to me for the first time. My Mama is quite delighted with my design. And who can justly blame me? Caroline indeed, when she heard of my intention, said, with a sneer, "So, Miss Clarissa is going to keep a school! Very sine, indeed! To teach charity children! What will Mama say?"

We are born to be useful to each other, replied I. The rich are obliged to support the poor by their affluence; and they who are not rich should endeavour to be serviceable some other way. Per-

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fons of well-disposed hearts may find daily opportunities of doing good; and he is a worthless being who lives only for himself. Maria calls suddenly for her sister,

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POSTSCRIPT.

For what purpose do you suppose Maria called me. She met me upon the stairs: Sister, sister, here is Sophia with her Mama. I assure you, it is true. What an agreeable surprize! I have but just exchanged a word or two, and hastened to my room to close my letter, as the post is just setting out. Adieu! adieu!

LETTER XXXVI.

Sophia Pemberton to Henrietta Thornton.

THE joys of friendship are truly great. What raptures did I feel at our arrival here! And I have reason to believe the pleasure was mutual. Clarissa received me with open arms, and the lovely little Maria almost smothered me with her kisses

Mrs. Glanville and Mama left us young folks to ourselves, and retired into another room. Miss Caroline said she had a violent head ache, and did not come down to dinner.

We

We first took a turn or two in the garden, and sat chatting in the alcove, where, I assure you, Henrietta soon made one of the party. The weather being very hot, it was proposed to go and look at Clarissa's little apartment, as she called it. A most charming apartment it is, and not so small as I expected. It was ornamented with many of her own drawings of birds and beautiful buttersles, and commanded a pretty view of the country. The side of the house is shaded with trees, but not so as to obstruct the prospect.

Upon the table lay a manuscript book, consisting of Clarissa's remarks upon the beauties of Nature; and it contained also a register of her flowers, flower-seeds, and roots, with the time when they were to be sown and planted, so as to have a continual succession.

I found also lying open, a book entitled "Thoughts on Retirement," out of which I begged leave to make some extracts; one of them I here send you, as I know you will thank me for it.

ON SUN-RISING.

"What a beautiful scene! Will the splendors of any earthly court bear a comparison with this; or compared with this, what are the best and most masterly paintings?

"To describe it is vain, and it is also unnecesfary, as the scene itself is visible to every eye, which is open early enough to observe it.

"Behold the beautiful carpet of Nature! What variegated colours this landscape prefents us with.

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The beautifully waving corn intermixes its grey, white, and yellow tints with the darker and lighter green. How great is Nature's provision for the innumerable herds of cattle which graze in the plain! How wife, how benevolent is the God of Nature! The whole animal creation partakes of his liberality. Neither the wild beast of the forest, nor the smallest insect is unprovided for. what is man? Constituted the lord of this lower creation. To man, his great Creator hath given the dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth. Forget not, O man, thy dependance, thy obligation. All that thou hast is God's. The earth is his with all its fullness. The Sun knoweth his rifing and his going down. And this splendid orb of day gives light to all, to the evil and the good. Every nation beholds it, and feels more or less the effects of its radiant beams. When it fets to one part of the earth, it is always rifing to another; its splendor, light, and heat, never cease. Neither does it enlighten our planet alone. There are others within our knowledge which partake of its benign rays. To Mercury, to Venus, to Mars, to Jupiter, to Saturn, and to another planet, not long ago discovered by the renowned Astronomer Herschel. To these, and probably to more, it rises, as well as to ours.

"Think not then, O vain man, that the Sun was made for thee, or for this earth alone. We probably form but a very small part of the intelligent creation.

"There are other Suns, and other worlds, which, distant as they are, our eye can reach, when the greater light of our own Sun is with-drawn

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drawn from us, and we retire into the shade of night.

"And what would our earth be, if the Sun after its next fetting, was to rise no more? The idea alone is replete with horror. The whole earth would not only be an abys of darkness, but it would be reduced to its original chaos, unproductive of the least herb or flower, not even a blade of grass would be seen upon the whole surface of this globe. Birds, beafts, fishes, and man himself, all must die. The Sun is the source of life to the animal as well as the vegetable creation, and of all our terrestial enjoyment.

"How then can man, the creature of intelligence and understanding, behold the Sun daily without the least sense of gratitude to that almighty power, infinite wisdom, and goodness unbounded, whose voice spoke the word, and it, was done, who said, "Let there be light, and there was light."

"The Sun with all its splendor is but a faint and dim reflector of the glory of the Creator. He dwells in his own original uncreated light; light inaccessible, which dazzles both human and angelic vision."

I have transcribed sufficient, I think, to give you an idea of the strain of this book. This passage pleased me so much, I was certain it would also please my friend Henrietta; and I am equally certain, that I need make no apology for sending you the thoughts of others rather than always my own, and especially those of riper years and superior judgment. I intend to purchase the book myself. In such a room as this, with such an enchanting prospect, with a sew shelves of choice books, and

my felect friends around me, I should not envy the monarch on his throne.

You have heard, no doubt, of Clarissa's teaching the young foundling. Nor is that all. I have heard that she is also going to teach the children of a poor widow, who is not able to send them to school, besides becoming a visitor at the Sunday school. What will Caroline say now? Poor girl, her heart is not yet reconciled to her change of circumstances. I heartily wish it was as contented as that of your

SOPHIA

LETTER XXXVII.

Clarissa Glanville to Henrietta Thornton.

WHAT a kind girl is Sophia! She has brought me a bullfinch, which the herfelf taught feveral tunes. The fweet little creature is quite tame, flies to my finger, and will come to me from any part of the room. I believe my dear Sophia gave it me with a view to divert my thoughts into another channel, supposing that I would dwell too much on our domestic affliction. In this light it was friendly, and merits my thanks. But to speak the real truth, my fister Caroline has more need of having her thoughts diverted a little, for they are constantly employed upon the change she has experienced. Not one of her former young friends

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friends ever come to see her, and she grieves in secret that she is no more in vited to scenes of gaiety.

What will become of my poor fifter, if Heaven denies her riches? She must live in solitude, and retire wholly from the world; for without affluence she cannot return to her former circle, and her inferiors she greatly despites. A little anecdote I can-

not omit mentioning.

Last week the wife of a respectable tanner, who lives not far from us, fent to know if it would be convenient and agreeable to us to receive a visit from her on our arrival in that neighbourhood. Caroline, who supposed the card came from one of her friends, with an invitation to some party, eagerly read it; and piqued at her disappointment, answered of her own accord, without acquainting Mama, that we were engaged, and threw the card upon the ground, which Susan took up, and conveyed to my Mama, who fent back her compliments to Mrs. Bird, and she should be glad to see her. But before Sufan returned to the door, the fervant was gone. If it had been in my power, I certainly would have prevented Caroline from taking upon herfelf to give an answer to a message fent to Mama; but Maria and I were fitting in a back parlour.

When Mama heard that the servant was gone before Susan could deliver her answer, she sent for

Caroline.

Mama. Pray, Caroline, who authorised you to send a servant from the door with an answer to a card directed to me?

Caroline. I thought, Mama, you would not wish such people as the Birds to visit us.

Mama.

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Mama. Why so, what do you know concerning them?

Caroline. It was the servant from that stinking tan-yard, the smell of which, when the wind blows this way, makes me sick.

Mama. Caroline, what shoes do you wear?

Caroline. Not leather shoes, I assure you, Mama. We could do very well without tanners.

Mama. Pray, child, look at the foles of your

shoes, are not they made of leather?

Here Caroline blushed as red as scarlet. But, added Mama, does Mrs. Bird herself work in the business? Do you think she would bring the fmell of the tan-yard with her? Mr. Bird's house is at some considerable distance from it. But it is not merely the smell of a tan-yard that you dislike. You despise such visitors because they are in trade, and you think them your inferiors. People in bufiness are more valuable members of the community than people out of business. They employ a number of workmen, and by this means afford provisions for many families. Besides, do you know that this tanner, whom you feem to despise, is worth more money than your Papa was ever pofsessed of.

Caroline. I beg pardon then, Mama; I did not know that they were rich. I wish I had not sent such an answer.

Mama. Are you forry for the affront you have given only because you know they are in affluent circumstances. Recollect that for the same reason you refused them others may refuse you. For we are not now in such affluent circumstances as we have been. In this respect we are inferior to many in the neighbourhood, and even to that very family

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family whose friendly message you have treated with such incivility and rudeness. But suppose Mr. and Mrs. Bird were not rich, was yours polite treatment? Condescension to our inferiors is not

meanness, but true greatness of mind.

I have something further yet to add. This family, whom you despise because of their trade, is, I am told, one of the best families in the whole They are a religious family, constant attendants at church, regular vifitors at Sunday schools, and very good to the poor. And these are the people whom you think beneath you, Caroline. I should have thought our late change of circumstances might have produced a change in your temper and disposition, and made you a little more humble. Pray let me ask you, Caroline, how many of your gay acquaintance have enquired after you, or been to fee you fince the late unhappy event? Send the most polite card you can dictate to any of those your former friends, and you will receive an answer similar to that you have fent to this good family, "We are engaged." You are now their inferior; and your father is returned again to business.

You perceive, my dear, I am not pleased with your conduct; but, nevertheless, I will forgive you this fault, on condition that you write an apology, and beg pardon for the hasty answer you sent, informing Mrs. Bird, that it was without your Mama's knowledge, and that I shall be glad to see

them to tea this afternoon.

Caroline. Indeed, Mama, that will make me very ridiculous, and I beg to be excused. I am willing to ask your pardon, but not Mrs. Bird's.

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Mama. Whenever you have committed a fault, you ought certainly to make an acknowledgment of it to the person offended. And as you are not willing to do that, I must forbid you our company this afternoon, and insist upon it that you remain in your chamber the whole evening, and I shall send your supper to you.

For this once I will make an apology for you, and in the morning when you come down to breakfast, I expect you will confess your fault in refusing to do what I desired, and promise me that you will be more conformable in suture. With-

out this you lose my favour entirely.

Caroline left the room with a countenace which did not betoken the least concern for what she had done.

The tender hearted Maria begged hard for her fifter. It must oppress her heart very much to stay so long in her chamber, said she Mama. It oppresses mine more, replied Mama, that I am under the necessity of being thus severe with your sister. I am pleased to find you feel for her so much, my dear, but lenity might do your sister harm, and you wish her good I am sure.

Maria. That I do, Mama; and I would do any thing I could for Caroline, though she is not so

kind to me as my fifter Clariffa.

My Mama wrote an answer as she proposed, and Mrs. Bird came in the afternoon, accompanied by two of her daughters. She is really a very sensible well-bred woman, and the young ladies are extremely genteel, and appear to be well educated; I flatter myself we shall have great satisfaction in cultivating an acquaintance with them.

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Caroline continued in her room, according to Mama's order. I hope this discipline will be profitable to her; for if she goes on in this way, she will make herself unhappy, and every one around her.

At the end of this week, I am going with Maria to pay a visit to our good uncle Anthony; and I hope Sophia will be able to accompany us.

We have no occasion to make ourselves uneasy that we have no man servant to attend us, for our good Mama has made an agreement with a faithful old gardener, who lives near, and who once lived in our Grand Papa's family, always to accompany us whenever we send for him.

It gives me much concern that we live so far from Sophia. But perhaps it is better for us that we have not all our wishes gratified. Farewel, my dear Henrietta. Mama calls, and I would not make her wait one unnecessary moment for

Your affectionate

CLARISSA.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Henrietta Thornton to Clariffa Glanville.

I COULD not refrain from reading your last letter to Mrs. Bedford, and discerned in her countenance a high degree of pleasure before I had read it half through.

She

She highly commended the aversion you express to that detestable, yet much indulged passion, Pride of Birth.

She related to me several little anecdotes, of which I am going to amuse you with; nor do I

think them uninstructive.

A certain Earl, who, by his licentious way of life had deeply mortgaged his estate, and had still great debts remaining unpaid, was asked by his shoemaker to settle an account which had been long in arrears. His humble creditor shewed no rudeness, but perhaps might weary him with his repeated importunities, as he was nearly brought to ruin for want of the money due from this nobleman. The Earl was exceedingly enraged, and sent for the shoemaker.

My steward informs me, said his Lordship, in great wrath, that you have even threatened to profecute a man of my rank. Have not I employed you for many years, and your father before you?

True, please your Lordship, you have employed me, but my work for you has not yet procured me one loaf of bread for my family. The money which I have paid for leather and workmen's wages on your account, please your Lordship, would support my children in meat, drink, and cloathing, for years. And if I had not been better paid by my other good customers, I should have died in a jail, and my children would have been put into the parish workhouse. I only ask, please your Lordship, for what is my due, and honestly and hardly gained? And how dare you, Sir, replied the Earl, speak with so much freedom in the presence of a man of my birth and noble descent?

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Necessity, please your Lordship makes me bold. I must have my money, or my family must go to ruin.

Steward, order Thomas to come here, said the Earl, to shew this impudent fellow out of the gate?

Please your Lordship, you need not trouble yourself or your servants, for I shall leave your house immediately, as you shew no inclination to pay me my just demand. But I must first beg leave to tell your Lordship, that my ancestry is noble, and older than yours; for about two hundred years ago one of my progenitors was an Earl. And what do you think, my Lord, your progenitor was at that time? Why, please your Lordship, he was then what I am now, a poor shoemaker. And if you will not believe me, my Lord, I can convince you of its truth by some receipts signed by your great great grandsather, which testify that my ancestors paid much better than you do.

Now I go, my Lord; you will to-morrow re-

ceive a line from my attorney.

Such cases are not rare in the world, added Mrs. Bedford. Some rise from obscurity to an elevated station, and others fall from their tow'ring height, and sink into oblivion.

Shall I relate to you another incident?

Madam, replied I, you amuse and improve me at the same time. I am all attention. She then said to me, I have an instance of unlooked-for adversity in my own house, Henrietta. Fanny, who now lives with me, is of a good samily; but by an unexpected concurrence of unfortunate circumstances, her sather was reduced to poverty. Till her sisteenth year, poor Fanny lived in splendor,

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and had servants to wait upon her, but now she is reduced to be a servant to others.

By her whole deportment, it appears that this young woman has been brought up in her early years in a superior stile; she is very sensible, has a remarkably genteel address, a great taste for reading, and speaks French sluently. Mrs. Bedford is exceeding kind to her, and is preparing her to move in a higher sphere than that of a servant; she has provided her masters to teach her drawing, geography, and something of astronomy, in order that she may be qualified as a private governess in a family of rank. She learns every thing to which she applies with great facility; and having the advantage of such an instructress in Mrs. Bedford, in respect to propriety of behaviour, I make no doubt she will be remarkably well qualified.

Fanny is now nearly seventeen; she is not what you would call handsome, but very pleasing and interesting. Her father, after his failure, entered himself as a clerk in an East-Indiaman, but he died three days before the ship sailed. Not long after her mother died in Paris, her native city, in the very extreme of poverty; upon which event this distressed girl (not then more than sixteen years of age) came to England with a merchant, an acquaintance of her father's, who happened at that time to be in France. This gentleman and his wife, not having occasion for a servant, recom-

mended her to Mrs. Bedford.

What changes take place in the world! Who then would pride themselves in birth or riches? Virtue in the best nobility, and the most valuable and most durable riches.

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I have another little history to relate to you, which Mrs. Bedford has entertained me with; but I must reserve it to my next letter, as we are going in five minutes to return a visit to one of her particular friends.

HENRIETTA.

LETTER XXXIX.

From the Same to the Same.

I SHALL now give you the narrative to which I referred in my last. It conveys an in-structive lesson to those children, who slight the authority both of parents and guardians.

RICHARD AND SIMON.

Richard, said Mrs. Bedford, who himself related to me the whole story, was the only son of a considerable merchant in this city, and was tenderly beloved by his parents. Very early in life he formed a great intimacy with a school-sellow about the same age with himself, of the name of Simon, who was an orphan under the care of an uncle, his appointed guardian.

These two children were almost inseparable companions, and a sincere friendship also subsisted betwixt Richard's parents and the uncle of Simon. Neither of these boys were viciously inclined; and

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it evidently appears that they erred more through imprudence and thoughtlessness than from badness of heart.

Simon, like many children at his age, was not very tractable; but Richard was a docile good boy, and attracted the notice and gained the good opinion of every one. Simon's negligence, in respect to learning, subjected him to the severe discipline of the school, which was often repeated without effect. He also incurred his uncle's displeasure, Chastisement and reproof at length became so very irksome, that he determined to release himself from what he confidered as unreasonable constraint and undeferved severity. His father had left him a good fortune, and his uncle, who was very kind to him, made him a handsome allowance of pocketmoney, and indulged him with letting him wear a valuable gold watch, which had been his father's. He had other relative who were very liberal to him, and made him prefents of money to a much greater amount than his uncle was aware of. Having a scheme in his head, he grew very faving, and hoarded up every fixpence till he was possessed of twenty pounds. He had already repeatedly declared to Richard his resolution of leaving his uncle, who feveral times diffuaded him from putting it in execution. But one unfortunate day when Richard had been chastised by his father, he complained of it to Simon, who seized the opportunity of bringing his former scheme into view, and by his artful discourse at length persuaded Richard to become the partner of his flight.

They took their course to a sea-port town, near which, as they understood by the newspapers, was a ship ready to sail for the West-Indies. With the

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money which Simon possessed, they easily procured the dress and accourtements of sailors, and in this new garb went on board in order to sail to the West-Indies, where they soolishly thought lads of their abilities would easily make their own fortune. But the pittance of money that remained was not sufficient to enable them to go as passengers, they therefore engaged to work their passage over, little thinking of the hardships they exposed themselves to.

They had been on board but a short time before both of them repented in secret of the imprudent step they had taken, but they could not repair their fault by a speedy return, and were under the neceffity of going with the rest of the crew to the deflined port. At length they arrived in the West-Indies, where they met fresh disappointment, for they could find no one that would employ a couple of fugitive boys, totally ignorant of business. Simon's whole stock of money was soon exhausted, and when that was gone, Poverty, with its dreadful train of evils, affailed them, and they were absolutely reduced to beg their bread, without a friend to protect or advise them; they then applied to the Captain who took them over, and acquainted him with the circumstances of their elopement, and he kindly offered to take them back, and fet them again on their native shore; but they met with continual mortification during the course of the voyage, for the failors made them the general objects of their rude mirth and ridicule; and they had nearly lost their lives in a dreadful storm. However, they landed fafe at last, and very anxious were they to be received by those very friends whom they had so rashly deserted. The The captain was so good as to give them some money to bear their expences from Deal to London; but the stages were so loaded with inside and outside passengers, that they could get no places, therefore were obliged to walk on soot, which was very painful and satiguing, as their shoes were quite worn out. Indeed they were in a sad tattered condition. Every step of their approach to their native city, their sears encreased of meeting the just anger of their parents and guardians. But there was no alternative.

The dusk of the evening favoured their entrance, so that they escaped being known. They went first to the house of one of their school-sellows, to beg that his parents would intercede for them with their friends, for they did not dare go directly home.

Here Richard was first informed that his mother was dying, that his absconding had almost broke her heart. The poor penitent youth trembled from head to foot, and turned as pale as ashes. He was ready to faint away with fatigue, hunger, and grief.

It being rather late, and the boys too appearing in such a wosul plight, it was judged not so proper to make known their coming till the morning, especially on account of the weak state of Richard's mother, to whom a sudden communication of such unexpected news might prove satal.

The next morning a message was sent to Richard's father, to desire him to meet a gentleman upon business, at the house where our young re-

turning prodigals were.

He accordingly went. The subject of his son's elopement making a part of their conversation, the gentleman of the house told him that he had by accident

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rega thei cident heard that his son and Simon had been seen at Deal, and that it was supposed they would both easily be persuaded to return home, if they could be assured that their friends would pardon, and receive them into favour.

Richard's father immediately exclaimed, "O, if I could but once more see my Richard, I would

receive him with open arms."

This was enough. The wandering youth, who was in the next room, and overheard the language of paternal goodness, immediately rushed into his sather's presence, and was embraced with truly parental affection. Mutual tears supplied the place of words, and this moving interview was seasonably interrupted by the appearance of Simon imploring Mr. B's forgiveness, and entreating his kind mediation with his uncle.

Mr. B. kindly engaged to introduce him, and begged his fon to remain there till his return. After he had fecured Simon's good reception with his guardian, he immediately ordered the coachman to fet him down at Dr. S's, the physician, to consult with him whether he judged it proper that an interview should take place betwixt Richard and his mother in her weak condition.

By no means faid the Doctor, she is in too seeble a state to bear it. Let us try first if your having heard of your son will revive her. But while they were consulting together, a messenger arrived with the intelligence that Mrs. B. had just expired.

Imagine to yourself, my dear Henrietta, said Mrs. Bedford, what Richard must have felt when

he heard the dreadful news.

What a lesson is this for those children who disregard parental counsel. or slight the authority of their legal guardians.

HENRIETTA.

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LETTER XL.

Sophia Pemberton to Henrietta Thornton.

YESTERDAY I had a most agreeable walk to Mr. Anthony Glanville's with Clarissa and Maria. My Mama, whom I had prevailed upon to pay a visit to Mrs. Glanville, kept her

company while we were out.

Caroline was not permitted to go with us, but it was entirely her own fault. She is amazingly giddy. You know how heedless she is, and that she takes no care of her own things. We waited for her more than half an hour. She could neither find her umbrella nor her gloves, nor the key of her drawers to get another pair. At last she defired Clarissa to lend her a pair of her gloves, which Mrs. Glanville hearing, forbid, saying, no, Clarissa, as a punishment for her negligence, Caroline shall stay at home to-day, and then she will have time to seek for what she had lost. You must not lose your walk for her carelessness. Besides, I should rather one of you remained at home with me. I may want your assistance.

Caroline. I now recollect, that I left my umbrella at the milliner's, and my gloves I left upon a chair, from whence somebody has removed them,

perhaps Maria.

Maria. Indeed you are mistaken, sister, I have not seen them.

Mrs. Gtanville.

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Mrs. Glanville. I wish, Caroline, that you would not charge your fifter with things that the may be perfectly innocent of.

Caroline. She is always meddling with fomething or other, and putting things in the wrong places.

Mrs. Glanville. You never put your things in order. Your fifters fave you from many a just reprimand. Pray tell me, where is your filver thimble?

Caroline. I have it in my pocket.

Mrs. Glanville. You are mistaken, for it is in The maid found it upon the carpet, after you had been playing with the cat. And where is the key of your drawers;

Caroline. I am afraid, Mama, I have lost it.

Mrs. Glanville. You have not absolutely lost it, but through inattention you had taken it up with fome gauze clippings, and thrown them all together into a corner where this little fifter of yours, whom you blame so much, found it.

Only think now how many things you have missed in a small space of time, and entirely through

your want of attention.

See, here is your umbrella, which the milliner's girl has brought; and here is your key. Your gloves, I think, will not so easily be found. If you go on fo in this manner a whole year, you will find a good fum of money necessary to repair all your losses. Your thoughtlessness grieves me, Caroline. It gives me much anxiety on your account. In future life, how unfit will you be to superintend the affairs of a family? Every one will take advantage of your carelessness. fervants will ridicule you behind your back; nor can even your friends put any considence in you.

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For how can those be expected to take any care for others who take little or none for themselves. Only observe how careful your sister Clarissa is; she lays every thing by in great order when the is going out, and when she returns. But, on the contrary, in your chamber, here lies a hat, and there a shoe, in one chair a handkerchief, and in another a cap or fomething else; your toilet is always in great diforder, and I have often feen things upon the ground. Must you be treated again as a child? And must I be obliged to take care even of your things? Go into your room, Caroline, and endeavour to repair your loss by your diligence; and let this be the last time I have occasion to speak to you in a strain more disagreeable to me, perhaps than even to yourfelf.

Caroline. I hope, Mama, I shall find my things again; and I promise you I will take better care of

them in future.

Mrs. Glanville Your good design comes too late now. The dog of which you are so fond has saved you the trouble. Look into the little house which you bought for him, and there you will find your gloves torn all in pieces.

Caroline. Then, my dear Mama, you see it is

not my own fault.

Mrs. Glanville. It would not have been your fault if you had put them away, for then the dog would not have met with them. He certainly found them in a chair, or on the ground. However, it is needless to say any thing more upon the subject. You have no other pair than your best, and I do not chuse you should take them into common use, as it is necessary for you to practice frugality.

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No fooner was Caroline gone out of the room, than Maria flew to her Mama, and begged hard that her fifter might be forgiven. But Mrs. Glanville faid, I feldom do things rashly, especially in the government of my family. You need not ask it, indeed, Maria.

At this moment Clarissa stepped in with my mother, to whom she had been shewing her slowers, and other things which she had sowed and planted herself; after which we took our intended walk, not daring to say any thing more in sayour of Caroline.

We found Mr. Anthony with a spade in his hand working in his garden.

I do this, fays he, for my health. I have also the pleasing reward of seeing my plants and flowers rising daily to perfection, and my labours turning to use; and I experience at the same time the goodness of my Creator in blessing the work of my hands.

Without his fun, and without his rain, all my labour would be lost. It is he that provided me with both seeds, and plants, and from him I receive the strength to work. Yes, Clarissa, my very being and all my property are God's gift. I learn, therefore, from the products of Nature, to love the God of Nature.

But come my children, faid the good man, you are probably weary with your long walk, we will go into the house; and when you have rested and refreshed yourselves, we will return into the garden.

See fister, said Maria, as we were passing along, what a pretty aviary is there. Yes, said Mr. Anthony, those are my musicians, and they richly K 2

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I give them.

Simple and neat is Mr. Anthony Glanville's habitation. He told us he had no tafte for parade and shew. Whatever was useful he purchased; but more than that he had no great defire to be poffefsed of. Useless furniture, he observed, only makes more fervants necessary; and after a short possesfion gives not much fatisfaction to the owner. But come into my best room, said he, and you will see that I love also to encourage the arts. I have some few paintings by the best masters. These we could not but admire, for they were very fine. Mr. Anthony next took us into his little library. My collection of books, faid he, is not large. I prefer a small selection of the best authors to a more numerous one; nor do I wish to affect to be thought learned by a display of my folios. He then shewed us his philosophical apparatus, which confifted of telescopes, globes, and an excellent microscope. In one part of the room I took notice of a cabinet with small glass doors, of which I was curious to know the use, as it was not of a size to contain books, and had many partitions in it. Is that for medals, Sir? faid I. Medals! he exclaimed. No. I leave those to the purchase of the more wealthy. The contents of that Cabinet, Clarissa, cost much less money than your Othos and Cleopatras, but are of greater utility.

They are for the use of the poor. To gratify me, he opened it, and it had the appearance of an apothecary's shop. It contained the most approved medicines for the sick. In the dispensing of these he is very useful in his little circle, and the prayers

of the villagers follow his daily steps.

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Clariffa could not refrain from kiffing her uncle's hand, exclaiming, Oh, how good you are, Sir, Heaven will blefs you; God will love you. You wifit the poor, and bind up their wounds. If I lived a little nearer to you, Sir, I should often beg leave to accompany you in your visitations. How happy is it for your indigent neighbours to have such a benefactor!

The power of being of some use to my necessitous sellow-creatures is, I confess, one of the highest pleasures of my life, said Mr. Anthony; and I will put it into your's, my love, to partake of this pleasure. I will give you a few good drugs, with such a minute directory as shall prevent your making any improper use of them.

Sir, I shall be very thankful, I assure you, said Clarissa, for such a present, and shall not be long before I avail myself of it.

But will you first be so good, Sir, as to give me a few instructions when you have a leisure hour, and I will with pleasure at any time come on purpose to your house. I will save you that trouble, my dear; I shall go to your house in a few days, and I then will give you a first lesson, not in the art of dancing or singing, but in the art of relieving your fellow-creatures under some of their manifold distresses.

But am not I, Sir, too young to administer medicines? added Clarissa. Not the simple ones which I shall intrust you with, replied he.

Mr. Anthony ordered tea for us in a summerhouse, which commanded a most delightful view of the adjacent country. Now, I shall shew you, said he, a greater aviary than that you have already seen.

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The chearful fongsters of this aviary live in freedom; they enjoy their native liberty; they seek their own support; they have nothing to thank me for, unless it be this place of resuge from the storm, and that sometimes I throw them a handful of seeds in a rainy day or a hard frost, when they cannot go abroad in quest of their food. And if you will please to be quite still a moment, you will see how familiar we are together.

He then took fome bread, and threw it into the bird-walk, and immediately a number of the cho-

rifters of the grove affembled at his feet.

Oh, exclaimed Maria, I wish I could catch one of those pretty beautiful little creatures. I would buy it a very nice gilt cage, and take great care of it.

But, my dear, said her uncle, do you think the bird would be happier in your gilt cage than in the sull enjoyment of its liberty? Our heavenly Father, who has so richly provided for us, provides also for the seathered race. Not even a sparrow, you know, ever sails to the ground for lack of food. Besides, these birds have probably their young to provide for; and would you take away the mother, and leave the little ones to perish? That would be cruel, indeed; for young birds cannot sly about, you know, to seek their own support.

The dear little girl felt at her heart the impropriety of a wish which the sight of the birds had excited in her mind, and her eyes were brin.ful of

tears.

I shall take more pleasure, says, she, now, uncle, in seeing them in the fields and woods, and in hearing them sing their wild notes than in having them

them in cages. But, uncle, why do you keep

birds flut up in your other aviary?

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Those birds, my dear, have never been accustomed to seek their sood abroad, nor have they been exposed to the cold and the storms. If I was to let them sly away now, I am not sure they would be happier than they at present appear to be in my aviary. Perhaps they could not easily find their proper nourishment. Nor do I think birds confined in cages from the nest are unhappy; their chearful lively notes seem to prove the contrary. Having been confined from the first, they never knew the charms of heaven-born Liberty. If any of these birds which you now see were to be taken and confined in a cage, I believe they would soon hang their wings, droop, and die.

After Mr. Anthony had treated us with strawberries and cream, we returned home, attended by the old gardener, who had accompanied us, much pleased with our visit, and the great attention shewn by the good gentleman to render it agreeable. No man enjoys a country situation more than he does, and but sew men are more useful to the distressed and sickly poor. The villagers love and

revere him as their father.

When we came within fight of Clarissa's house, we saw the hackney coach at the door waiting to take Mama home.

I begged pardon for somewhat exceeding our time; and, as the best apology I could make, said that Mr. Anthony had so agreeably entertained us, and had somany things to shew us, that the time passed imperceptibly away; and if we had not from a little eminence beheld the sun setting, we should not have thought the evening so near at hand.

Mama

Mama readily pardoned us, and we instantly departed.

SOPHIA.

LETTER XLI.

Mr. Anthony Glanville to Clariffa Glanville.

YOU left with me, my dear niece, your gold watch, rings, &c. to be disposed of, if any demands upon your Papa remained unsatisfied. But I have the fatisfaction to inform you, that your Papa's affairs have all been adjusted without the neceffity of depriving you of them. I shall therefore referve them till I have the pleasure of seeing you again at my house. You have shewn by refigning of them, your praise-worthy love to your parents, and you merit the same applause as if they had been appropriated according to your defire. have made a voluntary facrifice of those female ornaments to which young people like you are in general so much attached. Your affection and love to your parents, proved by this facrifice, will, no doubt, be pleasing to Heaven, and meet with its reward.

It was an ancient custom at Salency, in France, to present the most meritorious semale in the district with a garland, that every one might shew her respect, and imitate her virtues. If my niece Clarissa was a native of that place, she would certainly have had her brow encircled with that public testimony

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ance, flew niece d ceroublic anony testimony of merit. Was my property greater, niece, I would shew you how highly I estimate your goodness. It is only in my power to give you a small token of it. Every new year's-day I shall make you a present of five guineas. Expend them in what manner you please. I have heard of your frequent acts of charity to the poor. little fum will help you to extend your benevolence, and enlarge the sphere of your usefulness. I would gladly encourage a disposition like yours. For this purpose also I have prepared you some medicines, which I will fend you to-morrow, as I am not able to come myfelf, according to my intention; and with the medicines I shall pack up a paper of directions how to apply them properly. These you may use with perfect safety without much medical knowledge. Given in the quantity, and for the particular complaints I have mentioned, they will be found serviceable. You can never begin too young to be useful and to do good. These are the noblest ends of living. The love of our neighbour is placed next in rank to the love of God.

I only defire, as a return or acknowledgment of my zeal to serve you, that you come often to visit me in my country retreat, where you will always meet with a hearty welcome from your truly affectionate uncle,

ANTHONY GLANVILLE.

LETTER XLII.

Clarissa Glanville to her Uncle.

YOUR goodness, Sir, fills my heart with gratitude; I must give it vent; I must pour it forth. But how shall I testify my grateful sentiments? The respect, esteem, and gratitude which your niece Clarissa feels for her good uncle, shall be expressed in every look, gesture, and action, and especially by the use she makes of his favourable notice of her.

You have doubled the obligation by giving me

the power of being useful to others.

What pleasure will be mine, as often as I distribute, in the character of your almoner, the gift of charity to the afflicted. I shall bow my knees before the Almighty, for his blessing to descend upon you, for thus enabling me to be the instrument of good. You shall ever find me faithful to my trust.

My Mama has been made acquainted with your great kindness to me. Was it possible for me to

with-hold the knowledge of it from her?

The moment I had read your letter, I ran to Mama. Read, read, Mama, faid I; I cannot tell you quick enough how good my uncle has been to me. I know your uncle's goodness, said she; he hath not made any use of the jewels, rings, watch, &c. you sent him, but keeps them in reserve for

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Though there was no real necessity for your making that facrifice, yet your filial affection, and the sense of honour and justice you have hereby manifested, will always be fresh in my remembrance, and lie near my heart. O, dear Mama, I replied, what you refer to is but a small part of my uncle's kindness. Read, if you please. I watched Mama's looks while the was perufing your letter; but she was not able to finish it; she pressed me in her arms, and bathed me with her tears. O Heavens! she exclaimed, that we could live fo long at variance with fo worthy a character, fo good a man! O Clarissa, added she, what a noble action have you done to reconcile your Papa to fuch a brother. Revere-him, love him as father in the absence of yours. And—but it is needless to add more; I know your heart; you know your duty; and I am fure your disposition will not suffer you to lose fight of it a moment.

I told Mama I would give her an account how I expended my uncle's bounty. No, no, fays she, that is not necessary. Acts of charity should be done in secret; and I am consident you will not use it for any other purpose than such as will coincide with your uncle's benevolent view in the do-

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How happy am I with fuch a mother, and fuch an uncle, to supply the place of my dear father

during his refidence in a foreign country!

You give me permission, nay, more than permission; you kindly invite me to come often to see you. Believe me, dear Sir, I shall often trouble you with applications for instruction. Before the end of this present week, I shall wait upon you to pay my duty to you as a daughter to her father.

In

In the mean time, you may rest assured I shall be prudent and careful in the use of the medicines you have sent me for the sick; and to prevent any mistakes, I will always consult Mama, and sollow her judgment.

I know not who could have told you of the small acts of charity charged to my account, for I always have desired those to whom I have done any little services not to blaze them abroad; as I have read in my bible, that when we do alms, we must not

do them to be feen of men.

Forgive your scribbling niece, and favour her with your continued affection.

CLARISSA.

LETTER XLIII.

Clarissa Glanville to Henrietta Thornton.

MY heart beats strong with joy. Sophia and her Mama are coming to live in our neighbourhood; yes, very near us, almost at the next door.

Perhaps, my dear Henrietta, is inclined to ask, why this sudden change? As they expressed themselves so much pleased with their situation. I will tell you. The woman of whom she hired her apartments has lately lost her mother, and her father wishes to come to live with his daughter, which is natural and proper. At the first mention of this,

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this, Mrs. Pemberton confented to remove as foon as she could meet with another convenient lodging. Sophia told her Mama that she knew of two rooms to let in a house where there was only a widow with one daughter, of whom she had heard me speak in terms of high commendation.

These rooms were instantly hired, and next Monday Sophia and her mother will take possession

of them.

I am to go to-morrow to help them to pack up. What an addition will it be to Mama's happiness to have fuch a companion as Mrs Pemberton. Our two affectionate parents will take a fresh lease of life; and Sophia and her Clariffa will be almost inseparable companions. If our Henrietta could be within our circle, and our Emily too, our amicable fociety would again be perfected. But that our pleasures and enjoyments should be uninterrupted, is neither to be expected, nor perhaps to be defired. Our attachment to the world would grow strong, and we should think but little of, and neglect to prepare ourselves for that which is to come. But I look forward to a renewed friendship in a future state with those we love as a portion of the felicity of Heaven. We should be almost inconsolable at the death of a parent or friend, if we were without hope of a re-union in the eternal world.

My Mama, I can already perceive, is much rejoiced at the acquisition of so good a neighbour, which is particularly acceptable in our retired situation, which almost amounts to a seclusion from company. Yes, my dear Henrietta, not only Caroline finds Mama's observation good, that in adversity her friends and companions would not know

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her, but we also experience the truth of it in respect to some of our former connections and among those too from whom we should least have expected fuch unkind neglect, who have now proved themfelves friends in the day of prosperity only. In such it is evident there is no attachment to person and character, but merely to rank and fortune; for the former remains the fame. If Papa and Mama were deferving of esteem before, I think they merit it much more now. Papa has left no creditors demands unfatisfied, and Mama has chear. fully refigned her fettlement, which the law of the country did not require of her. The loss of such Summer friends are not, I think, to be regretted. In the circle of Mama's acquaintance, there are only two families who shew the same firm friendthip as when we moved in a higher sphere.

My Mama is perfectly well reconciled to her present retired life. She has a taste for reading. Books she justly calls our faithful friends, for they leave us not in adversity. They administer counsel and consolation in all our embarrassments and afflictions. Young as I am, I have already experienced this. In the days immediately following my Papa's departure, I was almost pressed down with grief, but by reading (though sometimes a tear would fall) I found myself, at length, more

capable of fustaining it.

The thoughts of our domestic troubles made me quite forget to speak of your little Charley. He is a lovely boy, and minds his book. Yesterday he was not very well, but he came to have his lesson notwithstanding. I told him I thought he had better have remained at home. So said my good friend the widow; Madam, but I told her, it did not be-

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come me to make such a trifling excuse. My good Miss Glanville would expect me, and I ought not to disappoint her. Should I do so, she may think I do not love my book. And I cannot bear to be thought idle and ungrateful.

The dear little fellow appears to have a very feeling grateful heart. I wish it was in my power to do more for him. But he may surely be happy though he may be obliged to earn his bread. Nay, after all, perhaps there are none more happy than the labouring part of mankind. I hope when Charles has learnt to read, write, and cast accounts, and to understand the French language, he may make his way in the world very well, without being reduced to the lowest occupations in life. We may perhaps recommend him as a servant to some nobleman's samily till a better employment presents itself. Adieu, my dear friend,

I am, most affectionately, your

CLARISSA.

LETTER XLIV.

Sophia Pemberton to Henrietta Thornton.

CLARISSA hath informed you, my dear Henrietta, that we are about to leave our prefent habitation. All our things are packed up. We depart from this neighbourhood to-morrow morning, but I thought I would write one more letter

letter to Henrietta from this place; and that I might do so, have risen at a very early hour. Dear

Mama is still fast a sleep.

Notwithstanding the agreeableness of the situation, I can chearfully resign it for the company of Clarissa, and with the less regret as you are not now so near to me as formerly. And what pleases me most of all, it will be such a pleasure to my Mama to be able frequently to converse with Mrs. Glanville.

I must inform you of another of Clarissa's good

deeds, which does honour to her character.

She came with Caroline and Maria to see us for the last time, as she said, at our Hermitage; and having no servant to attend them, they lest us rather earlier than usual. When they were about half way home, they perceived, not far from the soot-path, a plain dressed woman sitting with a little child upon the trunk of a tree, which was lying upon the ground. Clarissa immediately steped towards her, and asked her if she ailed any thing.

Ah, my dear young lady, faid she, I am very ill; great and heavy is my affliction. My husband, a poor scissar-grinder, has not been at home since yesterday evening. I fear some missortune has be fallen him; and my grief and uneasiness were so great, I could not remain in the house. I rambled with my child, hoping to find him with one of his relations. But I feel myself very weak, having lately had a fever, from which I have not yet recovered; and unless I can meet with some humane body to carry my child, I am assaid I shall not be able to get to the place I am going to, being obliged to stop almost every hundred yards,

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and the night comes on apace. I have already asked two people that I saw to affist me to carry my dear babe, but they refused me. Do not be difcouraged, good woman, said Clarissa, we will see if we cannot help you. I perceive a house not far off; I will go to it, and fend somebody from thence

to your affistance.

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And must we stand here all the while with this beggar? faid Caroline. Who knows if the has told you the truth? That child perhaps may not be her's, nor the man flie speaks of her husband. Clarissa, without returning any answer, ran to the house, and brought back with her a farmer's servant, to whom the gave fixpence to induce him to carry the poor woman's child for her to the place whither she was going.

When Clariffa came back, Caroline was much displeased that she had made her wait so long, and faid, that she had once thoughts of going home, and leaving her to walk with the woman herfelf. They would have been fine company, she faid, for each

other.

And pray, fifter, would not your Mama have been much displeased, think you, if she had known that we had left fuch a poor woman as this without affiftance? faid Clariffa.

And do not you think Mama will be very uneafy at our stay here? answered Caroline. You think much of Mama truly. I shall let her know whose fault it was that we are out so late. If we had had a footman with us as formerly, the case would have been different. But, interrupted Clariffa, we are older now; we do not want a footman to take care of us. And I do not think Mama will be uneasy, for we set out from Sophia's rather sooner

than

than we used to do. It is not yet dark, and in ten

minutes more we shall be at home.

Whenever Clarissa does any benevolent action, her sister Caroline generally finds some trissing cause of altercation or reproof, as if she felt the reproach which Clarissa's goodness casts upon herself for the want of a similar disposition towards the helpless and affiicted.

Mrs. Glanville was not uneasy; and when the incident was related, desired Clarissa to go the next day to the farm-house to enquire of the servant if the poor woman had found her husband, and she had the satisfaction to hear he was returned.

Write very foon, my dear friend, to your

SOPHIA.

LETTER XLV.

Henrietta Thornton to Clarissa Glanville.

I A M much rejoiced to hear that events have fallen out agreeably to the wishes of you and Sophia. I, for my part, should not envy the king in his palace, If I lived in only a small habitation near my best friends. What can compare with the joys of friendship?

My aunt was married last Friday. The nuptials had no public celebration. It was her wish to have

them private.

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I would willingly have gone in person to wish her happiness, but there is another duty which detains me here. Mrs. Bedford is not well: her only son, contrary to her wishes, has entered into the East-India service, and is to set off in a sew days. The nearer the hour of his departure approaches, the more poignant is her grief.

That a youth of family, but without fortune suitable to his rank, should leave his parents to go into a foreign country, would not be surprising; but that a young man like Mr. Bedford, who will one day be rich, should leave his native country and this mother (an indulgent mother, and a widow too) against her most tender remonstrances, is not so easy to comprehend.

Often has she told him, that perhaps they may never see each other again. Oh, how would such a thought have pierced me to the heart! But he has no love for his mother; how then should he have any feeling for her uneasiness of mind. Is he not the wilful occasion of it?

It would be better if she could forget him; he is unworthy her remembrance; but Nature, maternal affection is not to be eradicated. Perhaps strict discipline may reform him, and change his heart. His absence from his mother, and the leaving her in such a comfortless state may lead him into an useful train of reslections. I wish for her sake it may, and also for his own.

I must now, my dear friend, relate to you a circumstance which has kept me from sleeping the whole night.

A few days ago, as I was walking with Mrs. Bedford in the environs of the city, we faw a number of people collected together about a small house, before

before the door of which were a few chairs, a table, and some other furniture of but little value. A child of sour years old sat crying at the soot of a tree; a number of rude children were teizing the poor infant; and a boy, who they said was his brother, was attempting to drive them away, and comforting the little infant, with telling it repeatedly, that his mother would come presently.

Mrs. Bedford asked what was the matter. O, nothing at all, answered a surly fellow. The landlord of that house has only turned them out bag and baggage into the street, because they were not able to pay the rent; and in such times as these, landlords cannot afford to let their houses for nothing. True, said another, who had more humanity, but we ought not to be so harsh and

fevere with the poor.

Come, Henrietta, said Mrs. Bedford, let us go into the house, and see what is the occasion of all this multitude assembling together. I, in the mean time kept an eye upon the child, for that struck me the most of all. We must in; but, O Clarissa! how was my heart moved with what I saw. A man, apparently in a dying state, lying upon a small bed, with only an old coverlid upon him, calling out to Heaven for assistance. A woman with a sucking child in her arms, imploring the cruel bailiss, who had already pluniered the house of almost all its moveables, to desist only for a single day and night more, for the sake of her dying husband, and the poor innocent babe at her breast.

But the inhuman bailiffs roughly replied, there can be no delay here; we must obey the law; and you ought to be very thankful that we do not take

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take your husband to jail; you must march all of you; and there are more things yet, bring them all out; those spoons there, and dishes and wash-tubs, bring them along.

I trembled at what I heard. Mrs. Bedford, who viewed these merciles officers of justice in silent astonishment, said to them, pray how much do these poor people owe for rent, that you treat them with such cruelty? Certainly it can be no

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Good lady, exclaimed the woman, there is five months rent due this day, which is just fifty shillings. We were to pay by the month, and now we are as much as I have faid in arrears. It is not our fault that we are so far behind hand. My husband has been half a year fick, and has not been able to earn a shilling. I have gained what I could by spinning at home, and working abroad; but all that can do is barely sufficient to buy bread and potatoes and a little milk, and I have three small children. I have been obliged to fell every thing I could spare, to buy my husband what was necesfary to refresh and strengthen him. My children lie upon straw, and we have but a fingle blanket to cover us all; and our landlord is thus unmerciful, though my hulband once laved his life.

Your husband faved his life! exclaimed Mrs.

Bedford.

Yes, Madam, replied the distressed woman. About nine years ago, our landlord was skaiting upon the ice; it broke, and he fell into the water, and my husband, at the hazard of his own life faved his. But it is such a long while ago, he has forgot that kindness.

The

The woman had scarcely uttered these words, when a man entered the cottage, well dressed, but with sury in his countenance, calling out before he cast his eyes upon us. What, are not these beggars out of the house yet?

The poor woman ran towards her husband. O

Heavens, Madam, she cried, that is he!

The inhuman landlord was struck dumb when he saw us, not expecting to find any body but creatures devoted to his beck.

Mrs. Bedford immediately addressed him,

Sir, you appear confounded, and no wonder. An unmerciful man does not with for any wit-

neffes of his inhumanity.

How could you do fuch violence to human nature, as to turn into the street a dying man, with his poor helpless family, only because he hath the misfortune to owe you fifty shillings? If you were not in good circumstances, you might plead some excuse for demanding your legal right, but none even then for infulting the unfortunate. And for what kind of a house do you demand this rent? It deferves not the name of a house. Many horses and dogs are more secure from the rain and cold than this poor family. But let your own cooler reflections shew you your cruel, inhuman treatment of these unhappy beings, who have the same God and father that you have. I shall pay this distressed man's debt, if you will please to order these fellows out of this hut, and their few goods, which are of little value, to be brought in again. It is too late for a fick man to be removed this evening. Neither your rank nor affluence give you any right to let your fellow mortals perish in want and misery. ln

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It is not necessary, Madam, said he, that they should remove at all if you will pay their rent; and without rent, who would repair their house? As you are so good to pay what they owe, they may live in the house as long as they will, and I shall order it to be repaired.

No, Sir, faid Mrs. Bedford, I will take care that they shall not be exposed to your cruel insults again.

But, Sir, I have not faid all.

It is not to your honour or reputation that you could think of turning a dying man and his diffressed wise and children into the street, which you no doubt would have done, if Heaven had not directed my steps this way. But, Sir, I know more of this man than perhaps you may wish me to know. He once saved you from being drowned. Have y u no recollection that this is the man? And would you requite him by this cruel usage? Would your forgiveness of his rent been too great a recompence? When you were in danger, would not you very readily have promised him a hundred pounds to save your life?

There is your rent, Sir, faid Mrs. Bedford, giving n three guineas. The overplus you will please

to give the woman.

A better man would no doubt have relented, and immediately shewn some tokens of concern. But this poor family's landlord walked to the door, saying, as he went out, to his myrmidons, come along, I shall pay the charges; let them have their goods again.

The fick man's wife, who had heard all that had passed, with her eyes dimmed with tears, frequently

quently cast upon to Heaven, would immediately have thrown herself upon her knees. But this good lady, with the greatest affability, prevented her.

I ran directly to the poor child that was fitting under the tree, and told his brother to bring him into the house. The poor creature changed its look instantly, it ceased crying, and ran to its mother.

One of the crowd gave it a flower. The little innocent lamb smiled, and seemed at once to have forgot its former troubles. So small a present was

fufficient to dry up its tears.

The moment I re-entered this house of affliction, I saw Mrs. Bedford putting something into the poor woman's hand, and neard her say, be comforted, do your duty, and God will not et you perish for want of bread.

A murmur ran through the people that were affembled. What an angel of a woman is that, they

cried.

Indeed she might be regarded as an angel in human form. She is always ministring to the wants of the necessitous. I could scarce refrain from kisfing her hand as we went along.

We were no sooner set down to supper than we

began to speak upon the incidents of the day.

Mrs. Bedford saw me rather grave and thoughtful. Come, Henrietta, said she, eat your supper You have cause to rejoice rather than to be so rowful, for you see Heaven provides for the urnorunate!

Henrietta. Yes, Madam, that I have feen; for Heaven certainly directed your step, that he poor family we have just left might this right sleep in peace. Well might they call you anangel!

Mrs. Bedford.

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Mrs. Bedford. Both angelic and human beings, my dear, are under the direction of a higher Power. I rejoice in the honour I have, in being on any occasion an instrument, in the Divine Hand of the distribution of his bounty. What I had done to-day is not so very meritorious. It was no more than a common act of humanity, and what we should all do for each other in distress, according to our ability:

Henrietta: But how many rich people would have passed by, without ever giving themselves the trouble to enquire into such distress. And how sew would give so liberally as you have done, Madam!

Mrs. Bedford. I would willingly hope many are to be found, who would readily do more than I have done. Many, very many acts of charity are performed, of which we never hear even in the neighbourhood where we live. For truly charitable people do not wish their acts of benevolence to be blazoned abroad.

Henrietta. It makes me shudder to think what would have become of those poor creatures, if you had not helped them; I fear they must have lain in the street all night.

Mrs. Bedford. No. I hope humanity is not yet banished from the earth. If I had not passed that way, it is possible they might have been forced out of the house; but I never heard of any family lying all night in the street. Surely human nature is not so deprayed.

Such a fum of money, if not given by one perfon, might perhaps have been collected among the spectators. Or if their rent had not been paid, something no doubt would have been given them.

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Instances are very rare of the poor being lest totally destitute. Where any have perished absolutely for want, it has generally been, I believe, through their own vices and folly. There is a peculiar providence over the good and virtuous part of mankind.

Henrietta. I heard one of the poor children say, that our Saviour would certainly bless that charitable lady. Their parents have taught them, I think, something of religion. All people that are poor are surely not bad.

Mrs. Bedford. I have known some poor families brought up in the fear of God, and who have more

real religion than many of their superiors.

Henrietta. I saw, now I recollect, a Bible upon

one of the shelves in the poor man's house.

Mrs. Bedford. That circumstance alone I should not depend upon, for many have Bibles in their houses, who pay but little regard to their contents, or seldom read them.

Henrietta. Do you think, Madam, that the

Mrs. Bedford. I am no friend to the use of many medicines. If we could exercise patience, I believe Nature would often restore itself; and a simple regimen would be more effectual than the drugs of the apothecary. It is well known the medical gentlemen themselves make very little use of them. The laborious part of mankind have the sewest complaints, and are the easiest to cure. Nourishment and rest are their principal restoratives.

We had just finished our supper, when young Mr. Bedford, who was expected at eleven o'clock (which is the family hour) came home. My heart

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was full of this occurrence, and I accordingly related it to him. But would you believe it, he heard the whole not merely with great indifference, but even with a kind of fneering countenance, while he was eating some fruit which yet remained upon the table, and did nothing but look in the glass, and play with his favourite dog. Such a youth must furely have done great violence to his feelings, to be already so heard-harted as to be totally unmoved at the diffresses of others. It being rather late before I retired to my chamber, I must defer writing our conversation till the morning.

IN CONTINUATION,

Eleven o' Clock.

After breakfast this morning, Mrs. Bedford having a little pain in her eyes, asked me to write a letter for her to one of her tenants, which prevented me from finishing mine to you at an earlier But I will now give the conversation I omitted.

Young Bedford. It must have been a fine scene truly; a lady, with only a young girl, in the midst of bailiffs, in a small unfurnished house, the tenants of which were going to be turned out.

Mrs. Bedford. Did not our bleffed Redeemer himself, dear Edward, visit the small houses of the poor? Why then should we disdain to enter such houses, we who are but as the dust before him?

Young Bedford. That may be very true, but the world judges differently.

Mrs. Bedford. La.

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Mrs. Bedford. Because the world is depraved. But I pay very little attention to the voice of the world, when the voice of Nature and humanity

speaks in the heart.

Henrietta. Oh, Edward, if you had but seen that poor distressed family, your heart would have been moved too. I wish you had heard the cruel bailists! What hard words! And the master of the house, who appeared like a gentleman, was as inhumane as they.

Those men perform their duty; but that gentleman, was it to his honour to treat his poor tenants

in that manner?

Young Bedford. Every man ought to have his

right, Henrietta.

Henrietta. What, when it is not to be had? Suppose a heavy, lingering sickness prevents a poor man from labour for some months, must his landlord put him out of his house?

Mrs. Bedford. I think, young man, Henrietta

has the best side of the argument.

They say the landlord is rich. What would the loss of a whole year's rent have been to him? He surely values his life at more than fifty shillings; and yet even that little he would not remit to his benefactor, who had preserved him from drowning?

Young Bedford. Perhaps he has children; and he ought not to rob them of their patrimony to

give it to strangers.

Mrs. Bedford. Must parents then never give any thing to the poor? That rule would rob to poor of more than one half of their benefactors.

Be affured, Edward, children will be no poorer for the benevolence of their parents. A benevolent

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parent will never forget his duty to his own offfpring, at the same time that he feels for, and relieves according to his ability, the distresses of the indigent. On the contrary, the charitable acts of parents will bring down a blessing upon their children.

That gentleman, it is true, has a fon and daughter, who cost him much money for their cloaths and other gaieties. They are perpetually going to the play, the opera, the concert, and balls; they see a great deal of company at home too. Now if some of these expences were saved, do you think they would be the worse for it? Such a mode of life is prejudicial to health, and not very advantageous to reputation and character. Money might be saved that way, and no person be the worse for it; but here, without acts of charity, the poor would suffer; and who must take care of them if the rich do not?

But let us hearken to truth. This gentleman has not only been cruel, but ungrateful; ungrateful to a poor man that once saved his life.

Henrietta. And what a hateful vice is ingratitude! I know not why, but I could sooner forgive a man that had stolen my money than one that was unthankful to his benefactor.

Young Bedford. A thief is punished, but not an ungrateful man.

Mrs. Bedford. Henrietta, I believe, can give you a good reason for that.

Henrietta. Mr. Bedford, Madam, will pay more attention, and be more easily convinced by what

you say, than by any thing I can suggest.

Mrs. Bedford. You well know, Edward, that

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poorer volent parent understanding, to restrain the evil propensities of a depraved heart, may fometimes, through great neceffity, through fear of perishing with hunger, commit a theft. But there is nothing that can neceffitate men to be ungrateful, but their own bad

disposition, their own perverse temper.

And that a thief is punished, and not an ungrateful man, is, perhaps, the only reason which hinders him from committing a theft; for I am firmly of opinion, that the man who can forget a kindness, and especially where, life has been in danger, is open to the commission of bad actions.

Young Bedford. I, for my part, confider thieving as one of the meanest vices any man can be guilty of.

Henrietta. You cannot detest that vice more than I do. No want, nor distress, can excuse it. For where any are incapable of work, provision is made for them; and they who are too idle to work merit punishment. I would rather die than be guilty of stealing to support myself. But I find ir gratitude not one jot the less unpardonable.

Mrs. Bedford. You are right, my dear; an ungrateful man is a monster in nature, and manifests the greatest depravity of heart; and though he is not punished by the law as a thief is, he is never-

theless a very worthless bad man.

The grateful remembrance of a favour ought never to be banished from the heart. The person obliged is under an obligation to return the favour if he can, to make some recompence, as far as lies in his power. The beafts of the field teach us the important lesson of gratitude. The most ferocious beaft of the forest will shew some token of thankfulness to the hand that feeds it.

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Henrietta. That is true, Madam. I have read of the lion's fowning upon his keeper; nor will the panther or the tiger, it feems, hurt his feeder.

How thankful is your dog, Mr. Bedford, when you give him any thing; and in what a striking

manner he shews its gratitude!

Mrs. Bedford. If some kind of acknowledgment is natural even to brutes! Is he then worthy the name of Man who has no gratitude for a benefactor?

So ended our conversation, Clarissa. I hope, my dear friend, I shall always be grateful to my benefactors; and to whom am I more indebted

than to Mrs. Bedford?

She is making ready some cloaths for the poor children, and has sent her servant to buy a second-hand coat and gown for the man and his wife. The sick husband is something better; more chearful, but very weak: he slept more last night than he has done for several months. Poor man, his heart was oppressed with grief for the distresses of his samily. I verily believe that was his principal malady. But for this seasonable relief, he perhaps would have died of a broken heart.

HENRIETTA.

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LETTER XLVI.

Clariffa Glanville to Henrietta Thornton.

HOW highly have you increased my esteem for your adopted Mama. O Henrietta, great is your selicity to live with such a lady, and not as a mere companion, or dependant friend, but as a daughter.

What an affecting scene were you witness to, and particularly so to one of your sensibility. A dying father, a distressed mother, poor helpless innocent children. I fancy I see the tears slowing

from the eyes of my Henrietta.

But Mrs. Bedford has wiped away the tears from all your eyes. The family is relieved, and I doubt not but the same good lady will plan out their future mode of subsistence.

Their happiness will increase her own. How great must be her pleasure to behold an industrious happy family, whom she has saved from poverty and ruin. May Heaven restore the sick man to his wife and children.

But, what can be said for their cruel, inhuman, ungrateful landlord! A gentleman of the polite world indeed! A Hottentot or a Caffrarian would not have turned a dying man out of doors. And had that poor sick man once saved his landlord's life? The uncivilized African would have surpassed the polished European in humanity and in gratitude. But let us leave him to his own resections.

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Mrs. Pemberton and Sophia are fixed in their new habitation. They have both thanked me with the most cordial affection for having recommended this house to them. But they may easily suppose, that I, following the example of the reft of the world, had a little felf-interest in it. I wish, my dear, we could have you in our circle. We live in mutual friendship, as one family. exercises, diversions, and business, are the same. When my Mama has no immediate occasion for me, I flep to my friend Sophia in my dishabille, with my work in my hand and a book in my pocket. We read and work by turns, while Mrs. Pemberton fits at her spinning wheel. Spinning wheel! perhaps you exclaim. Yes, though she is a lady of good family, she is not ashamed to be known to spin her own linen. Fine needlework strains her eyes too much; and total idleness the detests. She finds herself most happy when employed, and prefers spinning to knitting, as affording exercise both to her hands and feet.

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Sophia and I fometimes walk together in the garden, and after our labour, we divert ourselves, as a bow you know always bent would lose its elasticity. Caroline's taste is so different from ours, that she seldom joins us except in our amusements. Reading, you know, she was never fond of. She is now busy in making a cap in the newest mode, in imitation of one she saw last Sunday at church.

I have much pleasure in Sophia's company in a morning walk before breakfast; and that time best suits Sophia, as her Mama can better spare her then than at any other hour of the day; and to breathe the fragrance of the morning at an early hour is not only highly agreeable, but beneficial to our health.

health, and improving to the mind. We often take with us a pocket microscope and telescope, to view curious objects, and entertain ourselves with distant prospects from the hills. Who would think a small fly had so many eyes? What adjustment and order in the rings or circles of a catterpillar! We found yesterday in a grain of sand a small insect, which appeared to have hid itself in the hollow of it. As it was near the evening, perhaps it had retired there to sleep. What, you will say, in a grain of sand? Yes; not greater than the head of a pin.

With the microscope we also discover the many veins or tubes which branch themselves through the leaves of trees. When we view them with the naked eye, we suppose that all the leaves are alike, but view them with the microscope, and you find

they all differ from each other.

Maria brought me a carnation, which to the naked eye appears put together without any method or order. But when we made use of our glass, we perceived the finest and most beautiful strokes, Sophia had in her pocket-book a carnation of her own drawing, which was exceedingly beautiful; but when the viewed her work through the microscope, she exclaimed, monstrous? who could have believed it! and would have torn it in pieces, but I timely fnatched it from destruction. And what would you preserve it for? said she Look how coarse and irregular its strokes. So it is with all the works of art, faid I, if thus minutely examined. It is not possible to equal Nature; but I shall nevertheless preserve your flower; it is a beautiful human production, though it will not bear a comparison with a natural flower. The latmul A refu

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Adieu, my dear, for the present. I shall soon resume my pen again. In the mean time believe me, your's, most sincerely,

CLARISSA.

IN CONTINUATION.

We have paid another visit to our uncle Anthony. Caroline found time to go with us, but complained much of the dustiness of the way, the heat of the weather, and the soreness of her seet: while we tripped it along, wileing away the road with chearful conversation.

We left our Mama's together, who are always

happy in each other's conversation.

Our good uncle was reading the Travels of the Abbé de la Porte. That, taid I Sir, is a very agreeable book. It is, he replied, entertaining and instructive too, to read the journals of well-informed travellers. They not only instruct us in the situation and climate of foreign countries, and in the amazing difference there is in their soils and products, but also acquaint us with the different nations of the earth, their disposition, genius, language, civil government, and religion. Of these no person of liberal education ought to be ignorant. They inform us also often of the contribut and causes of the rise and fall of empires, and of the various revolutions which are taking place in the several kingdoms of the world.

As you feem, my dear, to be fond of reading history, said he, I will lend you such books as I have, provided you return me the volumes when

you have perufed them.

We had the pleasure of drinking tea in the summer-house, which commands an agreeable view of the adjacent country. The fields were waving with corn. When that corn is ripe, said my uncle, you must spend a whole day with me, and see how happy the peasants are in time of harvest. They are then receiving the fruit of their labour. Mirth is seen in every countenance, songs and sestivility resound in every ear.

The labour and toil of poor husbandmen, said I, is very great: we receive our bread by the sweat

of their brow.

That is true, replied my uncle. The husbandman is one of the most useful members of fociety, for without his services we should be in want of bread. We could do better without merchants than farmers; and yet the former are more respected than the latter. In all cases we have need of each other. The highest offices in life would be useless without the inferior ones. The king himself is supported by the plow. The nobleman ought never to look with contempt upon the merchant, nor the merchant upon the farmer. are mutually dependant. Various employments form together the great chain of fociety, of which one link cannot be broken without injury to the whole. No man, therefore, should be despised for his station, who fulfils the duties of it.

While we were talking, our judicious landscape painter had her eye fixed upon the different shades and colours which the scene before us then pre-

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fented. What an enchanting prospect! said she. What painter in the universe could delineate a view like this! That is not possible, replied my uncle. See that rainbow! what lively colours! All others of human composition die by the comparison. How faint are the best representations, drawn by our most eminent artists, of the rising or

fetting Sun, compared with Nature itself?

Uncle Anthony had the goodness to accompany us part of the way home. When he took leave, he stepped into a thatched cottage, which stood by the road side. We can easily suppose his benevolent design; it was certainly to comfort the afflicted, either by administering to their wants, or by easing their bodily complaints. For he considers the whole district where he lives as his family, and

they consider him as their friend and father.

We have formed an intimacy with the family of the Birds, those worthy people whose acquaintaince Caroline so much despised at our first coming here. They are all very amiable, I affure you; and I am certain you will agree to admit the two Miss Birds into our little fifterhood, for their taftes and pursuits accord with ours. They have introduced us to a new and most interesting scene, which greatly occupies the thoughts, not only of Sophia and myself, but our two Mamas also. I mean the Sunday Schools in this parish, one for boys and one for girls, which are under the patronage and direction of Mr. and Mrs. Bird. He and his fons, and some other gentlemen in the neighbourhood, attend as vifitors at the boys school; and Mrs. Bird and her daughters attend the girls. You cannot think, Clarissa, what good these schools are calculated to effect, not merely among the poor, but

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among the rich also. For my part, I am become a visitor, and am so delighted with the occupation, that I could not relinquish it for any pleafure the gay world affords. I have got a class of girls to myself, whom I hear read, repeat their catechism and hymns; and you would be surprized to see how attentive they are. I intend, notwithstanding I am their teacher, to stand up myself with them in the church, whenever Dr. Clarges or his curate catechizes them, and fo will Sophia and the Miss Birds. I think the example may do good; and why should we be ashamed to shew that we are Christians because we are young ladies? I am defirous to give public testimony that I honour my Redeemer, because it is now so common a thing to hear young people speak in degrading terms of our LORD JESUS CHRIST. I hope, my dear Henrietta, no member of our little fociety will ever fall into this shocking practice. To prevent my doing so, I am determined to avoid reading books of controversy. How should young persons be able to distinguish truth from sophistry. Surely it is best for them to read the Scriptures with humility of mind.

Your Charles goes to the Sunday school, and is quite delighted with it. Mrs. Pemberton and Mama have been there, but as their health will not admit of their being regular visitors, and they have not much money to bestow, they make caps and

other things for the children. Adieu.

CLARISSA.

POSTSCRIPT.

Written by Maria.

My good sister has sent me up stairs to seal her letter, which she read to me. I find a side not written upon; I shall venture to add a line or two, to send my love to Henrietta. I know sister Cla-

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I must tell you what Clarissa has done: she took me to the sunday school, and let me teach the alphabet to a girl two years older than myself. But this has not made me proud; for I know that poor child has had no kind sister to instruct her. And do you know, Miss Henny, there was a poor girl, Betty Sharp, not so old as me by half a year, who said the catechism every word. I am assaid I am not so perfect in it. But I will not be outdone in any thing that is right by any poor girl, if I can help it. I should set an example of goodness, Clarissa says.

I wish much for you to come soon to see us, and the Sunday school. Jenny Clarke is my favourite. But I must seal the letter; so, adieu,

fays your

MARIA.

LETTER.

LETTER XLVI.

Sophia Pemberton to Henrietta Thornton.

OUR fatigue in removing is quite And we are now already rewarded for our trouble. Our two Mama's are like two fifters, and their tafte for reading and converfing is the fame. We are happy to fee them happy; and you will readily suppose what an addition it is to my felicity also to be so near Clarissa and Maria. I am sure we may be very thankful for two such good Mamas. They instruct and make us wifer every day by their conversation, without giving us formal lessons. They teach us to improve and to extract fomething useful from the common occurrences of life. I will give you an anecdote of Mrs. Glanville, as an example of her judicious treatment of her children.

Yesterday Mrs. Glanville observing that Caroline did not much affociate with us, and perceiving that her countenance wore daily a graver cast than usual, proposed that we young folks should after tea diverts ourselves with a game at cards, and ask Caroline to make one of the party. When Maria went up stairs to tell her fister what Mama had proposed, she would not believe her, as cards had not been used in the family for a long time. Indeed, the family feldom used to play in their profperous days at any time. Their work, with the

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he So amusement of reading, walking, singing, playing upon the harpsichord, the agreeable conversation of their Mama, and their own sprightly little dialogues, made their hours glide almost imperceptibly away; and instead of wishing to kill Time, or that he would make greater speed, they rather wished to preserve him, and invite him to stay, by the attention and respect they paid him when present.

Caroline would not come down, (supposing her sister Maria was joking with her) till Clarissa and I both went up to her chamber, assuring her that Maria came at Mama's express desire. Caroline then laid aside her reserve and hauteur, and condescended to say she would play with us at quadrille.

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When she went down, Mrs. Glanville said, I have sent for you, Caroline, to amuse you a little. You well know, added she, Caroline, that cards is not a favourite amusement of mine. I do this to give you pleasure, and I shall permit you to repeat it at proper intervals, provided I see you study to give us pleasure, and that you do not lose what is of more value than money, your temper. If I see that my indulgence in the least interrupts family harmony, and excites any turbulent passions. I shall immediately order the cards to be thrown into the fire.

This friendly condescension of Mrs. Glanville's to permit Caroline now and then to indulge herself at cards, not only paved the way for the favourable reception of that maternal caution with which it was accompanied, but it was productive of a very discernible change in Caroline's behaviour to her Mama, to her sisters, and also to your friend Sophia.

If

If Caroline would but once join our reading parties, and work with us when we meet at their house, how happy would it make her Mama. It would remove also that settled gloom which hovers upon her brow; and might possibly turn her thoughts into another channel, and assimilate her taste and disposition to ours.

I heartily wish this may be the happy effect of Mrs. Glanville's lenient measures. I am sure whenever she is obliged to have recourse to severity, it cannot be more disagreeable to Caroline

than it is to herself.

We have another wish yet lest ungratified; and that is, that Mrs. Bedford and Miss Henrietta might be added to our amicable circle. In such a wish I am sure the whole family would heartily unite with your

SOPHIA.

LETTER XLVII.

Sophia Pemberton to Henrietta Thornton.

HOW foon may our scenes of felial be interrupted! Who could enjoy greater society happiness than we were blessed with but a few hours ago, and at this moment we are plunged into the greatest anxiety and distress.

Clarissa walked early this day after dinner with Maria to the country seat of a lady of Mrs. Glanville's acquaintance; an old servant of the family

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Gl tua au went with them as their conductor. Eight o'clock was the hour fixed for their return, and you know how punctual Clarissa used to be to her appointed time.

It is now ten o'clock, and they are not arrived, nor have we had the least tidings. The storm which we have had may possibly have hindered them; but the thunder and lightning which accompanied it has filled us all with the most uneasy apprehensions. But sure they might have sent fome messenger! We know not what to think. Mrs. Glanville has begged that we would not go home, her diffress of mind being scarce supportable.

Caroline herself seemed much concerned, and frequently begged her Mama not to be so uneasy, saying perhaps her fifter had called at some house, and could meet with nobody to fend. They may still be all safe under the roof of some cottage. Sifter Clarissa, you know Mama, said Caroline, is fond of going into poor people's houses.

Mrs. Glanville fent a neighbouring farmer's servant two hours ago in search of the dear girls, and we are fitting in eager expectation of his

Eleven o'clock.—No tidings.

Twelve o'clock .- Not many minutes after the clock had struck eleven, the man returned, but without the young ladies. He had been to the house they had visited, and was told that they had fet off to go home at half an hour past six, as they perceived a storm coming on.

Dear Henrietta, what can have happened? Mrs. Glanville cannot rest in her chair; the is perpetually going to the door, and returns back with

augmented diffress from the disappointment.

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with ilanmily went Our uneafiness increases from hour to hour. There is no moon, nor a star visible in the firmament, and it still continues to rain. Poor John, the messenger, was wet through and through; and wet as he was, seeing Madam, as he said, so uneasy, he would go out again, and take another man with him.

In the mean time, another messenger had been dispatched to Mr. Anthony Glanville to beg the favour of his campany; but he was gone from home, and was not expected to return till the night following.

A very unfortunate circumstance indeed, as his presence would have been a great consolation. Mrs. Glanville said, no man was a better comforter in the hour of distress than her brother.

My Mama recommended to Mrs. Glanville that the should take some refreshment, having had no supper; she could eat nothing; but was prevailed upon, though not without great importunity, to drink half a glass of wine. We sat down at length to supper, but more to divert our thoughts than to appease our hunger. A most silent meal it was.

One o'clock.—And still in the same uncertainty.

Mrs. Glanville, every time the clock struck trembled in her chair. A state of suspense in a case like this is next to the certain tidings of misfortune, if not much worse. While in a state of uncertainty, the thoughts are apt to dwell upon the worst that can happen; and anticipation of the imagined evil is often greater than the reality. O how I long for day-break!

Three o'clock.—I never before faw the break of day. How welcome the glimmering of the morn-

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ing. I perceived, I thought, a ray of hope darting from the countenance of Mrs. Glanville, though it had been long overcast with gloom.

Oh, that her dear daughters may but be now alive! But yesterday I was viewing with Clarissa the rising of the sun. How chearful, how joyous we were! And now, oh where is Clarissa! where is Maria!

Mrs. Glanville will not remain a moment in the house; she is determined to go herself in search of her children with Caroline. I would have willingly gone too, but Mama was not strong enough to join in this excursion, and I could not think of leaving her.

Four o'clock.—Just at the moment when Mrs. Glanville was preparing to set out, some person rang at the door. To our great surprize, who should it be, but our two dear lost friends, Clarissa and Maria.

I thought Mrs. Glanville would have fainted with joy. She fat herself down upon the sopha, and her dear children, unable to speak, almost, stifled her with their kisses.

Though we were all much fatigued with having been up the whole night, yet we could not think of retiring to rest till we had heard the cause of their long absence.

But before I write you further particulars, I hope you will pardon me if I indulge myself in a few hours sleep.

Nine o'clock in the morning.

You will easily conceive our transport of joy, when we again cast our eyes upon Clarissa and Maria.

Maria. My heart felt the same rapturous emotion as if I had been delivered from some imminent

danger

When I heard the bell at the door, I threw up the fash, and saw them with two countrymen attending them as their guides and protectors. I slew down stairs, clasped them in my arms, and shed tears of jov. They had put on some cloaths belonging to some poor people at whose house they had been received. Clarissa had on a homespun gown, and Maria a red cloak over her shoulders. They had borrowed also a bonnet and a hat. If we had met them on the road, I think we should not have known them.

O, what a terrible fituation have they been in!
But Clariffa will give you a minute detail of the
whole. I have been amazed at her fortitude and

presence of mind.

A few circumstances I shall only relate, which took place at her return, and which will come

better from my pen than her's.

Clariffa, after embracing her dear Parent, said, O, my good Mama, you have not been in bed the whole night; nor you, Maria (turning to my mother); nor you, Sophia. Caroline had been gone to bed an hour or more by Mrs. Glanville's advice.

I beg pardon of you all most sincerely; but when you hear our whole story, I am sure you will forgive me. The little note I sent you I hope prevented your apprehension for our safety.

What note? faid Mrs. Glanville. We have received no note, either from you or from any one

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O! exclaimed Clariffa, do you then know nothing of what has happened? Was it possible, Mama, think you, that we could have staid so long out, and not send you word? Had I been capable of doing so, I should not have been worthy of your love and goodness, and you could never have forgiven me. Indeed, Mama, I wrote a sew lines with my pencil upon one of the leaves of my pocket-book, and tore it out to send you. I gave a country lad a shilling to bring it you; and we assured him, added Clariffa, that you would well reward him for his trouble; upon which he repeated his promise to take care of it. When he returned, he told me he had delivered the note; nor did he appear as if he had told me a falsehood.

O, faid Maria, who would have thought that

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Clarissa appeared much concerned that her Mama had not received her note; and after pausing a little, she said, Then you have not heard, Mama, of our great loss? What loss my dear? Has any body robbed you of your money or your cloaths? No, Mama, our loss is greater than that; we have lost our old servant Robert, who you know went with us; he is dead.

Robert dead! exclaimed Mama. What, and upon the road! For I fent to the lady you have been visiting, who said you had all set off together.

Yes, Mama, upon the road. And then she proceeded with her narrative, which she herself proposes to send you; so I must not anticipate it.

Besides, I have got the head-ache to a violent degree, occasioned certainly by our late anxiety and uneasiness.

I shall

I shall endeavour to persuade Clarissa to write to you to-morrow.

SOPHIA.

LETTER XLVIII.

Clarissa Glanville to Henrietta Thornton.

I AM now set down to write you a relation of the events of one of the most distressing nights, I have ever passed in my whole life. I

shall never think of it without horror.

Sophia hath already told you, that Maria and I had been to pay a vifit to a lady in the neighbour-hood, a particular friend of Mama's. Mama had proposed that we should go in a carriage, it being a hot day; but you know I prefer walking at any time, not only because I think it is more conducive to health, but I would not wish to put Mama to any needless expence. We must give at least three shillings for such a ride, and that would make three people very happy.

Our refusing to have a coach, I think, was one reason why Caroline would not go with us; if we had had our own carriage, she would have been

willing enough.

Mama said she could not be easy unless some person went with us. So we took poor old Robert, who you know once lived in our family. I think the destined period of our lives is wisely concealed from us. Had poor Robert known he was to die that

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that day, in all probability he would not have spent it so chearfully. Though as a good man (for good he was) he had no just reason to be afraid of death, yet its near and certain approach, is awful even to a virtuous mind.

The good creature entertained us all the way with one story or another, as he had a good share of that garrulity often afcribed to old age.

Sophia has prepared your mind for receiving the

account of this tragical event.

After having spent a most agreeable afternoon with the lady we went to vifit, as there were fome appearances of an approaching storm, we asked leave to take an early departure, almost an hour sooner than Mama had given us leave to stay.

Robert recommended us a nearer way than the public road; it lay through a wood. He faid it was much nearer, and would fave us a full half. hour.

We were about half way through a wood, when we thought we heard distant thunder. This made us redouble our pace; and I fear honest Robert, to preserve us from the storm, walked faster than his feeble age could bear. Poor Maria you know is very timorous; and the black clouds increafing apace, darkness came upon us almost instantaneously. She went on with trembling steps, and our good and chearful guide affured us, that in one quarter of an hour more we should be out of the wood, at the end of which there was a house, where we could call for shelter till the storm was over.

But we had not gone many paces farther, when poor Robert's ftrength began to fail.

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Hearing repeated claps of thunder, and having feen a flash or two of lightning, the good old fervant exerted himself still more, especially as Maria then shewed greater symptoms of fear, hoping to reach the house, which he knew was not far distant. This additional exertion to save us, proved alas, fatal to bimself

I perceived he slackened his pace, and all of a sudden became very pale, soon after which he was obliged to lean against a tree, and recline his head upon his hand. I asked him if he found himself not well? He answered, O merciful God! I believe I am dying. May Heaven, young ladies, be your preserver! He had scarcely uttered these words

before he fell on the ground at our feet.

Dear Henrietta, imagine to yourself my consternation and terror; my own and Maria's sear of an instantaneous death by lightning, and the actual death of our only guide, a man much esteemed by the whole family, and all this in a lonesome situation, in a wood of which we knew not the extent, and no other companion or friend near me

but the dear terrified Maria!

I cannot myself describe to you how I selt. I seemed berest of all my senses; but Maria gave a shriek which brought me to myself. Robert had sallen upon his sace; with some difficulty I turned him a little on one side, when I perceived he had bled at the nose. I loosened the handkerchief which he had about his neck, and unbuttoned his waistcoat. I put my hand to his heart, but could seel no pulsation, and looked very steadily to see if he breathed, but I could not perceive any signs of life. I applied a little bottle to his nostrils, but to no purpose.

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I have wondred fince how I had the courage to do all this; but the Almighty Arengthens all who are willing to do their duty.

Still keeping my eye attentively upon the body. and observing not the least motion, I called out to

fifter Maria, Poor Robert, I fear, is dead.

I knew not what to do, nor which way to go. I could not think of leaving him, and yet I could do him no service. At length, my fifter urging me to it, I determined to haften home as fast as I could, but unluckily we struck into a wrong path, which lead us still farther from our own house.

It thundered with greater violence, and the fashes of lightning became more vivid. Though the Heavens above might have terrified a stouter heart than mine, yet I could not lose the remembrance of the dead servant at the foot of the tree. He was scarce out of my thoughts a moment, till poor Maria soon called for all my attention. fifter, said she, let us sit down for a moment, I can go no further, I am so frightened; and I was obliged to fit down by her. She reclined her head upon my bosom. I thought the poor girl would have fainted? but, fortunately, the bottle of lavendar water which I had in my pocket much revived her. The hail now clattering amongst the leaves made Maria wish to go farther for shelter. We went arm in arm together, but faw neither house nor hovel, nor any living creature besides ach other. Sometimes we thought we heard a human voice; we stopped a moment to listen, but heard it no more.

The storm which had a little abated, seemed to begin afresh with redoubled fury. There was one flash of lightning uncommonly strong, suc-

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ceeded by the loudest clap of thunder I ever heard.

O, faid my fister, I fear we shall die in this wood, like poor Robert. I clasped her closer in my arms; it was as if Heaven itself strengthened I faid to the little trembler, do not be afraid, fifter; the lightning obeys God's will, as well as the wind and rain; the wind could blow down trees or houses upon our heads, and the rain could fall in fuch torrents as to make rivers overflow the land. Thunder may terrify, but can never hunt us; and though lightning may strike us dead in a moment, yet without God's permission it cannot finge a hair of our heads. God's providence rules the fwift lightning and the thunder, as well as the gentle rays of the fun, and the mild breeze of a Summer-evening. God guides and directs the storm. He takes care even of the sparrows, and do you think he will not take care of us? Believe me, my dear, we are as fafe here as at home. The arms of our dear Mama could not protect us from the forked lightning, if it was our heavenly Father's pleasure that it should strike us.

But, faid Maria, is not the tempest a fign that

God is angry with us?

By no means, my dear, replied I. If God pleafed so to do, he could punish us, and put an end to our being by any of the common incidents of life. The storm may prove a blessing to us. Do not you recollect how exceeding hot it was in the forenoon? If we had had no thunder or rain, it would have been still hotter to-morrow, and the fields and gardens would be parched up. Did you not observe also that there was no wind? Now the lightning brings with it both wind and rain.

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But, fifter, faid Maria, do not we hear of many

accidents occasioned by lightning?

Not by lightning only, answered I; nor by that more than many other things. Many more perish by water, and by fires, and by a thousand other accidents, than by lightning. When you are in a city you are not without danger; a tile from a house, or a brick from a chimney, may prove fatal as well as a stash of lightning. But see, my dear, the storm is almost over; it is not so dark as it was ten minutes ago.

But I hear it thunder yet, said Maria.

That is a great way off, replied I, and it is going fill further. She now began to be more easy, and was prevailed upon to look about her a little.

Let us be thankful, said I, the danger is now over. As it pleased God to preserve us from the storm, I think it will please him that we shall meet with some one who will shew us the right way, and perhaps conduct us home. We cannot remain here the whole night.

Oh, no! cried Maria; but poor Robert!

My dear girl, said I, we have more need of help than he has; he wants no more human aid; but we will fend two men to remove him to some

house the moment we have opportunity.

We cannot, sure, be far from the end of the wood. At last we found the path we pursued led us into a large plain, which revived our hopes of soon meeting with a house, or seeing some persons in the field. Maria first discovered two country people. O what joy immediately sprung up in our hearts. I could have thrown myself upon my knees before them, so great was my transport. Oh,

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good young men, faid I to them, we have lost our way; are we far from B-?

Yes, fay they, you are several miles from B-;

and it is too far to walk thither to-night.

O, cried Maria, what shall we do! what shall we do! And how uneasy will poor Mama be? Is there not a house near, asked I? Yes, said they, our father and mother live just by. Will you be so good to conduct us there, and I will give you a shilling, which I offered them; but money they refused, saying their father would be very angry, if he knew they had taken any, and their mother too. I am sure they will make much of you, young misses, and you shall have our bed to sleep upon. Come, we will shew you the way. You seem to be ladies; ours is but a poor farm-house, but mother will make you welcome.

I then told them as we went along what misfortune had befallen us, and related the death of poor Robert, whom we had been obliged to leave in the

wood.

Oh! exclaimed one of them; that perhaps is the man that we saw at the foot of a tree, lying, as we

thought, drunk.

I asked them immediately if they could find the tree again. Certainly, said they, but not to-night; and if the man is dead, it is not necessary for us to go now; we can do him no good; and in the dark, we should be a longer time in finding him. It was well you come as you did, for we are all going to bed, and you could not have easily found father's house, it has so many trees about it. Come along, if you please, misses, you seem both tired.

We had no fooner entered the countryman's

neat little house than the clock struck ten.

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The good woman, their mother, lifted up both her hands when she saw us, and stood for a moment looking at us as if she had been deprived of the power of speech.

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Good Heavens! she exclaimed, have you both fallen into the water? our cloaths being all wet through and through, dripping upon the ground. She went immediately and opened a great chest, and brought out her whole little wardrobe; she bid the boys go and see that all was right in the cow-house; and in a moment we were so metamorphosed as to our dress, that we seemed to belong to the family.

The good womans' husband and daughter were gone to bed; but hearing strange voices, and a great bustle, they both got up, and were struck with equal amazement. The old man sat himself down, and filled his pipe, while the girl, by the mother's order, brought some bread and cheese and butter, and warmed some elder wine.

First of all, said I to the good woman, we give you a thousand thanks for having made us so comfortable. Before I tell you how we came to be alone, and so late in the night, may I ask if you can procure a man to carry a note for us to our Mama, for she will be very uneasy that we are not yet come home. O yes, said the father, call Ralph here. I then wrote a line or two upon the leaf of my pocket book, with a pencil, and Ralph was sent off with it immediately.

Now, said Maria, (who had not spoke the whole time we were changing our cloaths) now my heart is more easy since you have sent to Mama. How long will it be before he can be there? More than an hour, said the hospitable countryman. Dear sister,

fifter, added she, how far we have gone out of our road! But come, tell these good people what has happened. Their two sons coming in at that moment, one of them whispered to the mother, and again went, out; telling her, as we afterwards found, that they intended to sleep in the barn that we might have their bed.

I then gave a relation of the unfortunate event, with all its circumstances, which these good people heard with eager attention, and not without great

emotion.

When we had refreshed ourselves with a little warm wine, the kind dame said, I suppose you would be glad to go to bed, misses; you must needs be very weary. My daughter will hang your cloaths by the fire to dry while you go to sleep.

To her goodness I replied, weary we certainly are, but we will wait till the man returns. When we know he has delivered the letter, we can sleep in peace. But, addressing myself to the old man, would you be so good, as soon as it is light, to let your sons and Ralph go to poor Robert, and let his corpse be brought into the barn, till Mama can give orders for his burial?

That they shall do, I assure you, Miss, said

he, and I will go with them myfelf.

hosps one country many - Dear

It was near one o'clock when Ralph returned; he told us he had delivered the letter, but the lady

was not within.

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This we thought at first a little strange; but Maria said immediately, I dare say she was with Mrs. Pemberton. Not improbable, said I, and when Mama has read the note her painful anxiety will cease.

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With this idea we were able to betake ourselves to rest, and after first thanking God for his pre-serving goodness, and recommending ourselves to his protection, we at length fell asseep.

I was harrassed a good deal in my dream concerning Robert, otherwise I slept pretty well, and so did Maria. We had defired to be called very early.

In the morning when we arose, our first question was, whether they had found Robert? Yes, yes, replied our compassionate host, we have found him, and brought him to the barn, and will keep him there till the coroner's inquest is over, and Madam gives orders for his removal.

Our hearts were then more at rest. We had done our duty by the servant. Our only remaining wish was, to return home as speedly as possible. But another disticulty presented itself. Our cloaths were not sufficiently dry. To obviate this, the samer's wife, as she saw our anxiety to be at home was very great, bundled them up all together, gave them to her sons to carry, and ordered them to go with us; and added, that they could bring back the cloaths we then had on. Neither would she let us go without drinking a cup or two of good milk.

I wish it was in my power, said I to the good woman, to reward you for your hospitality.

Reward me! the replied, I am sufficiently rewarded in having the honour of doing this little service to two such young ladies as you. I wish we could have served you better. I am poor, said she; my husband has but a little farm, but we pay our rent and our taxes, thank God, and have bread enough for our family, and we are very well contented. It is true we could manage a larger farm, now our children are grown up, but I do not covet it. We have lived here almost twenty years. I should not much like to leave the old house. My husband planted the ivy himself, which almost covers the window of the little room you slept in.

We ought, I told her, to make some recompence for services done us, and especially in time of distress. Well, well, interrupted she, when I am in need, then you must help me. We must do as

we would be done by.

What an instance of a noble generous heart in a person of inferior rank, one of those on whom the great are apt to look down with contempt; perhaps at the very time they are despising those that are their superiors in goodness. If the daughter of such a good woman as this, in the circumstances in which we have been, asked for a night's lodging at one of the great houses, how few would have been willing to receive her as their guest! Most likely she would have bad from an insolent servant O, my dear Henrietta, let a disdainful refusal. us never despise our inferiors; they are often more ferviceable, and discharge the duties of their lowly flations better than many others who move in a more exalted fphere.

I could not quit the cottage without taking a last look at poor Robert's corpse. Maria being too timorous, remained in the house with the daughter and her father, while his wise and I went into the barn. I staid no longer than to shed a few tears over the remains of a worthy man, who had lived

and died in our service.

Since our return home, Mama has given orders that Robert shall be decently buried at her expence

as foon as the coroner's inquest is over, and she gave the young men our conductors half a guinea each.

Thank Heaven for our fafe arrival. You will eafily guess the general joy; and God be praised, that my dear mother has not been ill with the fright and anxiety which our alarming absence must have occasioned.

Farewel, my dear friend, I know you will fincerely rejoice with your

CLARISSA.

POSTSCRIPT.

I forgot to tell you, that the messenger Ralph took the letter to a wrong house, where it lay till the afternoon of the next day, the lady being from home. I hear uncle Anthony below. Adieu.

LETTER XLIX.

Sophia Pemberton to Henrietta Thornton.

NO letter from our dear Henrietta for for many days. What reason is to be affigued for this? I should reprimand you if you were here. But Clarissa says, that we should never accuse any absent

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absent person, unless we can say from our own knowledge that they have done wrong, as they cannot answer for themselves.

The death of our late faithful guide has kept us from making any visits in our neighbourhood. Mrs. Glanville is making enquiry for a man fuitable to our purpose. But the tender-hearted Maria cannot forget poor Robert. If we only fend the maid out on a message, and she is not back so soon as we expect her, Maria exclaims, Oh, I wish she is not fallen down dead in the street as Robert did in the wood. Clariffa first endeavoured to laugh her out of these fears, but not finding that effectual, she began to talk with her a little seriously. My dear fifter, said she, you must now dismiss fuch childish ideas. The event which has happened to us is of so uncommon a nature, that perhaps fuch another instance has not been known in the whole country; and therefore it is not to be expected that it should happen again at least to us. We should make ourselves very unhappy in this world, if we were to give way to fuch childish fears on every poffibility of an accident. do so, you must neither ride nor walk out, because you may by a slip or a fall break your arm. To be thus timid would be mistrusting Providence.

I thank you, my dear fifter, faid Maria; I will endeavour to conquer my childish fears. God has been so good to us in the wood, that I think I ought not to be afraid of going any where.

Mrs. Glanville's maid is not well, and Clariffa willingly takes her place, only they have a chare-woman to do the hard and dirty work.

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Mrs.

Mrs. Glanville would willingly hire a servant into the house till their own maid is better; but Clarissa said, No, no, Mama, we shall have as much trouble in shewing a stranger what, and how things are to be done, as if we did them ourselves. I always wish, Mana, to have something to do that is useful; and the more useful I can be, the happier I am.

Caroline, though in some things a little changed for the better, yet could not relish any part of the work of a servant. Sister, said she, you bring our family low indeed, to desire Mama not to hire another servant; you may do the work if you please, but if I was Mama, I would have a new maid immediately. Do you take the easiest part, Caroline, said Clarissa, and I will do what I can as to the rest.

Mrs. Glanville, who was at the other end of the room overheard this, and faid, daughter Caroline, it has been the will of Providence, to which we ought always to fubmit, that we should lose the greatest part of our substance; but yet, through divine goodness, we have so much left as to be able to keep one fervant; but who can fay, how long we may afford to do even this. New and unforeseen adversities, whether of fickness or other misfortunes, may deprive as of every resource, and reduce you to the fad necessity of working Would not this alternative be dreador starving. ful for you who are unwilling to do the leaft domeftic office even when the poor maid is fick? In her fituation, if you had nobody to look at you, and to give you what was necessary, you would think yourfelf cruelly and inhumanly treated ; and yet you scruple even to carry the poor girl her medicines. medicines. Do not you know, Caroline, that our holy religion requires, that if even our enemy hungers, we feed him; and if he thirsts, we give him drink? And should we then refuse to do good

to those who do good to us?

It is not very probable that when you are married you will be able to keep more than one fervant. And suppose this one servant should be ill, then you would want two additional servants, if not three, one to wait upon the sick, and another

to do her work and wait upon you.

I do not defire you, my dear, to do any very hard work, or any thing that you need to be ashamed of. But in extraordinary cases, we may be obliged to do things which we have not been accustomed to do. Affability and attention to your inseriors is no meanness, but rather shews a greatness of mind; and why should you be ashamed of any good action? Besides, is not your doing some of the little offices of a sick servant in fact obliging your Mama?

It would make me very happy, Caroline, if I could see in you the same readiness to oblige me as your sisters shew every hour of the day. How would you have conducted yourself in that dreadful storm that they met with? You would have been bereft of your senses, and perished in the

wood.

Caroline heard all that her Mama had faid with uninterrupting filence; but I fear that Mrs. Glanville's counsel was all thrown away upon her. I

wish I may be mistaken.

Clarissa is now of the greatest use in the family. She, with the help of the charewoman, gets the dinner ready; Maria lays the cloth; and they

they both unite in every domestic service that is not too fatiguing and servile; while Caroline spends her time chiefly at her toilet, or in playing with her dog.

Who would have thought the disposition of two sisters should be so different? And who could he-

fitate a moment which to prefer?

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ind ney I shall banish every unfavourable sentiment respecting my much-esteemed friend's long silence. My only sear is that you may be indisposed. If your not writing has arisen from mere inattention, I shall hardly know how to forgive you; but that I am sure is not the case, for I know your heart too well to suspect you of the least dissimulation. I am sure you will tell me the truth.

SOPHIA.

LETTER L.

Henrietta Thornton to Sophia Pemberton.

I HAVE too much love for you, my dear friend, to take any thing amiss you say; otherwise the little word if in your letter might have excited a passion called anger; but I well know that you did not mean to offend. And where no offence is intended, it is but a sign of a little mind to imagine it.

We have made a tour to L—, where young Mr. Bedford went to take leave of the family; he will

will to-morrow fet off from hence, in order to embark for the East-Indies.

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It was rather late before we came home. I found two letters, and kissed the superscriptions

before I broke them open.

The first which I read was from you, Sophia, without having particularly observed that the other was from Clarista. When I read the contents I was thunderstruck. It was not without reason that you received the mild reproof of Clarista, for your so suddenly publishing abroad the uneasiness you experienced; and yet perhaps I should have done the same. I do not boast of any greater stock of prudence than my friend Sophia. But I shall avail myself of such an occurrence, to learn to open an afflicting scence gradually, the sudden relation of which might too much affect tender

fenfibility.

At the end of your letter, which I ran through in great hafte, I could not refrain from tears: When I perceived that the two dear fifters were again fafe at home, I threw myfelf, without reading further, upon my knees, to render thanks to Heaven for their fafe return. It was furely a fingular providence, that in fuch circumftances Clariffa fliould have so much presence of mind, and bear with fo much fortitude a scene which would make even many men tremble. The fudden death of their only guide, their embarrassment in the loss of their road, the storm, the lightning and the thunder, without any place of refuge to fly to from the heavy rain and hail, without the fight of any human being, the approaching darkness, and in a wood; these united together might have overwhelmed the stoutest heart. For my part, I think I could not have survived it.

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to of nd Mrs. Bedford, when I read her the account of their difaster, and the uncommon firmness of mind which Clarissa shewed, listed up her eyes to Heaven, and exclaimed, O what virtue! what an example of fortitude! how worthy of imitation! Such an undaunted spirit, surely, is not to be found but with goodness of heart. None but those who fear and love God can have such considence in his protecting power. Endeavour, my dear Henrietta, in all your actions to please God, and then you may hope to secure his devine savour.

I beg, Sophia, you will present my warmest acknowledgment to Clarissa for giving me so circumstantial a relation of this singular event.

Would you believe it, even Edward could not refrain from dropping a tear. He deemed it almost miraculeus, that Clarissa had not injured her health; but I could not omit observing, that she had accustomed herself to be out a great deal in the open air, was often in the garden, and minded neither cold nor rain,

That is the best way, interrupted Mrs. Bedford, to have good health. I do not like to see young ladies askaid of putting their seet out of doors, confining themselves in hot rooms in the Winter season, with every crevice in their window closed up, excluding the wholesome air. Who have better health than the country people? Yet they are every day exposed to the weather.

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IN CONTINUATION.

I am thankful in my heart Clarissa and her sister were fo fortunate as to meet with the farmer's two fons, who conducted them to their father's house. Without their aid, what would have become of our two friends? The thought is too distressing: I cannot dwell upon it. A reflection more pleafing shall exclude it. They are safe; they are restored again to their dear Mama. All the rest I would willingly forget. And to confess the truth, I have uneafiness from another quarter at this time, as you will readity believe, when I tell you that I am witness to the tears of an affectionate mother for the departure of her son. Edward is gone. Mrs. B. has a strong presentiment that she shall never see him again. I shall hear the frequent fighs of a parent, who for maternal love has perhaps no fuperior.

The fear which I have had, that her fon's departure would be almost insupportable to my invaluable friend, has made me study night and day what is possible to be done to alleviate her distress.

A few miles from hence lives one of her near relations, at a most delightful country-feat, which commands a view of the river, on the furface of which you fee continually passing ships from every quarter of the globe. I have advised Mrs. Bedford again and again to spend some weeks there; and last night fhe confented to my defire, which has removed a great oppression from my spirits.

But excuse me, my dear, if I here close my letter; Mrs. Bedford is alone, and at this time in particular, even the prattle of a girl may be some relief to her, by preventing her thoughts from

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winging their way after the absent darling of her heart. Believe me, most affectionately, your's,

HENRIETTA.

LETTER LI.

Sophia Pemberton to Henrietta Thornton.

OUR chearful happy party on Clariffa's birth-day I shall never forget, nor yet the poor boy who endangered his life to save Caroline's hat. What gratitude the little fellow shewed for the small favour of riding behind the coach! And what a pleasure is it to have contributed to save the poor boy's life, and to restore him to his friends.

Yesterday was the birth-day of Mrs. Glanville; she wished to give us some additional pleasure, and proposed a little jaunt into the country to a farm-house, from whence we are supplied with all our butter.

Our dear Clarissa, who is the life and soul of all our parties, was up at day-break. Her first business was to thank the Almighty for the preservation of her dear Mama, and to beg that Heaven's best blessings might be showered down upon her head.

She had asked leave the preceding day to go very early, that every thing might be in order. Maria was to accompany her.

She would gladly have congratulated her Mama before the fet off for the farm, but it was too early

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to break her peaceful flumbers. Instead of such an untimely intrusion, she left a card in her Mama's little dressing-room, on which was found written as follows:

"Clarissa's best wishes have this morning been presented to Heaven for her dear "Mama."

Five o' Clock.

The two fifters, Clariffa and Maria, had agreed to drefs themselves in white, as two young shep-herdesses; and it was proposed to Caroline to do the same; but she laughed at such folly as she termed it.

In this dress, however, the others went at an early hour, and were soon at the farm, where they finished their hasty breakfast, and began to make, with the farmer's daughters assistance, seltoons and garlands of natural slowers; with these they adorned a little arbour, which commanded a most enchanting view of the distant country. The trees on each tide of the walk leading to this arbour were hung with sessions, which had a most beautiful essect. Would you believe it, that Clarish had not said a word even to me of her design. But she was quite right, for taking us by surprize added much to the pleasure of the entertainment,

It was about eleven o'clock before we came to the farm. Our two shepherdesses, followed by the farmer's daughters, and some others of their acquaintance, who had been selected for that purpose, all neatly dressed, met us at the great door of the old hall, for it had been formerly the mansion-

house of the Lord of the Manor.

We were struck with pleasing astonishment, as you may well suppose; but this was not all; each girl had a small basket of slowers in her hand, and walked before us in procession, through the great hall to the garden; on entering which they strewed the way with their slowers, which they had collected together from the fields, and so they continued to do till they came through the ornamented walk to the arbour, where a couch was formed of some chairs, over which was laid one of the farmer's best coverlids, to give it the appearance of a sopha.

What a pleafing scene to a fond mother! I plainly perceived Mrs. Glanville's eyes were ready

to overflow with tears.

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She was no sooner seated in the arbour, with the country shepherdesses standing before her, than Clarista and Maria both stepped forward from the groupe to embrace their Mama, and present their congratulations on the happy day. After which, others that composed the train brought in biscuits and chocolate sufficient to regale the whole company.

I had forgot to mention, that Clariffa had invited her uncle to honour the day with his presence, which was a second agreeable surprize; for he came very fortunately while Mrs. Glanville was seated in the arbour. An additional shuft of joy appeared in her countenance the moment she saw her prother, who immediately saluted her, and expressed his good wishes in words the most tender and ex-

preffive.

Caroline, who at the first moment was dumb with surprize, could not with-hold her approbation of what she saw; but why, added she, did not

you

you tell me your intention? I would have gone

with you, though it was fo early.

I was afraid, replied Clariffa, that you would have mentioned our defign, and that would have diminished the pleasure of it; for it was the unexpectedness of the scene which gave it its principal power to please. Besides that, sister, if I must tell you the truth, I thought you would pronounce it all childish, and only laugh at me.

Your fifter is right, faid Mr. Anthony Glanville; for (you must not take it amis) the pleasing mirthful scene your sister has been contriving ac-

cords not with your formality.

The tender-hearted Clarissa selt for her sister's embarrassment when she saw the colour come into her face, and attempted to change the discourse, by diverting her uncle's attention to the enchanting rural view which the country presented.

The room where we dined was also hung with festoons of flowers, of, which there was great profusion, for every girl brought a quantity with her. The defert, which confifted of very good

fruit, was served up with taste and elegance.

I could not help bestowing my little tribute of praise upon Clarissa the moment we were alone; to which she answered, These small tokens of esteem for my dear Mama, merit not such very high commendation, Sophia. I cannot shew as I could wish to do my gratitude for her truly parental care. You do much more than I do, only in a different manner, for your good Mama. Some, no doubt, may pronounce fuch attention ridiculous and foolish; but the censure of others I pay no attention to, if it gives but pleasure to Mama, and the friends I love. I replied, there was fomething so engaging

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in these marks of her filial affection, that they would extort a smile of approbation from the gravest philosopher. Observe your uncle Anthony, said I; admiration and complacence rest upon his brow. I never saw him smoke his pipe with a countenance indicating more true satisfaction and self-enjoyment.

To shew that he entered into the mirth of the day, Mr. Anthony proposed that we should have a dance; and one of the farmers daughters saying she could procure a violin, Mr. Anthony said he would try whether he had forgot what he had learnt in his youth, as he had not played upon that

instrument for a great number of years.

The violin was foon procured; and the good uncle shewed us, he was no more a stranger to music than he was to philosophy, though his instrument was not the best in the world. We young people, with the farmer's daughters and other shepherdesses, formed ten couple. Mrs. Glanville was highly delighted with our dancing, and seemed perfectly to enjoy herself the whole day. Nor was it difficult to perceive, that the presence of her brother was a very great addition to her joy.

Clarissa seldom went out but she found some op-

portunity of being useful.

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But it being rather late, I shall write you fur-

IN CONTINUATION.

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The time drawing near when we were to return home, Caroline went to feek for her dog, which she had ordered to be shut up in one of the back rooms in the house. Somebody had certainly been in the room, and left the door open, for the dog was not to be found. I went into the fields with Caroline, and Clarissa and Maria searched the high road.

While we were all of us seeking for the supposed lost dog, the farmers daughter found him in the kitchen. As soon as we returned, I went to look for Clarissa, but she was gone much surther

than I expected,

It seemed as if Providence directed her steps, for she went surther than her own inclination ever

would have carried her after her fifter's dog.

She was not however very long after I had returned from seeking her, before she returned, leading an old man by the arm towards the farm-house. We were all wondering who this could be; when, lo, Maria, came running to tell us, that it was her fifter's old music master, whom she had providentially met with upon the road, and was bringing him to the farm, to ask for a lodging for him for that night.

Go, and bring him here, faid Mama. Maria immediately ran to her fifter with her eyes spark-

ling with joy.

Though he was not so well cloathed as he used to be, nor of so corpulent a habit, yet Mrs. Glanville recognized old Mr. Richards immediately; and maf

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and, addressing him by his name, bid him fit down, and defired Clariffa to reach him a glass of wine, and Maria to present him with fome biscuits.

Caroline was not in the garden when the musicmafter came in; but when, on her return, the faw a man fo poorly clad, the asked, with a disdainful air, what beggar Clariffa had brought now? Her uncle Anthony accidentally hearing what the faid, replied, niece, never despite any one for being ill cloathed, nor judge all worthy of efteem who are dreffed in the mode. Beggars and peafants may be virtuous, and rich men and kings contemptible characters. Good men may be fometimes reduced by misfortune, without their own fault. And would it not be cruelty in the extreme to treat fuch with disdain and neglect, because they were fallen into advertity, and appeared in a coarfer garb? This man, it is true, was not your mafter, but he was your fifter's, and a man of reputation, effeemed by the whole neighbourhood: he was once in better circumstances; and I dare venture to affert, that he has not been reduced by his own imprudence, for he has always been a frugal industrious man.

I did not know who it was, Sir, interrupted Caroline. But, my dear, for the future, faid he, look not with contempt even upon strangers. Those who do so may be despising persons of much better characters than themselves can boast of.

Old Mr. Richards having refreshed himself a little, told us, that two years ago he went to Geneva, and was brought into the greatest distress by an ungrateful son, who had sled into Switzerland for having killed a man in a quarrel. That, at the advice of a rich London merchant, whom he there had accidentally met with, he was returned

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Glanately; and, to his native country, with the promise of being provided for. But that falling fick upon the roads he had spent the little money which he had left. and was even obliged to fell his good cloaths, and

· My intention was, faid he, to feek a lodging this night in the house of some farmer, and to proceed to-morrow on my journey to the city; but the weakness occasioned by my last sickness obliged me to rest often; and it was at the foot of a tree that your amiable, compassionate daughter found me feated upon the grafs. She foon perceived who it was, and exclaimed, Is it you, Mr. Richards? My mean garb was no bar to her taking me along with her. She kindly conducted me to this house, telling me, Madam, that you were here. I hope you are not offended, Madam, that I accepted an invitation, which to a person in my condition appeared as an interpolition from heaven. Pardon me that I appear before you in this miferable plight.

O, Mr. Richards, replied Mrs. Glanville, the attention my daughter has paid to you gives me great satisfaction. I should have been much displeafed if I had been told that the had feen a gentleman who had affifted in her education in diffres, and left him without doing all in her power for him. You may lodge here to-night without any expence, and when you come to town, call upon me, and I will take care you shall have a good lodging till you have the opportunity of feeing your patron.

The heart of the old man was so full, he was not able to utter a word; his gratitude was fufficiently expressed by his filence and his tears. The sent

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Mr. Anthony Glanville presented him with another glass of wine, and said, if your expected patron is not to be found, pay me a visit, and try me if I cannot do something for you, without any previous promises.

The good old man bowed and retired.

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As foon as we were alone, Clariffa exclaimed, O Sophia, how happy I feel myself, that I met with my good old master. I now wonder much that I went so far to seek for my sister's dog. For you know it always excites my indignation to see lap-dogs so much caressed, and poor children wanting a morsel of bread. But I think that Providence directed my steps that way to give me an opportunity of relieving the unfortunate in the hour of adversity, and of shewing my gratitude to a worthy man, to whom I am indebted for the pains he took in teaching me.

And what greatly enhances my pleasure on this occasion is, that this incident has happened on Mama's birth-day, which I think is no bad omen of the completion of my wishes for her felicity.

Mr. Anthony Glanville proposed a walk to see the setting of the sun, because our arbour having an easterly aspect, we could not view from it that beautiful scene of Nature.

It was one of the finest evenings I ever saw, and the prospect was transporting. The fields presented us with the view of the happy haymakers on the one hand, and the wavy ripening corn on the other. The country people were some of them turning their weary steps homeward, and some were finishing the labours of the day. The Sunwas going down, without one discernible cloud to obscure the horizon. See, said Clarissa, how the

fun finiles upon you, even to the last moment of its departure, on the evening of your birth-day.

True, replied Mrs. Glanville; but though we may reasonably hope for the favour of Heaven so long as we are virtuous and good, yet we must not judge of the favour or the displeasure of Heaven by the appearance of the clouds. The Sun does not rise, nor the rain fall, nor the winds blow only for us; neither, if it had this day thundered and lightned, must we have entertained any different sentiments of the goodness of our heavenly Father. The lightning, which terrifies timid women, is of great utility; it consumes the noxious vapours, gives rise to the winds, cools the air, and produces seasonable showers in the scorching heat of Summer.

The Sun, my dear, fmiles upon the world at all times, and shines equally upon the peasant and the prince; and when it sets to us, it rises to other countries.

You think and speak like a philosopher, Madam, said Mr. Glanville. Your liberal sentiments do you honour. But with all your philosophy, sister, I suppose you would not wish to sleep in the fields. You do not perceive how late it is; and I have much further to go than you; and consider, there is no moon; Madam Luna may possibly be shedding her friendly light upon some other part of the globe, but not at present upon ours.

I beg your pardon, brother, said Mrs. Glanville; but, indeed, the fineness of the evening, and your joining with us in the happiness of this day, left no room for the intrusion of the unpleasing thought of separation. I quite forgot myself. I cannot say I should like to steep in the fields;

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therefore come, my children, and Miss Sophia, let us go this moment.

I have now finished my recital, Henrietta, and sophia.

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Henrietta Thornton to Sophia Pemberton.

seived the at account. What a chamming in-

LETTERS are a good fubflitute for conversation in the absence of our friends. Your last has contributed much to amuse and to instruct me. I Significant

Clarissa is an incomparable girl. She is continually doing some act or other of benevolence and kindness to her fellow creatures. I can fancy at this moment, I fee her conducting her old schoolmaster to her Mama. If Mrs. Glanville has some chagrin at the conduct and temper of Caroline, Clariffa's amiable behaviour makes ample recomperce, and her fifter Maria treads in her fteps.

Mrs. Bedford, while the was hearing your letter, forgot for the moment her grief for her fon's departure. How happy, the exclaimed, must Mrs. Glanville be with fuch a daughter! Clariffa does every thing in fo engaging a manner. Henrietta, the added, take that young lady for your model. I cannot easily form for you a better with, than that

you may be like Clarissa Glanville.

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The desire I seel to have my pattern always before me, makes me the more earnestly lament,
that I am at such a distance from her I so much
esteem. You must write me as opportunity offers
an account of every thing she does and says. I will
peruse and re-peruse whatever you send me so long
as the paper will hold together, till I get it by
heart.

Pray present my best compliments to the Miss Birds, though unknown, and tell them, I long for the happiness of their acquaintance, and to go with them to the Sunday school, of which Clarisla has given me an account. What a charming institution is this, my dear friend, which procures for the children of the poor, the advantage of religious instruction, and furnishes young persons in the higher ranks of life, with the opportunity of practifing one of the first duties of Christianity, charity, in the pleafantest way. I anticipate in idea the happiness I shall have in taking a class to myfelf, when I come among you. I conclude that I shall be able to teach fix girls, so I am preparing half a dozen neat plain caps and borders, and as many tippets, the binders herring boned with purple worsted, to give as rewards to my girls. Can they fing pfalms, Sophia? If they can, we will join with them, in case the other ladies approve of it; and we will lead them at church too. Do not you think Dr. Clarges will be pleafed with us? But, above all, my dear friend, do not you think Gon. will approve our humble endeavours to promote his praise and glory in the congregation of his people? I wish all young persons were taught to love God as I do. This was at first the work of my dear deceased parents; and I honour their memory

memory more on this account, than if they had left me thousands of gold and silver. I often wonder, Sophia, that young people should despise religion as an enemy to chearfulness; for I am sure, I find it the direct contrary; and what comforts have you and your good mother, and other of our dear friends, in missortune, derived from it! The sad effects of the want of religion are sufficiently exhibited in the youth of these days, to warn us not to despise our best friends, and to extinguish our best hopes.

I ought to envy no one, and yet I can scarcely refrain from envying you and your associates. Let me rather be grateful for the advantages of my own situation; and though I have not all the agreeable things my heart longs for, may I remember I have

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Mrs. Bedford's country-feat, which I formerly mentioned, is a paradife, and the owner of it is a most indulgent parent to me. We have a small, but a very lociable circle of friends, whom we occasionally visit. But how enchanting soever our rural abode, the most beautiful views cease to attract our admiration, when the heart is oppressed with forrow. My good Mama, for fo I delight to eall her, is often very low, on account of her fon's departure. I am sometimes afraid she will not be able to furmount her grief. But time, I hope, will wear away its poignancy; and truly if the violence of forrow was not to abate, life would be almost insupportable in many of its most distressful scenes. It shall be my daily study to alleviate the concern of my kind benefactress. A little selfishnefs may, perhaps you will fay, be among my inducements to this; for while Mrs. Bedford is low spirited,

spirited, I cannot be very chearful. I wish from my heart that this voyage to fee the world may bring young Mr. Bedford into another train of fentiment. Absence from home, and the difficulties he may have to encounter, may change his roving thoughts. Such a reform would reffore Mrs. Bedford to her former chearfulness, and make her the happiest of mothers. Here too, perhaps, you may charge me with felfishness again; but in this latter case, I can assure you, you would do me injustice; nor would it be paying me any great compliment, to suspect me of having the least penchant for a youth that has but little filial affection. I once heard Mrs. Glanville remark, that a young man who paid little or no duty to a parent, could never be expected to thew much affection for a wife.

I fend you inclosed a letter which I have received from Emily, written from Bern, in Switzerland. You will find how the longs to see her parents; and

no wonder.

My present time for writing is limited, and I am just at the extremity of its limits. I steal these moments from the hour atlowed for the toilet; you know I am not long in dressing. We expect company to day to dinner. I could wish to make some apology to remain in my room. But I think it wrong to say at any time I am indisposed when I am not so; this would be tempting the Almighty to deprive me of my health.

Favour me with another letter foon, my dear friend, to fill up the great void occasioned by our

Separation.

HENRIETTA.

LETTER

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Clariffa Glanville to Henrietta Thornton.

I HAVE done fomething, my dear, for which I am not quite pleafed with myfelf.

Will you honestly tell me, whether you think I have done wrong? Yes, certainly; otherwise it would be a proof that you do not fincerely love me. They are not our true friends who flatter us, and dare not take the liberty to reprove us when we deferve it.

You know my fifter Caroline had made an acquaintance with those flighty girls (the Miss D's) which our good Mama very much disapproved of and had expressly forbidden her to visit them. They are neither well bred nor obedient to their parents; they do almost just what they please. Mama depended upon Caroline's observing her injunction, but the has transgressed against them. And how must she blame herself, when the reflects properly for difregarding her Mama's good counsel. My suspicion was awakened this morning, while Caroline was out, by the circumstance of a letter brought for her from the young ladies above-mentioned. Our maid, who knew the fervant, took the letter, faying the would take care to deliver it when Mifs Caroline returned home; but the immediately brought it to me, advising me to break it open. My fifter is older than me, I replied;

I replied; it is not proper for me to do so; it

would be taking too much upon me.

But, added our servant, it may be for Miss Glanville's good. You would not wish your sister to do what Mama has forbidden her. Who knows what this letter contains? Yesterday your sister asked me three times if there was no letter for her.

Well, thought I, what is to be done? I laid the letter upon the table before me. I took it up frequently with an intention to open it, and as often laid it down again. At last I broke it open.

And what did the letter contain? Why, an invitation to a dancing party, fixed on a day when they faid she might come with great secrecy, as our Mama would be from home, assuring her, that she might safely confide in them, and tell her sisters that she was going to make some other visits. They added, that one of the young gentlemen of the party would accompany Caroline home in the coach.

I threw the letter upon the table, much aftonished and grieved, and said to the maid, without thinking much about it, tell the servant who brought the letter, that your young mistress is engaged. I walked backwards and sorwards in my chamber, then called for Betty, and would have revoked the order I had given her, but it was too late. A fine dilemma I have brought myself into! Broke open a letter of my elder lister's, and read it, and exercised a kind of authority over her, by sending back an answer, and an answer too the very contrary to what she would have sent. All this I had no right to do. I wish my Mama was here this moment, to her I would acknowledge my fault.

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I hear Caroline below. I will go immediately and ask her to forgive me; that is the least that I can do. It now frikes nine; it is too late for her to go to the party. But how can I tell whether the will pardon my prefumption; and how much to our discredit will it be if a quarrel and enmity take place betwixt fifters, who ought always to live together in love? What must I do in this case! I shall reply to her reproaches with mildness, then the furely cannot long retain her anger.

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I shall now resume my pen, to relate the sequel of my difagreeable embarrafiment.

My fifter was bufy undreffing herfelf. I heard, her finging; so thought I, this promises well; she is in good humour. I knocked at her door.

The moment she saw me, sister, you are come at the right time, faid the; I have just been buying some gauze, and with you would make me a cap. Will you, Clarista?

Clariffa. With all my heart. It always gives me pleasure if I can be of any service to you, fifter. But I have now one favour to alk of you. you forgive me, if I have done you any wrong?

Caroling. I think certainly I can; for you would not do me any very great injury, I believe. Clariffa.

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Clarissa. Perhaps it is greater than you suspect. My only excuse is, that I did it with a good intention.

Caraline. An injury done me from the motive of love; I do no understand you i But what do you

mean? Explain yourfelf.

Clarissa. A letter was sent to you by the Miss D's; it was brought here while you was absent; and what do you think I have done with it?

Caroline. Surely you have not burnt it!

Clariffa. No. Much worfe. I have read it.

Caroline. Why, furely, you have not! and that out of love too! This is pretty behaviour, indeed, and from a younger fifter. Who gave you a right, Clariffa, to open my letters? I wish you had kept your love to yourself. It was an unpardonable curiofity.

Clarissa. No, sister, I detest impertinent curiosity, and I hope never to be found indulging so mean a propensity. Not long ago, you dropped a letter in the garden, I picked it up; it was unscaled; but I never once looked into it; I brought it you

directly.

Caroline. And why did you break this open? but

pray where is it?

Clarissa. I dare not venture to give it you, till I

have first obtained your pardon.

You are displeased with me for saying I did it with a good design. However you may doubt my veracity, I assure you from my heart I did it to prevent your having Mama's anger. I suspected it was some invitation to go with the Miss D's, and the more so as Mama was from home. I knew that Mama had sorbid you to associate with those young ladies; so I wished to prevent your going to

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Caroline. I want none of your advice, Clariffa, furely I know how to chuse my company. But I must have the letter.

Clarissa. Say but you forgive me; and I will

fetch it you directly.

Caroline. I must first know the contents of it. If you do not bring it me immediately, I will never forgive you. I should not have gone to Miss D's; but it did not become you to return an answer to a message addressed to me, your elder sister.

Clariffa. Conscious of this, I have asked your

pardon, and confessed my fault.

Caroline. And pray what answer did my Go-

verness please to send.

Clarissa. I do not wish to be called a Governess. I have no wish to govern any body but myself; and I should thank you, sister, for any good counsel you could give me. I sent word to Miss D's, that you were engaged.

Caroline. A polite message to send to people of fashion, I must needs say. Go, bring me the note.

I went directly for it; and while I was gone, the maid heard her fay, Very pretty, truly to look at my letters. This is your fine Clariffa Glanville, whom the world applauds to much, Now, what will the world fay? They shall know it all.

The maid on this, as she was only in the next room, entered, and said, Miss Caroline, pray do not be angry with me; but when the answer was sent, thinking the letter of no further use, I threw it into the fire.

Caroline.

Caroline. Go out of the room this moment, you

impertinent huffey!

Men wim wen gist At this instant I returned, when addressing herself to me, she said, So, fister, this is all together a fine piece of work, truly. Mama shall know of your behaviour, I affure you. We shall see if she will approve your good intention, as you call it. Give me the gauze again. I will make the cap myself. If you do not holder it rate

Clariffa, Excuse me, sister, you have done me the favour to alk me to do it, and I do not so easily

give it up.

Caroline.

I immediately left the room; the called me back; but I went on as if I had not heard her. I was afraid the was going to retract her word, about opening the whole affair to Mama. I rather wished her to do it than leave it to me; for I detest every thing that wears the appearance to tale-bearing on an anogurand during the anogurand you could give me, I fent word to Adits It's that

Quoling A polite mellage to send to people of fainion, I must MOLTAUNITAGO MI me chanter

is went directly for it; and while I was sing Mama came home unexpectedly last night She no fooner entered the house, than Caroline went down flairs. Well, Mama, faid fhe, what trick do you think Clariffa has been playing me?

Nothing intentionally bad, I am fure, replied Mama. Pray what has the done? no base of I

She has broke open a letter addressed to me from Miss D, and read it, said she; and the maid (whether by her defire or not I do not know) has thrown it into the fire. Do you think, Mama, that was

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a fifterly action? I am older too than Clarissa. I ought, I think, to be her mistress, rather than the to be mine.

Mama. I confess, my dear, your lister Clarissa has not done right in opening your letter. But to mitigate this offence, you must consider what was your fifter's motive. Have you asked her this? If it was to gratify an idle curiofity, the deferves a very severe reprimand; but if it was done from a good motive (though we must not do evil that good may come) yet that may be admitted as some mitigation of the fault. I am fure it was not done from any bad motive. Tell us now, Clariffa, honeftly, your true reason.

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I will tell it most fincerely, Madam. My fole defign in reading the letter was, to fee if the contents were not as I suspected, an invitation to a party from the Mils D's. I found it to be fo on! perusing the letter, and hastily fent back an answer that the was engaged. It was done to prevent my fifter Caroline from disobeying your command. It was not I who threw the letter into the fire. Dear Mama, according to your accustomed goodness, let this all be forgotten. I have confessed my fault to my fifter; the will forgive me, and follow your counsel for the future; and I promise you fincerely, I will never read any more of her letters.

Mama. I am ready to believe you, my dear. But I wish to know Clarissa, and you must not deceive me, whether your fifter keeps company with the Miss D's ?! belong a bound may

Clariffa. I have been told that Caroline was feen. walking with them last week. They should have goi

Mama. You did then very right to ftop the letter. Your only fault is in your reading it; for to endeavout. read

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read any letters which belong to another, without permission, is a breach of confidence. As you knew my prohibition, you should have put the letter into my hands; and this is what I desire both you and Maria will always do in suture. I do not encourage you to communicate to me all your little disputes and bickerings with each other; you must forgive one another in love. But whenever any thing concerns the honour or credit of the samily, then it is your duty to inform me of it.

Caroline role up to go to her bed-chamber, but

Mama defired her to fray a few moments.

I some time ago, said the, very earnestly defired you, Caroline, to drop your acquaintance with the D-family. I had flattered myself that the counsel of a mother would have had some attention paid to it; for you cannot but be very fenfible, that I wish your present as well as your future happiness. Even if the reasonableness of this prohibition was not very apparent to you, still it justly required obedience, as you must conclude I had some good reason for it. At your years it is not to be supposed that you can have had much experience of the world. You know not human nature so well as I do. All apparent friendship is not real. Nor are we always fafe when no danger is discernible. What motive could you suppose I had but your prefervation? And yet you have preferred the advice of strangers, or at least of very newlyformed acquaintance, to that of an affectionate mo-You have difregarded my prohibition. I am well informed, that you have been feen walking with those very persons I cautioned you against, and that you had companions of the other fex whole acquaintance will do you no credit. You endeavour

endeavour to make me believe, that whenever you go out, you pay a visit to Mrs. L.—. Is it not a great crime, Caroline, to attempt to deceive your mother? And do you think such mean conduct can be productive of any real good to yourself? To say the least of your walking with those giddy young folks, was it not a very imprudent step?

Caroline. Indeed, Mama, the Miss D's do nothing amis; they are only innocently merry, like

other young folks.

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Mama. I wish that may be the case; but they pay very little regard to appearances, from which the world will form a judgment. Do you know that those youths with whom they make no scruple to be seen in public, are some of the greatest rakes in town. Is it right to admit such to be of their parties? Perhaps the Miss D's may deceive their parents as you have attempted to deceive yours.

A young lady's character ought to be free from the least suspection. If she acts imprudently, she must not complain of the censure of the world. The world is more just than is generally allowed. Slander has seldom power to blast, though it will attack the reputation of those who are uniformly circumspect. Remember the common proverb, "A man is known by his company." You are fond of reading stories. Read the history of Flavilla in the Adventurer. You will there find what dire evils levity, or what you call innocent liberty, may be productive of.

By one imprudent step you may bring a blot upon your character, which the utmost circum-spection afterwards will never be able to remove. A good character is preferable to riches, beauty, understanding, wit, and all the polite accomplishments. They who are indifferent to the good opi-

nion

nion of the world, will not be esteemed very virtuous. Be cautious then, my dear children for I address myself to all of you, not to form an acquaintance with those young persons, whose characters are suspicious or doubtful. I hope, Caroline, that you will give ear to what I say. I repeat my prohibition; and if I find you transgress my order any more, I shall speak to you in a language very different from that in which I have hitherto addressed you. I resuse you nothing which I think is good for you. I deny you no pleasure suitable to your years and circumstances. But you must seek for pleasure only in forming intimacy with persons of unsuspected virtue, and known merit.

I plainly perceived, my dear Henrietta, that Caroline was much moved; a favourable symptom; I hope Mama's good counsel will have its desired

effect.

We all embraced Mama. An act of oblivion was passed upon former errors, and we prepared for bed.

The lovely Maria went to Caroline, held out her hand towards her, and faid, Dear fifter, let all be forgotten; you are no more angry with Clarissa, are you? No, no, said Caroline, we are all friends.

She came running back to tell me. I immediately went to Caroline's chamber, and asked her if she would forgive me. She answered with a friendly countenance, Yes, yes, go your way; I shall forget it, I hope, by to-morrow morning.

Without a reconciliation, my dear friend, I could not have gone to sleep. I then fully felt the value

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value of the Apostle's advice, "Let not the sun

go down upon your wrath."

I am afraid, Henrietta, that I have lessened myself in your esteem. Indeed, I acknowledge that
I have done wrong; but my only excuse is, that
I did it with a good design; and I am sure you will
make every candid allowance for your affectionate.

CLARISSA.

LETTER LIV.

Sophia Pemberton to Henrietta Thornton.

MY Mama was yesterday with Mrs. Glanville. Clarissa, Maria, and I, were in another room. Caroline sat with them in the parlour. Her Mama's last conversation with her, of which I find Clarissa has given you an account, seems to have had some effect upon her; but she has still too high notions of herself to give us much of her company. She seldom comes amongst us, unless she happens to want something that is in the room, and there in no prevailing upon her to go to the Sunday school.

While we were bufy at our work, and talking over the affair of the letter, in which I think Clariffa was not quite right, Caroline entered, and was close by us before we perceived her. She must have heard what we were talking about, but seemed not to take any notice, opened a drawer or two, and left us without speaking a word. Maria going

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out for something which she wanted a few minutes after, found Caroline listening on the outside of the door. To conceal her shame as much as she could, at being caught in so mean an action, she said, O Maria, I was returning to look into another drawer for some gauze; do step in, and see if you can find it for me; I am not willing to disturb your little society again. Make haste, said she, for I am going to make a cap.

Maria returned into the room, examined the other drawer, but at the same time wondered she sent her there for gauze, as that drawer was generally used to put their cloaks, hats, fans, and gloves in. Clarissa charged Maria to say nothing of this circumstance to Mama, but said she could not help remarking, that they who act openly and without disguise are seldom curious to listen, in order to

hear what others fay of them.

Caroline had not been gone long, before we were startled by a sudden noise, as if something great and heavy was broken in pieces. Maria, who immediately after searching the drawer, went again to her sister, soon came running into the room. O dear, said she, poor Betty, the charwoman, as she was wiping one of the high shelves in the beaufet, has thrown down one of the largest china dishes; a dish which Mama has had in her possession more than twenty years. O, what will Mama say to poor Betty? I have a good mind to go and tell her myself, and ask her to forgive the poor woman.

You have no need, my dear, said Clarissa, to do that. Mama will be forry, no doubt, for the loss of the dish, especially as it was one of her savourite pieces of china, but she will forgive Betty, I am

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am ire. fure, without your interceding for her. Mama knows she is now grown old and seeble. She has been employed in the family for a number of years, and is reckoned a very careful creature. Where is she? The poor woman, said Maria is so grieved, she is leaning her head down upon the kitchen table. O, cried she, when she saw the dish upon the floor, so often as I have cleaned out that cupboard without breaking any thing, and I should have such a missfortune now! and she heaved a deep sigh. Do, sister, come and comfort her.

At this moment Mrs. Glanville and my mother were coming in, having been taking a walk round the garden.

Betty met Mrs. Glanville in the passage. Madam, said she, O pray forgive me, I have had a sad missortune since you have been out.

I can forgive you any thing, replied Mrs. Glan-ville, in great good humour. What it is? When Betty told Mrs. Glanville what it was, she only faid, it has lived to a great age, so we must not regret its death. Pray do not think or say any more about it. It was kept more for ornament than use. If all china was to remain whole so long as that, I believe many china manusacturers would want bread to eat.

Then turning to my Mama, let us go, faid she, and see what our children are doing. Maria knew Mama's tap at the door; she ran to open it.

Children, said she, you surely do not know what a fine evening it is. You have been in the house, I think, the whole day. A walk would be of service to you. I would advise you to take a turn in the garden. We have been walking some time, and I assure you it has given me fresh spirits.

And

And me too, added Mama; I feel myself much revived.

You should ask your fister to go with you, said Mrs. Glanville. Maria went to Caroline's room door, to ask if she chose to accompany us. At first, she refused, pretending she had much to do; but as Maria was coming down stairs, Caroline called out, stop a moment, and I will go with you.

I can finish my work in the morning.

According to Mrs. Glanville's advice, we went to take the fresh air. It was one of the most delightful evenings we had had the whole Summer. The fragrance of the garden had been confiderably increased by some seasonable showers which fell in the morning. What a beautiful variety has our indulgent Creator provided for us, not only for our necessary support, but for our pleasure and enjoyment? What variegated colours, both in the flowers of the field and the garden, and what fragrant scents; to gratify both the fight and the smell! And what harmonious notes of birds, to gratify our fense of hearing! The earth is a paradise for birds, as well as for the human species. In the Summer they range where they please. They have their rights as well as man. The field and the garden are equally their inheritance. They always afford them nourishment; and in the Winter, they are provided with a refuge from the storm.

In the neighbouring meadows we faw several boys slying their kites. The string of one of them happening to breake, a kite sell into the garden where we were walking. Two boys, (who claiming a right to the kite, claimed also a right to come into the garden) entered boldly, to regain their

loft property.

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Caroline immediately perceived them, and recollecting them to be two boys who had sometimes laughed at her high cap, she asked them how they dared presume to come into the garden without asking leave? And bid them be gone, for they should not have their kite; they must first learn better manners.

The boys were going away, when Clarissa interceded for them, and begged of her that they might have their kite. Why do you put yourself upon a level with idle school-boys? said she. But, replied Caroline, they were very impertinent the other day, and insulted me. I think I have reason to be angry. Sister, replied Clarissa, they know no better; boys are often rude; we must excuse these trisles, and forgive them. Mama, you remember, has lately forgiven us. Besides, sister, your goodness in letting them have their kite may make them ashamed of their former rudeness, and they may behave better to you for the future.

This last idea seemed to turn the scale in favour of the poor boys. And when Clarissa afterwards asked if she did not experience more pleasure when she forgave them, than when she was angry at their insolence; She replied, I must confess I am more happy in giving them their kite, than I was when I refused it them.

After we had fat some little time in the summerhouse, enjoying the charming landscape, and making our observations on the beauties of Nature, Caroline wished to return into the house. Perhaps, said she, you would chuse to sit longer here; do not let me take you away. O dear, said I, Miss Caroline, how can you leave this delightful scene?

It

It is really enchanting. O, replied the, then I can be so enchanted every day; but I have some

work to finish; and away she went.

This is not peculiar to Caroline. What we can fee every day, or what we have in long poffession, diminishes in our efteem; and we often highly value things less intrinsically excellent in themselves, only because we but seldom see them, or that they

are but newly acquired.

- natural terror to be a second

We were so delighted with the Summer evening, that we staid in the garden till supper was announced. Mrs. Glanville so earnestly pressed us to spend the evening, that Mama being in good fpirits consented to fray, provided the might be permitted to return home early, as the was not accuftomed to late hours. Our conversation I must defer to my next. ters then goodness a leaning then have then

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From the Same to the Same.

NOW I am retired into my room, I will give you our evening's conversation as well as I am able to recollect it.

Mrs. Glanville. You do not know, Madam, the pleasure you give me, by staying to spend this evening with us, as from this I indulge the hope, that

that we shall often have your company, and that of your daughter, in the long nights of Winter.

Mama. The pleasure, I am confident, cannot be greater on your part than it will be on mine, Madam; and I can venture to answer for my daughter also.

Sophia. That you may, Mama, indeed; but I

beg pardon for interrupting you.

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Mama. The thought of coming into your neighbourhood, Madam, revived me; and I think now I have fixed my residence here, it will be a compleat restorative to my health. I find a considerable change for the better already. And if I go on as I have begun, though I have not been out of my house for years of Winter evenings. I hope I shall find no inconvenience from such visits, especially as we live near each other.

Mrs. Glanville. We will take our turn with you; and that will remove at once half the inconvenience. But I hope, Madam, your health will foon be re-established. We will make no strangers of each other, but live together as one family.

Family freedom, and family fare.

Mama. That is true friendship. The parade and ceremony of the great world, I was never fond of.

Mrs. Glanville. But where is Caroline, my dear?

Maria. In her room, Mama. 1 have been to tell her supper is ready; but she said, do not wait for me.

Mrs. Glanville. But did you tell your fifter who is going to sup with us to-night?

Maria. Perhaps I may have forgot that, as I con-

cluded she knew it.

O

Sopbia.

Sophia. Suppose, Clarissa, you and I both go; the cannot then, I think, refuse us. Will you

excuse us one moment?

We soon returned with Caroline; though at first she appeared reluctant. When she entered the room, she made the apology of a little head-ache, adding, the girls would not come down without me. Nor do I believe we could have persuaded her to come, if I had not told her what our two Mamas had been proposing, that we should spend our winter evenings alternately at each other's houses, which seemed to please her very much; as she hoped then, I think, we should sometimes make a party at cards, her savourite amusement.

Mrs. Glanville. So, Caroline, we are indebted to this lady (pointing to my mother) and to Sophia, I believe, for you company at supper, for we sel-

dom fee you of an evening.

Caroline. Mama, do not say so; I intend to grow better. I am come to a resolution to sup with you every night, as I used to do.

Mrs. Glanville. You know very well it gives me pleasure to see all my children around me, especially

at our meals.

Caroline. But sometimes, Mama, indeed, I want no supper. I have often, you know, the head-ache.

Mrs. Glanville. One reason of that probably is, your shutting yourself up in your room so long.

Caroline. Do you think fo, Mama? Then I will try to get rid of my head-ache, for it is an unplea-

fant companion.

Mama. Confinement, I can assure you, my dear, is no friend to health, or good spirits. This I know from past experience. Exercise and chearful conversation are its best preservatives.

Caroline.

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Caroline. But, Mama, is it true, that our families are to meet at each other's houses the ensuing Winter?

Mrs. Glanville. Yes, my dear. The girls have been informing you of it I find, and that feems to have induced you to come down to supper. Both this lady and I are willing to give you all as much pleasure as we judge is good for you; and more than that I hope you would not defire.

Clariffa. Indeed, Mama, you are always studying to make us happy. I think the least we can do, is to study in our turn, who can contribute

mest to your happiness.

I am confident, my dear Henrietta, that Mrs. Glanville is striving to work a change, if possible, in Miss Caroline; and for this purpose has planned the union of our two families, which may bring her to a more fociable temper. I hope it will fucceed. Miss Glanville can make herself very agreeable in company; for even from her contracted line of reading, chiefly confined to plays and romances, the has gleaned some proper sentiments. If we can once engage her to join our little parties, it will make her Mama very happy. By giving you fuch minute particulars of the way in which we spend our time, I endeavour to familiarize the idea to you that you are still amongst us.

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Caradian abut, Mama, is it true, that our fa-

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LAST Friday Mrs. Glanville was agreeably surprized by the arrival of her youngest brother, who is come to pay her a visit of a few days. He has taken lodgings at the hotel, but is the whole day at her house. He bears an excellent character; his disposition is amiable like that of his sister; and the love they bear to each other is not that of a common affection.

Caroline's good Mama has given her confent, that she shall go to the play with her uncle this evening. By these kind of indulgences, Mrs. Glanville will have a greater influence over her

Clariffa was also invited to go, but her Mama not being very well, she begged her uncle to excuse her, and to permit Maria to go, as she had never been at any theatre.

What a great deal will the dear child have to tell us when the comes from the playhouse. I participate of her pleasure in imagination; the whole will be to her quite a new scene; and her uncle being with her, he will explain to her every thing which she cannot easily understand.

To-morrow Mr. Edmund (for so Mrs. Glanville's brother is called) gives a private concert at the hotel to a select party of Friends. He himself

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is a great amateur. Mrs. Glanville intends to be there, if the is better, and Mama too, and all I make descore makes of us. on bassanity on the

wish, but wish in vain, that you could make one amongst us, as I know music is one of your favourite amusements. I have and a stocked

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and sel 1 mil 1 10 201 I was interrupted. I am now at leifure again: to fill up my paper.

Mama finding it was a late hour defired I would not fit up last night any longer, so I lest my letter unfinished.

It is impossible to describe to you the delight Maria was in when the came from the play. Clariffa told me, that she thought her sister would never have done talking of it, and that she really made some very pertinent and just remarks; and Clarissa added, that it gave her an additional pleasure that Maria had taken her place, as probably, without embracing that opportunity she might not have gone for a long while, as her Mama would certainly not consent to let her daughter go to public places, but with a relation, and Mr. Anthony Glanville is no frequenter of the playhoufe.

Mr. Edmund is, I find, a gentleman of confiderable fortune, which he gained by merchandize; he is still in business, which is the reason of the shortness of his visit. He is at present a batchelor, and likely to continue fo, from an early

disappointment in love.

If he remains in a fingle state, Clarissa and her sisters may rise again to their former elevation, even though their Papa should not succeed according to his wishes; for they have not only great expectations from Mr. Edmund, but some from Mr. Anthony. Perhaps Miss Caroline may rest her hope upon this idea, and anticipate her suture rank in the gay world.

Mr. Edmund has purchased of me six pieces which I had finished, from the parable of the wise and foolish virgins, and has desired me to finish for him some landscapes, sketches of which he had seen, and did me the honour to commend.

Mrs. Glanville and Clariffa have done me the favour to recommend me to his notice. Through the kindness of that family, I have had full employment for these many months past; and have now a piece in hand which must be finished this evening before I go to the concert; so I cannot spare, you one minute longer.

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LETTER LVI.

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Clariffa Glanville to Henrietta Thornton.

ink, or paper? Or have you forgot that there are such persons in the world as Clarissa and Sophia, who both love you? It is now more than a month

fince you have written to either of us. Into what corner of the world have you fled? I hope you have not got into such a recess that a post letter cannot find you.

Or, are you at Mrs. Bedford's country feat, and so enchanted with its rural scenes, that not one

thought can reach us?

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Sophia and I have paid a vifit to your aunt. She is, I can affure you, very low spirited; and we could not help conjecturing that it might be partly owing to the absence of Henrietta. Your aunt certainly had, and still has, a very great affection for you; and we both are of opinion, that if you could come frequently to fee her, it would make her more chearful.

I have fent you inclosed a letter in French, written by our little Charles. The brave fellow wished to let you see he had not been idle. He is a sensible and very diligent boy. Oh, I wish by the time he is a man, I may have it in my power to do fomething to help him to gain his own livelihood! By his pretty endearing behaviour, he has gained the love of a young gentleman in the neighbourhood, who has often given him money, which Charles faved at different times till he was able to buy himself a good warm Winter garment.

He furprised me one day. Coming to take a lesson from me in a new coat; and not long ago, the good widow who takes care of him being fick, he went and bought her a bottle of wine and some tea with the money he had faved. For feveral days he came not as usual; I sent to know the reafon of his absence; he wrote me an answer in French, that he could not leave the house, for his good mother, as he called her, was fick in bed.

He

He frequently speaks of Henrietta, who he says saved his life, and wishes to see his benefactress, to shew how grateful he is. I would walk, said he, a hundred miles to see my preserver; those were his own words.

I shall—No, not a word more from me at prefent. I think I am too good to write so much to such a forgetful girl as you. A whole month, and no letter!

Let Sophia, if she will, fill up the remainder of the paper; I throw down my pen, and shall not resume it till Henrietta writes to

CLARISSA.

Sephia Pemberton to Henrietta Thornton.

IN CONTINUATION.

HERE then comes Sophia ready to take it up; neither shall you read what I scribble, Clarissa. You will allow, Henrietta, that I am right, for it will be about her; and she would put her countenance into a forbidding form, if she knew I was saying any thing in her praise.

The dear girl has this morning been in trouble, which has drawn from her a few tears, and some also from her sympathising friend Sophia. She now chides her own heart, and calls herself a childish girl.

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Her favourite bird is come to a most tragical end. She had just been walking in the garden with the dear little creature upon her singer; it was in an uncommon degree attached to her; it would go with her wherever she went, and seemed uneasy whenever its mistress lest the room without him; this samiliarity unfortunately cost the bird its life; for on account of its being so tame, it seldom happened that the door of its cage was shut, and the leaving it open was the occasion of its death.

Clarissa, according to her daily custom was helping the maid to prepare for dinner, getting in order the desert, as she calls it. A little fruit and biscuits, disposed with taste, give an air of gentility to a table, and add very little to the expence.

Caroline was going before dinner to buy some thing at the milliner's. It rained very much, but she was bent upon going; so she came running into the kitchen, and said to Clarissa, where is my umbrella? You have sent yours to be repaired; you must therefore certainly have used mine.

no where but to Sophia's, and for such a step I had, no need of an umbrella.

Caroline. It was, I am certain, laid in my chamber, by the dressing table.

Clarissa. I have not been in your chamber, Caroline, for some days; and, believe me, I should not have taken your umbrella without asking you. I know that I ought never to use any thing which belongs to you, without your knowledge.

Caroline. It could not move from its place of itfelf. Then Maria, or perhaps my uncle Anthony, may have had it.

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Clarifa.

Clarissa. Our good uncle never makes use of an umbrella; he is too much of the philosopher; and Maria, I am sure, would not take it without first asking your permission. You have certainly lest it somewhere; recollect yourself, my dear.

Caroline. I have no occasion to recollect. I know very well I brought it home the last time I used it.

Clarissa. Shall I ask Mama to lend you her umbrella? You will find your own again, no doubt.

Caroline. I would rather have my own. Would

you be so good to help me to seek for it.

Clarissa. I have really just now no time; nor can I very willingly go to seek for what, I am sure, I shall not find.

Caroline. You are very uncivil, Clarissa; but

Maria will feek it for me.

Caroline had no sooner said this, than she went up stairs to ask her younger sister to look for it. Maria was in her room learning her French lesson. Caroline's little dog sollowed her up stairs, lest its fond mistress should leave it behind.

Tell me Maria, said Caroline, where your fister has laid my umbrella; she says she has not used it.

Maria. If Clariffa fays she has not, then I am sure it is true.

Careline. She may have forgotten it. Perhaps it may be in the cloaths press, where she generally puts her own.

Maria. Oh, dear sister, put the dog out, if you please, or take him up in your arms; the canary

bird is out of the cage.

Caroline. But dogs never eat birds. Did not you know that?

Maria. If they do not eat them, they can frighten them. Your dog is so full of its tricks, that he

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may jump and catch it, and kill it in a moment. Clarissa you know always shuts it in its cage when your dog comes into the room.

Caroline. Poh! poh! child, there is no danger; only look for this umbrella, for I am in great hafte.

While they were employed in looking for it, the dog watching his opportunity, jumped upon the table, where the bird was then fitting, and by its frisking about, fo frightened the poor creature, that it seemed to be in a fit. It was sprawling with its feet uppermost, when Maria cast her eye upon the table. Poor girl, she was as much frightened as the bird, and gave a great shriek. Caroline was out of the room in a moment, with her dog under her arm. But a little before this happened, I was just come in, to shew Clarissa a drawing I had finished, and was with her and Mrs. Glanville in the dining parlour below. The shriek from above pierced our ears. Clarissa was up stairs in an instant, and Mrs. Glanville and I followed after. Maria had her head laid down upon the table; she concluded the bird to be dead, as we thought alsowhen we first saw it. Clarissa was as pale as death, and had no power to alk any questions concerning her little favourite.

Mrs. Glanville called to Maria, and asked what had happened that made her cry out so violently? Have you done any thing to it, that made you hold your head down, as if you was asraid to look us in the face?

Maria, Indeed, I am not to blame, Mama.

Mrs. Glanville. Speak then the whole truth; for you know you cannot displease me worse than by telling a salfehood; acknowledging a truth is a great palliation of error.

Maria_

Maria. I am afraid of feeing Clariffa, her grief,

I know, will be fo great.

Mrs. Glanville. You will displease me very much, Maria, if you do not inform me immediately. What can be the reason of your backwardness to tell me? You are not used to conceal any

thing from your Mama.

Maria. If I must tell you, Mama, it was Caroline's little dog. While we were looking for the umbrella, he jumped upon the table, only, I believe to play with Clarissa's bird; but it has so frightened the sweet little creature, that it died immediately.

Mrs. Glanville. And why did you not put the

dog out of the chamber?

Maria. In that, Mama, I own my fault. The dear bird was committed to my care. I did attempt to take Chloe up once or twice; but she will not suffer herself to be touched by me when Caroline is by.

Mrs. Glanville. Was Caroline there? Then she furely might have hindered this missortune, as it

was her own dog.

Maria. I did, Mama, intreat her to take Chloe up in her arm, as the bird was out of the cage, but she said, dogs never eat birds, and that I need not be askaid of any missortune happening.

Mrs. Glanville. What faid Caroline when the

bird was killed?

Maria. I was too much troubled myself to attend to my sister. All that I remember was she took her dog, and went away.

Mrs. Glanville. Come, Clarissa, you will only have the trouble to tame and teach another. We

can,

can, perhaps, procure you one that shall be as tractable and engaging as this, and one that shall have as sweet a note.

Clarissa. Mama, you are very good. It was, I confess a lovely little creature, and it seemed always the happiest when it was near me. I could not but be fond of the little songster. If it had died a natural death, I think I should not have been so much grieved; but to be frightened to death! Well, Mama, I will bear the loss as quietly as I can. I should not set my heart upon the most innocent amusements.

Mrs. Glanville. I would not have you fay a word of it to your fifter. Perhaps she may be sorry for what has happened, and would have willingly put her dog out of the room, if she had thought there had been any danger. I shall take an opportunity of speaking to her myself.

Mrs. Glanville immediately went down stairs, to

feek, as we supposed, for Caroline.

Clarissa, who had held the bird in her hand as long as she thought there was any life in it, laid it down upon the table. It is certainly dead, said she. Grieving and fretting will not restore it to life. I value it the more, as it was a present from you,

Sophia, said she.

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Then, replied I, the best way to console you, is for Sophia to give you another. Do that, said she, and you will repair my loss. Poor beautiful warbler, I have heard thy last note, added she. Thy sluttering panting heart is now at rest; thou shalt be frighted no more. Come, Sophia, let us lay its tender bones in the garden, where neither dogs nor cats will disturb them. It less deserved to die such a death than many of the human species.

It has filled its place in the creation better than its mistress herself has fulfilled the duty of hers. Such

was Clariffa's eulogy for her beloved bird.

Clarissa had scarcely finished her suneral panegyric on her savourite, than Caroline entered the room with her lap dog under her arm. Your dear bird is then dead, said she to Clarissa. I am really forry for it, and especially as I have been the occasion of it, though unintentionally so. Neither

am I able to recompense your loss.

Maria (interrupting ber). Oh, if you had but believed fifter Clarissa, when she said that she had not had the umbrella; but you had not considence in what she told you. You would have me look in the cloaths-press, though you know she never takes any thing of ours without first asking for it; and whatever we ask, she always tells the truth. Had you but taken your little dog up, Clarissa's bird might have been alive now, and lived many years.

Caroline. I think you might speak more respectfully to your elder sister, Maria. Had you put the bird in the cage, it might have been alive. I do not see that you are wholly without blame.

Clarissa. Your concern, Maria, can do no good now. Let this misfortune teach us to be more

careful in future.

Caroline. You are very good, Clarissa, to forgive it so easily. I believe I am more concerned than you are. Here, I will give you my dog, to do what you will with him. I have no pleasure in him any longer; he has killed your pretty bird; he deserves to die.

Clarissa You certainly do not mean what you

fay.

Caroline.

Caroline. Yes, I do.

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Clarissa, Little lap-dogs are generally very wanton and frolicksome. I suppose he only wanted to play with my bird. He did not know, poor sellow, that the bird was too weak to be his play mate. The poor dog does not deserve to die.

Maria. Well, Sophia, how good Clariffa al-

ways is (whifpered she to me).

Caroline. That she certainly is. I could not myself have been so patient, if I had been in her situation. I believe in my first transport of grief and anger, I should have dispatched the dog in a moment.

Clariffa. (taking the little dog in her arms). Poor little creature, that would not have been right, as

it perhaps meant no harm.

Caroline. Well, can you actually take that dog in your arms that hath killed your favourite bird? Why, furely, you did not love it fo much as I

thought you did.

Clarifa. Perhaps I loved it too much, and this is a lesson for me of gentle rebuke, not to fet my affections upon trisses. Neither have I any hatred against your dog; he is not a mischievous dog; mischief arises from play sometimes amongst men, satal mischief. I am sure the poor fond creature would not wilfully hurt a sty; he did not know the danger my bird was in; he cannot reason. Forgive me, Caroline, (as I am sure I can forgive you). Pardon me, but it was you that should have reasoned. Your displeasure against me, for having taken away your umbrella, as you supposed, and suspecting too that I told you a false-hood, prevented you from thinking about my poor bird.

Caroline.

Caroline. You are right, I must confess; it was really my fault; and for that reason, I will no lon-

ger keep the dog.

Clarissa. And do you think that would gratify me? No, indeed, not in the least. Why should you be cruel to your dog, when you were more in fault than he?

Caroline. And would you then wish me after this

to keep the dog?

Clariffa. Certainly.

Caroline. You are a good girl, fifter. I must

Clariffa. Yes, with all my heart.

Here the fifters embraced each other, and Caro-

line could not help shedding tears.

A fingle tear, my dear fifter, faid Clariffa, washes all resentment away, and would do so were the loss ten times as great. Should not fifters forgive each other, when we are required to forgive even our enemies? It would be very shameful, indeed, if we could not. Come, let us talk no more about the bird. I have only to beg that another time, you will not suppose when you ask me any thing, I tell you an untruth, for of that I am really incapable.

Caroline. I beg your pardon for giving you reafon to think I entertained such a suspicion. I only thought perhaps you might have had the umbrella, and forgot it. I did not mean to infinuate, that you told me a wilful salsehood. I now know that it was my own forgetfulness, and not yours. I had put the umbrella by in haste, and have since

O

found it.

Clarissa. Let it all be forgotten. I gave you cause of displeasure some time ago, you know, about

about Miss D's note; so we have both had something to forgive each other.

Caroline. Sophia, you are witness we mutually

forgive each other; one embrace more.

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I embraced them too; it was a tender scene; I shall never forget it.

SOPHIA.

P. S. Write, write immediately, if you only scribble three words.

LETTER LVII.

Henrietta Thornton to Sophia Pemberton.

THREE words, my dear friend! They would be too little. But how much was I aftonished, when I found that you had not received any letter from me. I fent you one the beginning of this month, while we were in the country, from whence we have been returned about a week. I gave it to the gardener, who was going to town, and doubted not in the least but he would take care of it. Mrs Bedford was so good as to question him about it, when she heard you had not received it. He faid he had delivered it; but as we often can difcern in the countenance when a perfon is speaking a falsehood, Mrs. Bedford easily discovere d from his that he had loft it. I am glad there was nothing in it which I would regret being seen.

I was

I was angry with the gardener, as you may suppose, not only because he had lost my letter, but because he did not tell me of it, when he came back. I could soon have written another. He little thought I should be more angry at his silence than his negligence. But he probably took it for granted, that I should never know, or even suspect, that he had lost it. But it is the best to think no more about it, as we cannot now recover it. If I can even by three words remove the suspicion of you, and our good friend Clarissa, I am satisfied. I shall try what credit you will give me. Here are my three words—I HAVE WRITTEN.

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P. S. You defired me to write immediately; so I judged it better to write only a few lines, rather than defer it to another post.

More in my next.

LETTER LVIII.

Sophia Pemberton to Henrietta Thornton.

I WAS confident, my dear Henrietta, that you would be able to clear yourself of the charge of inattention or forgetfulness; and Clarissa, though she expressed herself rather strongly, thought there must be something extraordinary which

which had prevented you from writing. The three words under your own fignature are sufficient.

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I shall now write you an account of the concert which Mrs. Glanville's brother, Mr. Edmund, gave us, and which I mentioned to you in a former letter. We had a very agreeable party; our muficians were few, but they excelled in their profesfions; befides those who were paid for their fervices, there were some gentlemen in the neighbourhood who played for their own pleasure and for ours. Miss Caroline appeared quite a different girl; partly owing, no doubt, to the entertainment and the company; and partly, I think, to a happy change, which feems to be taking place in her temper, and of which the gave a recent proof in her unexpected behaviour upon the death of the bird; and the has been much more friendly with us all ever fince.

Mama and I were invited to dine at Mrs. Glanville's. Mr. Anthony Glanville was also there, who, though a studious philosopher, can unbend his mind a little from solitude and study, and make himself very agreeable in company.

But who do you think was one of those that asfisted at our concert? Mr. Richards, Clarissa's former music master, who, through the recommendation of his friends, has been chosen organist of St. Lawrence's church. He looked so different in his change of dress, that I believe Caroline herself did not know him; at least if she did, she took no notice of him.

Clarissa had asked her uncle if he had any objection to let her old music master be of the party; and after having obtained his leave, went to acquaint

quaint Mama with it, and solicit her permission. To which her Mama replied, it gave her pleasure to see that she paid such attention to her former worthy master, especially when she found him in distress; and as her brother had given his consent,

the had not the least objection. I what the

Mr. Edmund proposed that Clarissa should honour the concert with an air or two upon the piano forte, accompanied with her own sweet vocal pipe, (you know, Henrietta, how well she used to sing). Caroline can neither sing or play. Mr. Richards, whose eyes sparkled with satisfaction, was surprized at the improvement Clarissa had made; and when the company expressed their high approbation of her performance, she modestly answered, If you allow me to play with any judgment, it is to that gentleman I am indebted for it (bowing respectfully to Mr. Richards).

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Mr. Edmund spoke much in praise of our mufical performers, and admired the pieces they had

felected for our entertainment, and a Ar

minup

Mr. Anthony Glanville gave us all an invitation to come to his Hermitage, for so he calls his villa. My Mama begged to be excused, but I shall use my utmost to persuade her, as my pleasure will be much diminished, if she is to be left at home. I will surprize her with two new pieces which I sinished this morning; I know she will commend me for my diligence in rising very early to work, and will not resuse me her part of my reward.

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was the farmen's wite hapful. I will be to the

I was not disappointed in my expectation, Henrietta. Mama granted my desire the moment I made her acquainted with it.

We were received by the philosopher with his usual affability. He seemed happy to see us happy, and did all he could devise to amuse us. He is an excellent man.

After tea the servant presented us with fruit, both peaches and apricots and grapes in great abundance. As we eat them, Mama observed to us the great and diffusive goodness of our heavenly Father, who provides not only what is necessary for our support, but even for our pleasure.

To vary our amusement, Mr. Anthony proposed that we should take a walk to a farm-house to drink syllabub, which he said he had given orders should be made ready for us. We young folks went a little before, and our two Mamas walked with the two gentlemen.

I perceived by Clarissa's quick walking, that she had something particular in view, and of the diverting kind, for she hastened on with a smiling countenance.

We had no fooner arrived than Clariffa whifpered the farmer's wife, who shewed her into another room. She soon came again dressed in the farmer's wife's cloaths, and seated herself down at the table where Margery usually sat, and began to pick the sallad which the good woman had been preparing preparing for supper. With her broad hat slapped over her face, you would have thought certainly it was the farmer's wife herself.

This matter was scarce adjusted, and the real Margery desired not to make her appearance till called for, when the rest of the company were at the door.

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They no fooner entered than Mrs. Glanville faid, Well, Margery, how do you do? Where is Thomas Indianal and the state of t

Margery role, made her curtley to the company, and went out as if to fetch something. She soon returned with the syllabub which had been prepared, made another curtley and retired.

Where is your fifter? faid Mrs. Glanville to

Maria. She will be here presently Mama.

After we had all tafted the fyllabub, Maria whispered to Mr. Glanville to let good Margery be called in. O by all means, if it is agreeable to these two ladies. The ladies consenting, Maria went to bring in Margery; and the moment she entered, presented her with a glass of the syllabub.

Margery with a low curtley, moving in filence, drank to the company, and fetting down her glass, left the room. As she was going out, Tell Cla-

rissa to come, Margery, cried Maria.

This woman, faid Mr. Edmund, is certainly deaf and dumb. I confess there appears something mysterious in this, replied Mr. Anthony; call the good woman in again.

In a few minutes the real and true Margery came in, and Clarissa with her. Mama, I beg pardon for being away so long; I hope you was not uneasy, said Clarissa. But pray, interrupted Mr.

Mr. Anthony, what has happened to you, Margery, who used to be always talking, that before this company you never opened your lips?

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was pted Mr. I know how to behave, Sir, before company; it does not become me to talk before gentlefolks, and strangers too. Well, you are very modest indeed, Margery. But why do not we see Thomas? He, God help him, he is in the field; this is a busy time, Sir, you know. As the old proverb says, We must make hay while the sun shines.

The fifters, and I too, kept smiling and laughing so much, that Mrs. Glanville exclaimed, Fie, children! Mrs. Margery, you must excuse them, they are giddy giggling girls. Indeed, Mama, said Caroline, we were not laughing at what you probably suppose. But to prevent your thinking us rude, we must now tell you what we were smiling at.

The person you saw, Mama, at your first coming into the house, was not Mrs. Margery, but Mrs. Clarissa there. Do not you recollect, that you asked where Clarissa was? A general surprize appeared upon every countenance, not only at her excellent execution of the plot, but also at their own defect of shrewdness, in not detecting the deception.

At this moment Thomas came in from the harvest field. Oh, there is my husband, exclaimed Mrs. Margery.

Pray call him in, faid Mr. Anthony. Mrs. Margery went out, but quickly returned, faying the could not perfuade him; all he answered was, What mun I do among such grand ladies?

It growing late, and our cool beverage at the farm-house being finished, it was proposed to return to the Hermitage; where we found that Mr. Anthony, (foreseeing we should be weary with our excursion) had ordered a coach to convey us home.

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LETTER LIX.

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From the Same to the Same.

MY writing again, when you are a letter in my debt, proves that I stand not upon cere-

Mr. Edmund yesterday morning took Clarissa and me by the hand to give us a walk before dinner, to a village not far distant, where two nights before there had been a great fire. It happened at the house of a carpenter, who has a wife and fix children. The flames were fo rapid, that they were not able to fave any thing of their property; and one of the children, and the maid, were burnt or fmothered to death; and another of the children, frightened at the fight of the flame, jumped out of the window, and broke his arm. The poor mother is almost in a state of distraction. Her husband was in good circumstances, and is now unhappily reduced to poverty. The fudden misfortune was occasioned by one of the girls taking a candle privately the

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vately into the work-shop, which her father had repeatedly forbid.

It is supposed that a snuff fell from the candle into a heap of saw-dust mixed with shavings, where it lay smothering for some hours before it broke out and happening in the night, the fire had raged with violence before it was discovered.

Into what great distress has a child brought its parents, brothers, and sisters, by one act of disobedience!

Clariffa heard that the poor family had taken up their lodging in a little thatched house, quite out of repair, and which had been long uninhabited.

She defired Mr. Edmund would let them walk that way, to see how the poor people were provided for.

The diffressed woman told us, that some humane people had affished them in repairing a little the covering of their small hut, and sent them provisions and money to prevent their perishing for want; and one gentleman in particular, Mr. Glanville, who had a country house not far from the village, had been a very great friend to them, and had kindly promised to raise a subscription, to enable her husband to carry on his business.

When Clariffa heard the name of her uncle, she exclaimed, with tears in her eyes, then I am sure he will be as good as his word. You may be certain of it, good woman.

Yes, Madam, replied she, all the necessitous families in our neighbourhood have had proofs of this gentleman's goodness.

Mr. Edmund, seeing Clarissa put her hand in her pocket, said, Niece, reserve your bounty to another time, when I am not at hand. It is now

my opportunity to do some little good, and he immediately put money into the woman's hand; and by the expression in her countenance, I judged it

to be fomething confiderable.

As we entered her uncle's house, Clarissa embraced him, and said something in a low voice, which we could not distinctly hear. But his answer was, I shall do it, my dear, without loss of time.

Three days after this, Mr. Anthony came to dine at his fifter's, it being the last day of Mr. Ed-

mund's visit.

Pray, Sir, said Clarissa, how does the subscription go on? Mr. Glanville pulled out his pocket-book, and shewed a list of many respectable names, some with five guineas, and none less than one guinea each; and I hope to-morrow, said he, to be

able to procure as many more subscribers.

My dear children, faid Mrs. Glanville, learn from what you have seen a lesson of prudence and care with respect to fires and candles. How soon may a house be burnt to the ground, and a family reduced to want, merely through negligence. Nor is that all; many lives may be lost; and who can say, how far the slames may spread? Let me then charge you all, not only now, but when you are older, and are settled in the world, never to read in bed with a candle at your bed-side. And another thing I must caution you against, as exceedingly dangerous, never accustom yourself to stand in winter too near the fire. Several satal accidents have happened from such acts of imprudence.

So very careful am I of fire, that I see all in the house extinguished. Every night before I go to

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bed, I fetch away the maid's candle, and always fet my own upon the hearth when I put it out.

I doubt not, Henrietta, but the carpenter and his family will have a collection raised nearly equal to their loss, and be put again into a state to maintain their family. Missortunes like these open the hearts and hands of the charitable and humane. But the collection will not restore to life the poor child which was burnt or suffocated.

SOPHIA.

LETTER LX.

Henrietta Thornton to Clarissa Glanville.

My good Mama came to me not an hour ago, caught me by the hand, and with more than usual joy in her countenance said, come, come along with me, Henrietta. I believe I have some news for you that will not be disagreeable.

What do you think it was? You will not, I believe, easily guess. What will you say, if I should have heard something of our little Charley, that may give him rank and independence in the world! Prepare yourself for expecting good news. Suppose I have heard of Charley's father? It is more than supposition; it is fact; it is true, I assure you; his name is Janowsky; he is a native of Russia, much of the gentleman, and is, I am told, a man of great substance. I shall relate to you our interview.

The first thing that struck me when I went down into the parlour was a stranger, genteely dressed, holding a handkerchief in his hand, as if he had been wiping his eyes. I no sooner entered, than he took me respectfully by the hand, and led me to a chair? What can this mean, thought I?

That is the young lady, Sir, faid Mrs. Bedford, of whom I have been speaking to you. She will be able to give you a more minute detail of every circumstance. Would it not, Henrietta, added she, be agreeable news to you to hear from this gentleman some certain tidings of the father of your little Charles? Most certainly, my dear Mama, I have often prayed that Heaven would restore again to the dear boy, his only surviving parent.

Mrs. Bedford. This gentleman can, perhaps,

give you some certain information.

Henrietta. Oh, Sir, if you can give me any hope

that Charley will see his father again-

Mr. Janousky. I can, my sweet angel, you shall see him this day—and (bursting into tears) you see him this moment. I am his father!

To describe my feelings at a discovery so sudden and unexpected, is impossible. Your own imagi-

nation will do this office much better.

He clasped me in his arms; and as soon as his full heart would permit him, he cried out. You are the preserver of my Charles! you have been his guardian angel! And another young lady, I hear, is his instructress. You are kindred spirits of benevolence. The ministring spirits of Heaven

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fent down to do good upon earth. Heaven be praifed for this unmerited mercy; and more he faid which I cannot exactly remember.

Will you favour me, he added, with one piece of information? Pray has my fon, your little found-ling, ever faid any thing conferning his father or mother?

No, Sir, answered I. Such questions have been asked him, and with promises of many good things; but what do you think, Sir, was Charley's constant reply? He said.

"My Papa forbid me always to speak about our family; and I will not be disobedient to my Papa, he was so good to me; he used to give me every thing."

Many other questions Mr. Janowsky asked me, but I was not able to resolve them all.

When can I see him? Can we not go immediately? said he, addressing himself to Mrs. Bedford.

Without doubt, Sir; but have you any objection to your Charley's instructress being present at the interview, and some other friends who interest themselves much in the little foundling's welfare.

By no means, replied Mr. Janowsky. He then proceeded to relate as follows.

But how did the tears soll down my cheeks!

It was at L—, where I studied at the university, that I first saw my much esteemed and much beloved virtuous Maria. My marriage with her being against the consent of my father, because she was not of equal rank and family, he with-held my former yearly allowance, so that we were obliged to seek our resource from other quarters, from her friends, and our own industry united.

My dear Maria made use of her needle, was very industrious, and had as much as she could do. I sought for employment as an usher of a school, but all was not sufficient, for I had been used to good living, and always appeared in a genteel style. Unhappily for us, I contracted some debts, which my sather, on application from a friend, resused to pay, and I was obliged to sly from my family and country.

I thought, perhaps, my being obliged to leave my native land, to wander about in a foreign kingdom, without money and without friends, might

foften the heart of my father.

I wrote again and again; friends interceded, but

all was ineffectual.

At length a severe fit of illness removed my father's aversion, and all his former tenderness re-He defired my friends to write to me; but as my abode in one place for any length of time was uncertain, their first letters did not reach me; nor did I hear of the death of my father (for that illness proved his last) till almost three years after his decease. Not finding support in other places where I had been strolling to, I returned again to P-, and to the house where my letters were always addreffed; and found, to my great aftonishment, by the letters which had been sent me in my absence, that though my father had once threatened to leave me deftitute, he had relented, and at his death left me mafter of his whole fortune. But great as it is I would freely part with it all (referving a bare subsistence only) to restore my wife and child.

I wrote to Maria to inform her of my happiness, and that I would return as soon as I could procure some fome bills from Holland, or recommendatory letters to any banker in the city where I then was.

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But, to my great aftonishment, I received no answer. I then wrote to one of my faithful friends, who had often helped me in my adversity, and from him I received the affistance I wanted. On my arrival I was informed that my wise's relations were dead, and that she herself had had a long severe illness, which had much affected her understanding; that she one day went out of the house with her child, and had not since been heard of; and had left no more debts unpaid than about three ducats.

You will easily guess my feelings, when they further told me, that she (not having heard from me for a long time) concluded I was dead.

I funk to the ground; how long I might be before I recovered, I cannot fay, but a fever was the consequence, which the physicians thought would be fatal to me, as it certainly would have been if I had not providentially heard that probably my fon might be yet living. After much laboured enquiry, I was informed that a child had been found some years ago, the mother of whom, who was judged to be infane, was afterwards taken out of the water; and that the child had been taken care of by a good lady, who had fent it to school. I was foon after directed, young lady, to your aunt, who, after acquainting me with all the particulars which had come to her knowledge, told me where you was, and faid the was fure you would very willingly go with me to fee the child.

I presume, Sir, said I, that you will easily know the hand-writing of your lady; and taking out my pocket-book, I presented to him the paper sound in Charley's pocket. He immediately kissed it with great emotion, exclaiming, O Heavens, it is the

hand-writing of my Maria!

But when he read its contents, I thought he would have fallen from his chair; he was pale as death, and for a minute or two was quite speechless. At length, with a deep figh, which pierced me to the heart, he cried out, O, my God, how great was the diffress of my Maria! She is then no more; she is lost to me; but I have this confulation, she is released from all her forrows. My temporal loss is, I hope, her everlasting advantage.

Yes, Sir, faid Mrs. Bedford, great is the comfort our holy religion administers under all our troubles, and especially under the loss of our dearest friends. We must not forrow as those that have no hope. Come, Sir, Heaven has preserved to you your child, added the; we will go early in the

morning to see him.

saring state based with the boy HENRIETTA!

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iny leadingly he yet I view after which abouted P. S. Mr. Janowsky has confented to postpone the visit one day, that we may have the pleasure of your company, and any other friend whom we chuse to go with us.

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LETTER LXI.

Sophia Pemberton to Henrietta Thornton.

[Sent to the post before Henrietta's last letter was re-

I HAVE the happiness to send you the pleasing intelligence of the humane and generous Mr. Anthony having completed his collection for the unfortunate carpenter. Providence will not leave the industrious destitute. This unhappy sufferer is now enabled to begin his business again, and his wife has opened a small chandler's shop, so that they have a fair prospect of doing well, and their being patronized by Mr. Anthony will secure them business. They have indeed lost their child, but the loss of children is incident to all parents by one means or other. The innocent babe is now, we may hope a little cherub in Heaven. And who can tell from what distresses it may have been preserved by dying in its infancy?

Mrs. Glanville has been to see the good woman, and told her she would always make use of her shop; and Clarissa has made her a present, but she would not tell me what it was. I think it was

some of her wearing apparel.

Mr. Edmund yesterday said, Come, Clarissa, let us take a little drive before we part. She sent P 3 immediately immediately for me to be of the party. Caroline also went with us; and Mrs. Glanville was so obliging as to sit with Mana.

We made a circular tour, which brought us to a village near the sea. When we were near the sea-coast, we lest the carriage, and walked upon the strand. The sea was so smooth, you might have sailed over to France in an open boat. It being a sine day many people were walking upon the shore. Amongst others, we saw an unhappy cripple, limping in his gait, and his countenance somewhat distorted. La! look there, what a droll figure! exclaimed Caroline.

Mr. Edmund immediately checked her, and faid, Miss Caroline, indeed, it is not only very unbecoming a person of liberal education, but it is extremely cruel to laugh at the wretched. I should be forry any of the people here should see you.

You ought rather to pity a poor man who has not the use of all his limbs, and be thankful that you have the use of yours. You laugh, perhaps, at his difforted countenance; but really, in my eyes, you have much more difforted your own. Caroline blushed exceedingly, as from a consciousness the had done wrong; so no more notice was taken of it. Though the man did not beg, Mr. Edmund gave him fomething as an acknowledgment of the wrong which one of the company had done him. I confess, said Clarissa to me, that I would rather any one should punish me if I did wrong, than make me the object of their ridicule. The first I could confider as my friend, the latter only as my enemy, who endeavoured to make me appear ashamed.

Mr. Edmund,

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Mr. Edmund, who felt for Caroline, changed the

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Behold, said he, this beautiful scene. What an extent of view! What a vast body of water! An element which would be fatal to us, is yet the abode of living creatures innumerable, consisting of one beautiful gradation, from the whale to the shrimp.

And do not you perceive that the sea is much higher than the meadows. Observe now what prevents its boisterous waves from overflowing our country. These sand hills. Is it not, think you, truly amazing, that grains of sand, which you can blow away with your breath, should form such a strong barrier against this raging element. This is not the work of man but of God. He formed the sea, and hath prescribed its bounds. He hath said to its proud waves, Hitherto shall ye go, but no farther.

Is it not furprising, Sir, said Clarissa, that though all the rivers runs into the sea, there appears to be no encrease? These one might suppose would make the sea overslow its bounds, and deluge all low countries.

The reason, my dear, said Mr. Edmund, why there is no apparent encrease from the rivers is, that the sun exhales from the sea in vapour, a quantity equal to the influx of all the rivers, which form the clouds! these clouds are born about in the air by various winds, and fall in showers and sogs, with which you may see high hills often capped. These clouds must bear a proportion to the rivers, because they supply the springs which form those rivers. If there was to be no movement of the water, it would soon smell and become putrid, as

you see stagnated water often is. So that a circulation of the waters is as necessary as a circulation of the blood is in the human body. Sir, you are very obliging to give us this information, said Clarissa. So, if I understand you right, without these exhalations from the sea which form the clouds, we should have no rain. But, Sir, will you permit me to ask you, added Clarissa, how the sun causes those exhalations?

Those exhalations arise from the heat of the sun. Heat rarises or expands water, and making it lighter than air, causes it to ascend. This you may have seen by the boiling of the tea-kettle. If after it boils you was to permit it to remain on the

fire, the water would all evaporate in steam,

Walking a little further, we saw the fishermen preparing their nets. What a useful body of men these are, said Mr. Edmund? Without them, the affluent would have no fish upon their table. They are as useful in their department as people of superior rank are in theirs, and perhaps more so. But, poor men, they labour hard for a livelihood, said Clarissa, and are in perpetual danger. Their danger, replied Mr. Edmund, is perhaps not so great as we who live upon land are apt to imagine; and if their labour is greater, their sleep is sweeter, and they eat their coarser fare with a keener appetite, and better relish.

The evening advancing upon us, we were obliged to think of returning, lest we should make both our Mamas uneasy; and both Clarissa and I thought it would be buying our pleasure too dear to give the least painful anxiety to our parents.

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LETTER LXII.

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Henrietta Thornton to Mrs. Bedford.

WHAT a joyful happy day, my dear Mama (for so you have permitted me to call you) what a joyful happy day for your Henrietta! I loved little Charles, and have been so fortunate as to return him into the hands of his dear father.

I am so glad that he has sound his only surviving parent: I little thought when I persuaded my aunt to receive the little soundling into her house, that he was ever likely to come to an estate. Providence has kindly rewarded me for my little act of humanity. And how glad Dr. Clarges will be to hear of poor Charles's good fortune! Clarissa too is as much rejoiced as Henrietta.

I was going to add, Oh, that Charley's mother were now living! but it is a vain with, and therefore I suppress it as it rifes.

I promised to give you a narration of the whole, my dear Mama.

I am now at Mrs. Glanville's; for my aunt is gone to Yorkshire to her husband, his regiment being quartered there.

I am now once more in the midst of my female friends, with whom I used to spend so many agree-able hours. They received me with open arms.

We came too late in the evening to fetch Charles that night. This was some disappointment, you

may be fure, to the impatient father.

Mr. Janowsky bowed respectfully to Mrs. Glanville, and immediately asked me, who was the young lady that was so good as to be the instructress of his son Charles? And when I pointed out Clarissa to him, he advanced to embrace her, but was unable to speak.

Mrs. Glanville perceiving this, a little to divert his attention, said, Sir, you take a bed with us to-night. I must insist upon it. You may go as

foon as you please in the morning.

I soon perceived that the good lady had some other design in view. It was her intention to have Charles brought to the house, and surprise his father.

When Mr. Janowsky was retired to bed, Mrs. Glanville communicated her plan to us. Clarissa desired that we might fetch the child ourselves, to which her Mama gave her immediate consent.

Accordingly, we rose up very early in the morning, and were at the house of the good widow, to whose care Charles had been committed, before

they were up.

When we had related the pleasing tidings, the good woman, frantic almost with joy, went to call Charles, without communicating to him what the had heard, being only desired to tell him that two young ladies were come to setch him in a coach. He was soon dressed, and no sooner saw us, than he immediately ran to kiss us, and said, Well, how good you are to take me in the coach with you. But perhaps you are only joking with me. The grateful boy added, but you will bring

me back again, won't you? for I love my nurse,

the has been fo good to me.

But suppose, Charley, said I, it was possible now to let you see your Papa, you surely then would stay with him, would not you?

Clarissa. What ails you, my dear boy? You do

not answer your benefactress.

Charles. I am thinking of my poor mother, how she looked when I last saw her; but I am asraid of seeing my father so too. I would rather stay here, if you please.

Henrietta. But suppose your Papa is alive and well, would you not then be willing to leave your

nurse?

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Charles. But cannot she go with us, and live with us, if Papa is come home?

Henrietta. That must be as Papa pleases.

Charles. But Papa was always good; he will do it, I think, if his Charley asks him. But is Papa alive, and not dead, as my poor Mama was? And is he really come back?

Henrietta. Come with us, my dear, and you shall see him alive and well, just returned from his

travels.

Charles. I am going to see my Papa, nurse; but I will come again, and bring him with me to see you.

Clarissa. You are a good boy, Charles. It is very commendable to be grateful to our bene-

factors.

We then went into the coach, after Charles and the nurse had kissed each other, till I thought they never would have done. And when we drove from the door, he looked out of the coach window several times, as long as the house was in view.

Henrietta.

Henrietta. Suppose now your Papa was come home very rich, would not that make you forget your poor nurse?

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Charles. Then I would not wish to be rich. would rather work to support her, and Papa too, if

he was poor.

Henrietta. If it was so to happen, now, Charles, that you should become a rich man, what would you do with your money?

Charles. I think I would buy a fine coach for Miss Henny and Miss Clary, and we would ride the your sieale.

out every day.

Clariffa. I think myself very much obliged to you, my dear, grateful little boy. And what

would you do befides?

Charles. My good nurse should live with me, and take care of my house; the should never want for any thing; and I would give all ragged, poor, lame, blind people fomething.

Henrietta. Well, Charles, you say you would do fo much good with your money, if you were rich, I wish you may be fo. Who knows but

Papa may have gained a large fortune.

Charles. I do not much care whether Lam rich. or no, if I can but give poor nurse something, that is all I want. Papa has money enough for himfelf, I dare fay. The mid gold bas muses speed flive

We were talking in this manner with our dear little charge (for Heaven furely committed him to our care) when the coach stopped at the door.

Mrs. Glanville was waiting for us. nowsky was yet in his chamber, dreffing himself; and before breakfast was announced, Charles was feated at table with another little boy about his own fize, one on each fide Mrs. Glanville. We had ton united as long as the houle was in

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not told the little boy that his Papa was at our house, but had rather given him reason to believe, that we were after breakfast to go with him to Papa at some little distance.

But the moment Mr. Janowsky entered the breakfast room, little Charles cried out, O there is my dear Papa, and flew to his arms immediately.

I thought Mr. Janowsky would have dropped; but recovering himself, he lifted his eyes up to Thank God, he exclaimed, my dear little-boy is preserved for me! And, next to Heaven, he added, my thanks are due here; and he begun with embracing me and Clariffa, fervently praying that the choicest blessings of Heaven might be showered down upon our heads, for our attention to his loft, destitute child. He then embraced his dear boy again and again, marked all his motions, and had scarce his eye from him the whole time of breakfast. Charles observed all his thoughts. Our tea was mingled with our tears, but they were tears of joy.

Where have you been fo long, Papa? faid Charles. I have cried very much for you, Papa, and for the loss of my dear Mama too. But the good clergyman faid, I must not cry any more; that Mama was now in Heaven, and that if I was a good boy, I should see her again, and then she would never leave me. But, Papa, you will not

leave me, will you?

No, my dear child, if it pleases God to continue my life, answered Mr. Janowsky, I will never

leave you; we will always live together.

But, Papa, interrupted Charles, do let me shew you where my nurse lives. May she live with us too? And then, coming to kis me-This lady,

Papa, took me into the house that very cold night that I lost my dear Mama, and provided me my good nurse. After which the grateful Charles went to kiss Clarissa, and said, this lady teaches me French. Let us all go together to see nurse? she cried so when I lest her; I believe she thought she should never see me again. I love her so much, I will work for her when I am a man, to support her in her old age.

The tender father could no longer contain himfelf; he rose from his chair with great emotion, going towards the window, as if to see what weather it was; but I perceived him wiping his eyes with his handkerchies. After he had thus given vent to his full heart, he said, Ladies, will you savour me with your company to see this good woman

who had taken such care of my boy.

and houses to labour year than

After Mrs. Glanville had engaged Charles's Papa to dinner, we fet out as foon as the coach arrived, for which Mr. Janowsky had sent his servant.

HENRIETTA.

LETTER LXIII.

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From the Same to the Same.

WE had a charming drive to the widow's habitation. The moment we arrived, Charles ran to his nurse, and we heard him say, I have found my dear Papa; but I will not leave you;

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you shall come and live with us. I have asked Papa to let you. Papa, have not you consented,

Papa, that nurse shall live with us?

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Mr. Janowsky. From the affection my dear boy has expressed for you, Mrs. Nurse, I am very well convinced that you have been as a mother to him. I think, therefore, my warmest, gratitude is due to you; and as the best proof of it, I shall grant my little boy's desire, which is, that you may come and live with us; or, if you prefer it, you shall have a house to live in near us, and I will take care you shall want for nothing.

Nurse. Heaven bless your honour, Sir. But is

this gentleman, Charles, your Papa?

Charles. As fure as you have been my nurse. Do you think I am such a dunce as not to know my dear Papa? And do you think Papa would not know me?

Nurse. So much goodness, Sir, indeed, I do not deserve. I have only done my duty. Who would not take good care of such a lovely boy as this?

Charles. You must and shall live with us. If you live alone in a house by yourself, who will there be to take care of you when you are sick, and when you grow old? Papa says you may be in the house with us, and I am sure Papa will be as good as his word. Papa never tells stories.

Mr. Janowsky. From this moment, consider yourself as of our family nurse, entitled to live with us from your former services. You may employ your time as you think proper; and in case of my death, you shall have a sufficient maintenance.

Nurse. (with her eyes lifted up towards Heaven) Good God! how largely are my poor services rewarded! Providence has always befriended me, but never more than now.

Sir, I cannot sufficiently express my gratitude. I am all obedience to your will.

Charles. Say at once you will come.

Nurse. With your leave then, Sir, and encouraged by your goodness, and at your defire, Master Charles, I will come.

Charles. But when will you come

Nurse. As soon as I have fold off my little furniture.

Charles. Well then, make hafte; the fooner the But perhaps, Papa, the does not know

where you live.

Mr. Janewsky. Fix the day of sale, and after that I will send Charles and one of my servants to fetch you. You can, perhaps, lodge with a neighbour for one night after all your goods are fold.

These matters being settled, we took our leave of the good widow, Charles, faying, Remember the time now, I will come for you in Papa's chaife.

This day fortnight, this day fortnight.

I have heard it sometimes said, good news often

comes together.

Mrs, Glanville has this day received a letter from her husband. He writes her word, that his affairs in the West-indies are much better than he expected, and that he hoped in a few years to fee his family again in their former affluence. He also informed Mrs. Glanville, that this was his second letter, the first having been sent by a merchant ship, which he had fince heard was lost in a great fform, and every foul on board perished.

My dear friend Emily, of whom you have heard me speak so often, is returned from Switzerland. Her company, if you will please to give your approbation, will make our Winter evenings pass

very agreeably. She is a lively, sensible girl, very fond of reading, and is a most agreeable com-

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Mr. Anthony Glanville dined with us to-day; we were a large party. Young Charles had a new fuit of cloaths made, to complete which by dinner time, the mafter taylor had given his men, by oder of Mr. Janowsky, extra pay for extra duty. But Charles appeared just the same as before; he was not in the least degree puffed up with pride. When he was complimented on his dref-Oh, he cried, I am still Charles as before, whatever cloaths I wear. And when he heard by chance how much his father must give for the whole suit, he said, O, dear Papa, I would rather some of that money had been given to poor nurse to buy her fome new things; for, I affure you, Papa, the cut up her old ones to make some for me, as the had no money to buy any new cloth. I believe, Sir, the will want some warm cloaths for Winter.

I shall take care your nurse wants no cloaths,

my dear, faid Mr. Janowsky.

The father of Charles seemed to think he could not do enough to give us pleasure. He took us to plays and concerts, and made parties for us. Little Charles was highly delighted, as he had never been so entertained in his whole life. A few days hence Mr. Janowsky takes a journey to A——, and will leave Charles with us till his return. He has some business to do there, and when that is done, he proposes to purchase an estate in our neighbourhood, and reside in the centre of his new friends as much as he can.

I hope to bring Charles with me to your house, as I know you will be glad to see him. Leaving my former acquaintance will cause me some regret,

but

but the pleasure of seeing you will be a rich compensation to your grateful and affectionate

HENRIETTA.

LETTER LXIV.

Henrietta Thornton to Mrs. Bedford.

WHAT unexpected good news have I to fend you! Good news, indeed, for your Henrietta; as unmerited as unlooked-for.

I am fure if I was to desire you to guess, you would not be able to do it in a hundred times; but

I will tell it you.

Mr. Janowsky has had the generosity to favour me with a donation of two hundred pounds per annum, to begin from this time, and has promised

me a larger fortune at his death.

What have I done to deferve a favour like this? Little more than a common act of humanity. Any one, furely, would have faved a child from perishing. Mr. Janowsky was pleased to say that I had preserved form him what was more valuable than all the world, and I can easily believe him; for what can be dearer to a parent than a child, an only child, an engaging and sensible one, regarded as lost, but providentially preserved, and found again?

Still I have but done my duty, my dear Mama. How very great then is my obligation to this gene-

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rous Mr. Janowsky? I am sure, Mama, this intelligence will give you joy.

I shall gratefully consider the father of Charles as my father, for he has given me a daughter's portion.

Yesterday we went with the dear little boy to pay a visit to the worthy, benevolent Dr. Clarges. With what delight did the venerable divine receive the tidings of Charles having been restored to his father. I am pretty consident Mr. Janowsky made him a handsome present, for I heard the venerable man express his very great acknowledgments.

Miss Clarges informed me that my aunt has not married very happily, that her husband is a gay man, has spent already a great deal of money, and that if he goes on as he has begun, she will be reduced to poverty. I hope kind Heaven will preserve her from such distress, which would break her heart. I feel much for her; she has been very good to me. I shall always remember it with gratitude. If domestic disquiet should ever make a separation between her and her husband necessary, she shall share my portion with me.

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Charles came running to me this morning, with a box in his hand. Here is a present, said he, which Papa intends making to Miss Clarissa Glanville; Papa told me so; and he said he would make you a fine present.

When I opened the box, I found a pair of beautiful bracelets, set with diamonds, which were intended, Charles told me, for his poor lost Mama.

When I had seen these, he ran to setch another box, which he said was for Miss Sophia. That, said he, Papa intended also for my dear Mama. It

was a gold watch. There was also two pair of gold ear-rings, one pair for Caroline, and one for Maria.

Papa told me one thing, added Charles, which you are to have; he will get my portrait taken; and when fet in diamonds, I am to present it to you. Will you keep that for my sake? Most certainly, said I, and value it more than any thing else your

Papa could give me.

The little grateful boy told me he had asked Papa to give Sophia the watch, because she had been very good to him and nurse too. She had no money to spare, so she gave nurse two pretty paintings. These, says she, you may sell, and buy what you want with the money. Nurse was unwilling to part with them; but one day wanting bread, she sold them for about nine shillings, which bought bread for some time. But you must not tell, Ma'am, said he, for Miss Sophia forbid me to speak of it.

This was very great for Sophia to do, who had herself and her dear mother to support by her own

industry.

I hope now foon, very foon, to return to you, my dear Mama, and to shew you what gratitude fills the heart of your adopted daughter.

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HENRIETTA.

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LETTER LXV.

Mrs Bedford to Henrietta Thornton.

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ΓA.

YOU are and shall be my daughter. I read with the utmost pleasure your affecting account of the interview between Mr. Janowsky and his supposed lost child. It must have been an interesting scene to the tender heart of my good Henrietta. What then must have been the feeling of the sather? My tears slowed at the bare relation of it.

I thank Heaven that you have been the instrument of saving that child. I shall be rejoiced to see him; and what good news have you sent me besides? I could scarce believe that I had not made a mistake in reading your letter.

What a generous man is Mr. Janowsky! Surely Heaven will requite him with his son's becoming a wise and good man. What a noble, princely acknowledgment has he made for your preservation of his child. I am sure you have a grateful as well as a humane heart, and will entertain a proper sense of his goodness.

I had in my will (lately made) left fomething to my adopted daughter, but my mite would scarcely be felt in the scale of comparison with Mr. Janowsky's bounty. I cannot forget I have a son, and on that account my legacy could not be any thing confiderable.

My joy is the greater for the ample fortune given you by Charles's father. May Heaven grant you

life and health to enjoy it.

You little thought, my dear, that so small an act of kindness would have been productive to you of so much good. But thus can Providence direct the smallest events to produce the greatest advantages. What encouragement do we derive from

hence to preseverve in our duty!

I hope you will take it as a proof of my love, if I draw up for you a little sketch of a rule of life, which, if followed, may, under the blessing of God, ensure your earthly selicity, by improving your health of body, and adding peace and satisfaction to your mind. As I have committed it to writing, you can refresh your memory by a frequent perusal of it.

I shall endeavour to have it ready to present you with at your return. It will serve you as your director and counsellor, whenever it pleases Provi-

dence to remove me from you.

I long for the moment when I may press you again to my bosom. And pray present my respects to Mrs. Glanville, and say I should be extremely glad if she would permit Miss Clariffa to accompany you in your return, and to spend a few months with us. Adieu, my dear child,

I am your's, &c.

LOUISA BEDFORD.

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LETTER LXVI.

Henrietta Thornton to Mrs. Bedford.

DEAR MAMA,

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YOU are so attentive to every thing that can in any degree contribute to my happines, that if I did not esteem and love you, my poor heart must have lost all its sensibility.

I know it was with a view to please me you invited Clarissa, and I thank you most gratefully.

The moment I made known your invitation, Mrs. Glanville gave her consent, and seemed much pleased that Clarissa was to go with me. Clarissa, though no daughter can better love a parent than she does, with a rosy colour and a kiss, thanked her Mama for her leave to make Mrs. Bedford a visit. I will write to you often Mama, said she, to let you see that absence does not make me forget you.

The countenances of Caroline and Maria seemed to express some disappointment, but it soon wore off; and Clarissa's younger sister asked her, if she would be so good to mark for her her daily lessons, which otherwise she should be in danger of forgetting. I assure you, fister, said Maria, I will not be idle while you are from home.

Sophia looked a little grave, as if forry to part with Clariffa. You have her always with you,

faid I; furely you may spare her to me for a little while.

Yes, yes, faid she somewhat faintly. Go away, the sooner the better, since you must go.

WRITTEN IN THE EVENING.

Sophia came while I was writing the above, to invite me to tea. I was going to call Clarissa, who was in her room, busy packing up her cloaths. No, said she, do not interrupt her; I have something to shew you which she must not know of. When we had drank tea, we went into her painting chamber. I thought she was going to shew me some of her own finished pieces, but I was mistaken. She produced me a quantity of new made linen, twelve shifts, and as many shirts for children, and several neck handkerchiefs. Who do you suppose they are for? That I cannot guess, replied I.

Clariffa faid she has made all these herself, and intended giving them away this Winter to those poor people whom she knows to be the most deferving and necessitous. And this work she has done by rising early during the Summer, and employing some hours, (which others waste away in unnecessary sleep) in preparing warm garments for the poor against the Winter season. And this we should never have known but for the intended visit to Mrs. Bedford. She was apprehensive that many might suffer in her absence for the want of them; she therefore gave me a list of the poor to whom they should be distributed; and particularly desired

they

they might be given privately, and without mention of the donor.

But this was not all. Sophia shewed me beside a little box, in which were more than forty shillings; upon the lid of it were written these words,

"This little box must be given to the daughter of Mrs. B. as soon as her mother is dead (who is now ill of a dangerous sever) for her decent butial, without making any mention from whence it comes."

Though I was charged not to speak of it publicly, yet a private mention of it to a particular bosom friend, is not, I think, any breach of considence. I could not with-hold it from my dear Mama, from whom I keep no secrets.

The beginning of the ensuing week (no untoward accidents intervening) my dear Mrs. Bedford will see her dutiful and affectionate

HENRIETTA.

LETTER LXVII.

Clarissa Glanville. to Mrs. Glanville.

MY DEAR MAMA,

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YOUR Clariffa is fafe arrived, and

in good health.

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Mrs. Bedford came into the court to welcome us to her house. At fift fight she was struck with little Charles, his address is so engaging; he bows gracefully,

gracefully, and walks very upright, without fiffness, or the least appearance of pride. He has already a manly air, and a lively intelligent eye.

Mrs. Bedford handed me into the hall, and defired Henrietta to shew me my dressing-room and bed-chamber, into which my trunks and band-boxes were immediately carried. We had not been half an hour up stairs, when the servant came to tell us dinner was upon table. Mrs. Bedford was already seated with little Charles by her side, who had been entertaining her with his sensible prattle while we went to arrange our dress,

Mrs. Redford is a most agreeable, affable woman, and very communicative. She must have read a great deal, and been very conversant with the polite world. But the seems not to be in a good state of health; and Henrietta tells me, that sometimes she is seized with a sudden dizzines in her head, but it does not continue long; and that

once she has had a slight paralytic stroke.

The good lady made great enquiries about our family, and defired me when I wrote, to thank you for permitting me to accompany Henrietta, and to fay also, that she hopes you will give me

leave to spend this Winter with her.

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gracefully,

I am quite anxious to hear how you and the rest of my dear friends do, and hope to be indulged with an early answer. An engagement which Mrs. Bedford has made, obliges me to conclude; but I trust you will pardon the shortness of my letter, as you know the heart of your duriful and affectionate

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LETTER LXVIII.

From the Same to the Same.

I HAVE sad news to tell my dear Mama. As Mrs. Bedford was sitting at dinner to-day, her voice seemed to faulter, and her countenance changed very suddenly. Henrietta immediately sent for a physician, and he told us he was afraid of another stroke of the palsy.

We are, as you may be well affured, much alarmed. How suddenly may all our projects be frustrated. I was just forming a new and agreeable acquaintance, and in its very beginning it is threattened with a speedy conclusion

But at the bottom of Pandora's box Hope was found; therefore no one should hastily give it up. Perhaps dear Mrs. Bedford may soon be quite well again. But let not my dear Mama be too much affected, if my next letter should inform her that our fears are realized. Remember me most kindly to my dear fisters, to Mrs. Pemberton, and my own Sophia.

I persuade myself Maria goes on with her studies and other occupations as usual.

Adieu, my dear Maina; I long to receive your bleffing.

CLARISSA.

LETTER LXIX.

From the Same to the Same.

I WROTE my last letter to prepare my dear Mama to receive the melancholy news of the death of Mrs. Bedford.

To a person so well prepared to die as this good lady was, a sudden death is not an undesireable event, if such is the will of God. Yet it is very distressing to surviving friends, and especially to

those that are spectators of such a scene.

Poor Mrs. Bedford's death was instantaneous, in the midst of dinner. My heart sunk within me, and I selt myself scarce able to move. Poor Henrietta dropped at once into a swoon, from which I was afraid she would not have recovered, she remained so long totally insensible. At length, however, life was apparent, and by the usual applications she came again to herself.

She lifted up her eyes to Heaven, and cried out, Oh, have I lost my dear Mama? Where is she?

I told Henrietta that it was judged proper to remove Mrs. Bedford out of the room, and carry her to bed.

Is then my dear Mama yet alive, said she? I answered her not, but by a flood of tears. Our hearts were in unison, and Henrietta was relieved by mingling her tears with mine.

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CONVERSATIONS.

I need not alk you now, said she, (when a little recovered) I read it in your eyes, and I feel it in

my heart.

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Well, added she, God's will be done. A more benevolent, charitable person, this world hardly ever knew. Her acts of goodness are not half known to the public, nor ever will. She delighted to do good secretly.

This will be a day of mourning to the poor in the neighbourhood. But I am fure she has re-

membered them in her will.

If her only son had been here, and seen her die, as we have, Clarissa, perhaps it might have produced a good and lasting effect upon him. I wish the account he must receive of his mother's death may prove to him the commencement of a new life.

It is impossible, continued she, for you to imagine, my dear friend, what tenderness and affection she has shewn to me. O Clarissa, if I had been her own daughter, I could not well have experienced more maternal love.—(Henrietta's tears here

prevented her proceeding).

I endeavoured to comfort my friend in the best manner I was able, and hope my presence has been some relief to her. What would the tender-hearted Henrietta have done, if she had been lest to struggle alone under such a heavy loss, the weight of the affliction much enhanced by the suddenness of its approach? A friend in distress is peculiarly defireable, for a sympathizing heart eases us of half our forrow.

This morning after breakfast, I went into Henrietta's chamber, but could not find her. I sought her in the garden, and in every room in the house.

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At last, thinking she could be no where else, I went into the room where the corpse of our dear deceased friend lies, and there I found her, taking her last farewel of her much-beloved Mama.

Oh, Heavens! I exclaimed, Henrietta, what

do you here?

I am come, said she, for the last time to kiss my dear benefactress, my good Mama; I am come to embalm her body with my tears.

The maid following me, was thunderstruck. How, said she, Miss Henrietta, have you the heart

to come into this chamber?

Why not? replied she. What should I be afraid of? A corpse cannot harm me. And do you think I am afraid to touch the body of so good a

woman as your mistress was?

Henrietta was certainly in the right. It is a mark of weakness to be afraid of the dead. However, she was persuaded by me to leave the room. I will sollow you down, said she; for why, indeed, should I remain here? I have given that dear angel the only token of respect which remained for a grateful heart to pay. May you and I, Clarissa, prepare to sollow her!

Saying this, she left the room with some tranquillity; her agitation of mind subsiding, like the waves of the sea after the storm has expended its

rage.

I judged it best, my dear Mama, to advise my friend, Henrietta, to return with me to-morrow. The funeral, with all its solemnities, would but augment her distress; and the house filled with the friends of the deceased, and the necessary attendants in waiting, would only be a scene of confusion. Mr. Janowsky will be so obliging as to carry us all back in a coach.

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In the midst of our trouble, I forgot to mention poor Charles, whose grief and joy alternately kept time with ours. It could not be a very pleasant vifit to him, and consequently he might well wish for the hour of his Papa's arrival. When Papa came, he jumped for joy, and faid, I am glad, Papa, you are come, for we have done nothing else but cry these three days. He cried, poor boy, through lympathy.

Though I have not been long from my dear Mama, I yet ardently defire to return home. Befides, you will be Henrietta's best comforter.

Poor Henrietta! I share in her forrows. a disappointment! What a severe tryal! How precarious is every thing earthly! She left our house, elated with the pleasing idea of again enjoying the company of Mrs. Bedford; but, lo! she came to be the mournful witness of her dissolution!

Our wifnes, our fears, our purposes, our purfuits, our gratifications, are all alike uncertain. What we eagerly defire comes not to pass; and that which we do not expect often takes place.

I fay not this, my dear Mama, as though I complained of our lot. No. I am quite reconciled to whatever Providence ordains. Our Heavenly Father has certainly wife reasons for hiding from our view the events of futurity. And why should I wish to know, what he sees fit to conceal, when I am certain that all things, both in Heaven and earth, are under his direction, and that he governs the world but to make his creatures happy.

In a few hours I hope once more to embrace those who are most dear to me.

CLARISSA.

A FRAG-

A FRAGMENT.

Found among Mrs. Bedford's Manuscripts after her Death.

I KNOW not, my dear Henrietta, how long I may live to be your guardian and protectress; life is uncertain to us all. I have thought proper, therefore, to commit to writing a few obfervations, which may be useful to you, when I am no longer an inhabitant of the earth. What I here present to you, I have made, in a great measure, the rules of my own conduct, and therefore can recommend them from experience.

Our most eminent physicians tell us, that if we indulge ourselves in sleep for more than seven hours, it is detrimental to our health. Excess of fleep makes us stupid and lifeless, and diminishes, instead of increases, natural vivacity. Let me advise you then to accustom yourself to rise at an early hour, especially in the Summer season. Some people are of opinion that fix hours found fleep is fufficient for any of us, and this proportion is a fourth part of that life, of which we often hear complaints that it is too short, and from those very persons too who curtail the allotted period of human existence, by spending many unnecessary hours in bed. Excess in sleep may be as pernicious as excess in either eating or drinking. And what-

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Soc mer ever time or hours we can redeem from sleep, we add so much to our life.

If you rife early, you not only redeem so many lost hours of life, but the best hours for reslection and for meditation, for reading, and for prayer, that you can ever enjoy. To our first and best duties, we surely should consecrate our first and best hours; and these we must acknowledge to be the first duties of an intelligent being; namely,

To contemplate the works of our great Creator, that our hearts may thereby be excited to adore, to love, and worship him. To reflect upon his infinite goodness and mercy. To offer the tribute of prayer and adoration. These duties well discharged will incline us to the due performance of others. But they demand retirement and freedom from the intrusion of worldly avocation. And what time can be better secured for these purposes than the early part of the morning?

But other important duties there are which must not be neglected; for remember, my dear, when our merciful Redeemer enforced the attention of Christians to the first and great commandment, he added, And the Second is like unto it, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." We are all neighbours to each other, partaking of the same nature. We are all brethren and sisters of one family. We are fellow-creatures, and fellow Christians.

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We were fent into the world not for our own pleasure only; we are to endeavour to make others happy, as well as to secure our own happiness.

Our fellow-creatures have a demand upon us; Society requires the mutual contribution of all its members. No fon or daughter of Adam is born to be idle. Idleness or inactivity is neither good for the mind or body. A wholly useless member of the community is a contemptible character. Every person may be useful in some degree, more or less,

according to their talents and station.

It hath pleased God to have given you more than your own wants and necessities may require. Shall I tell you how to employ the rest of your substance, so as to be productive of heart-felt satisfaction? In the former part of my life, I frequented plays, operas, balls, and card affemblies, and lived for feveral years in what is commonly called the gay world or in a genteel fathionable file. But I affure you, my dear Henrietta, I never experienced half the pleasure in spending my money in dislipation and mere amusement, that I have found in devoting it to the relief of the wants of my fellowcreatures. I always found the degrees of my own happiness rise in proportion as I added to the happinels of others; and the drying up a fource of grief to those that were in distress, has ever proved the opening a source of joy in my own breast. To ease the pangs of the broken in heart, is one of the highest pleasures earth can afford.

And let me observe to you, my dear, that the most deserving objects of compassion are not to be

found by chance, or in the street.

Their modesty and their better education keep them in the shade. Such therefore must be enquired after, or they may perish through grief and

hunger, unpitied, and unknown.

To do good is the office of angels. They are the ministring spirits of God, ever ready to execute the divine will; and the good part of mankind are so in an inserior degree. Ought we not to con-

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sider it as an high honour to be the distributors of the divine bounty? This employment has a present pleasure peculiar to itself, and will certainly secure you the favour of Heaven.

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It was part of the perfect character of our benevolent Saviour, that "he went about doing good."

In imitation of his bleffed example, let every day be marked with some act of benevolence. Imprint the footsteps of wisdom on every hour as it passes. You are fond of reading; shew your judgment and improved taste by the selection of your books; but especially be cautious in the choice of your intimate companions. Be not ambitious to move in a large circle. Let not dress, visiting, or cards, engross your thoughts and your time. With some these are almost their whole employment, to the neglecting of the improvement of their superior talents, and the loss of far superior pleasures.

If you have a small circle of friends, esteem yourself happy. A sew sincere friends are greatly preserable to an extensive acquaintance. Forget not that your own character and reputation in the world greatly depend upon those you are chiefly conversant with; and that even a step of imprudence, or thoughtlessness, may give birth to evil suspicion that cannot easily be removed.

Female reputation and virtue are jewels of inestimable value, and once lost are never to be recovered.

Do not give your friends the least reason to doubt your confidence. Betray no secrets intrusted to you. Value truth; be upright; be sincere. Guard against slattery. Beware of envy and pride, and the the too common vice of female detraction. On the contrary, rather rejoice in hearing and in fpeaking of the amiable characters of others, and

let them excite your emulation.

You will probably foon have your admirers, and the more, when it is known that you will have a fortune. On your choice depends your happiness through life. Examine with accuracy before you take one step. Know the character and family of the man. Search into his views, whether he pays his addresses to you or to your fortune. Enquire into his connections and company. If you find he is a libertine, give him not the least encouragement, but reject him at once. It is a common faying, that a reformed rake makes the best husband; but the difficulty of reforming that rake is never once thought of. He comes, in imagination, already reformed to their hands. Female credulity is eafily imposed upon by folemn reiterated protestations. A virtuous woman has the first sole claim to a man's affections and pure defires. To offer a virtuous lady but half a heart, divided betwixt her and another, is an affront that ought never to be forgiven. An overture of that nature, or any thing fimilar to it, should be rejected with difdain. If no virtuous man presents himself to your acceptance, rather, much rather, remain single. Let the fair sex teach the men to be virtuous. Great is their power, if they knew how to make use of it.



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SUPPLEMENT.

CLARISSA and Henrietta returned to Mrs. Glanville on the day they had fixed upon, and were received by her with great tenderness. Her pious and rational instructions alleviated the grief of Henrietta for the loss of her best earthly friend.

Mr. Glanville came back the following year from the West Indies, having prospered beyond his expectation; and in a few weeks after, he removed with his family into another county.

Sophia entreated her mother to take up her abode in the same neighbourhood, that she might be nearer her friend Clarissa, to which her Mama readily consented, not merely on Sophia's account, but her own also. She highly esteemed Mrs, Glanville, and wished much for the enjoyment of her company.

Henrietta, with the approbation of her aunt, resided in the same house with Sophia, so that the three semale friends had the satisfaction of living near each other, and renewed the society begun in their earlier years, which contributed greatly to their improvement and happiness.

Clarissa, when she attained her twentieth year, was married into a very respectable family, and enjoyed

joyed all the felicity which was due to her great merit.

Caroline united herself, against the consent of her parents, to a foreigner of title, without much fortune to support it; a licentious man, addicted to gaming, and other vices, who soon, by ill treat-

ment, broke her heart.

The amiable Henrietta became the choice of a man of very worthy character, but not very rich. She preferred goodness to affluence. With the fortune given by Mr. Janowsky, they purchased a small estate, on which they lived very comfortably, and were examples of virtue to the whole neighbourhood.

Sophia, from her infancy an example of filial duty and affection to an indulgent parent, continued for some years to support her good mother by her own industry, till Providence at length re-warded her. Mr. Janowsky purchased an estate near Mr. Glanville's, on which he refided; and when he had overcome his grief for the loss of his dear Maria, he made an offer of marriage to Sophia, who, being of a ferious turn, made no objection to his years, but gladly accepted him as a hufband, and by marrying a gentleman of fortune, the had it in her power to gratify one of the first wishes of her heart, that of placing her beloved and honoured parent in a comfortable fituation in the decline of life. This amiable young woman difcharged her duty as a wife and mother-in-law in as exemplary a manner as the had done that of a daughter, and was a great benefactress to the poor; for the continued to act upon Christian principles in every relation of life.

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Mrs.

Mrs. Pemberton recovered from the dangerous flate of health in which she was at the beginning of this history, and enjoyed many years of comfort, as a partaker of the happiness and affluence of her dear Sophia.

Charles was first sent to a classical school, and afterwards to the university. His father lived to see him in the respectable and useful character of a country gentleman: he was beloved by the poor, and respected by the rich, and chose for his wife the dear Maria, who was very amiable and accomplished. The good widow, his nurse, remained in his family till her death, and he treated her with the utmost kindness, for he never forget her goodness to him in his childhood.

Henrietta's aunt did not live many years after her marriage; it is supposed her death was hastened by chagrin and grief. Emily married to great advantage abroad, and at different times came with her husband to England, where they were welcome guests in turn to their former friends. Young Bedford died in the East-Indies of a fever.

FINIS.

